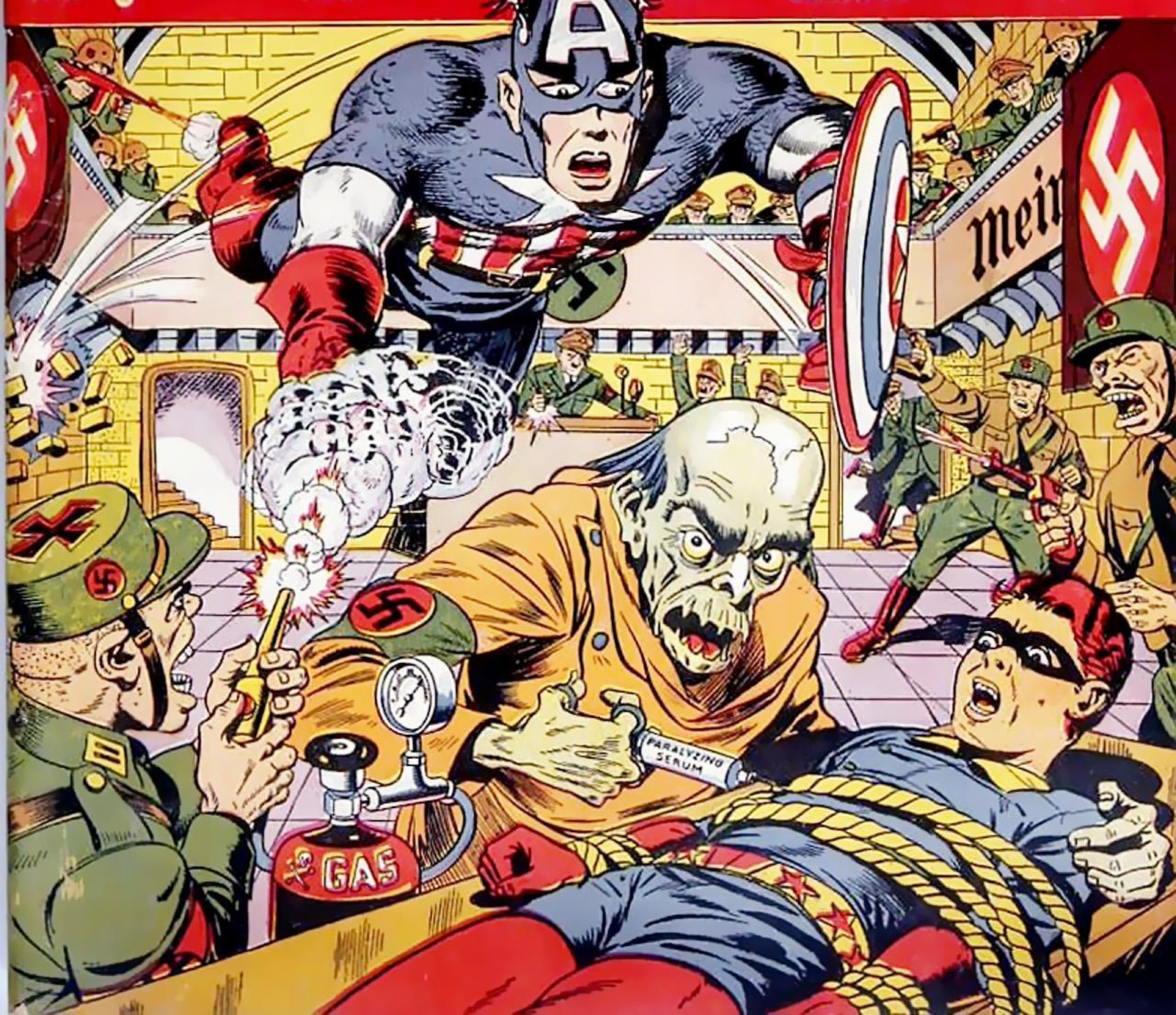
CAPTAIN AMERICA FEATURED IN

U.S.A.

NO. 9 JULY COMICS 10¢


mein
PARALYZING SERUM
GAS

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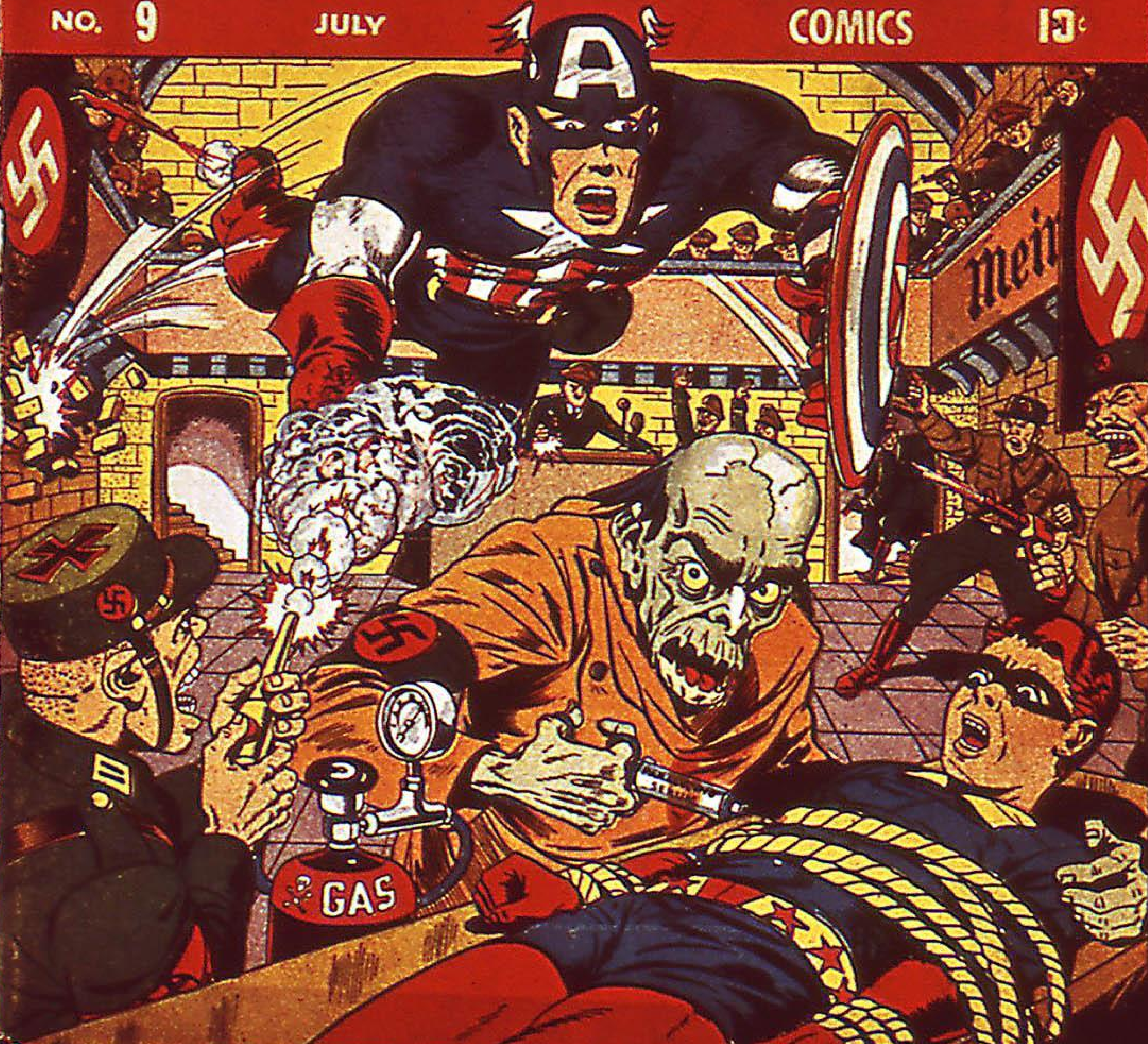

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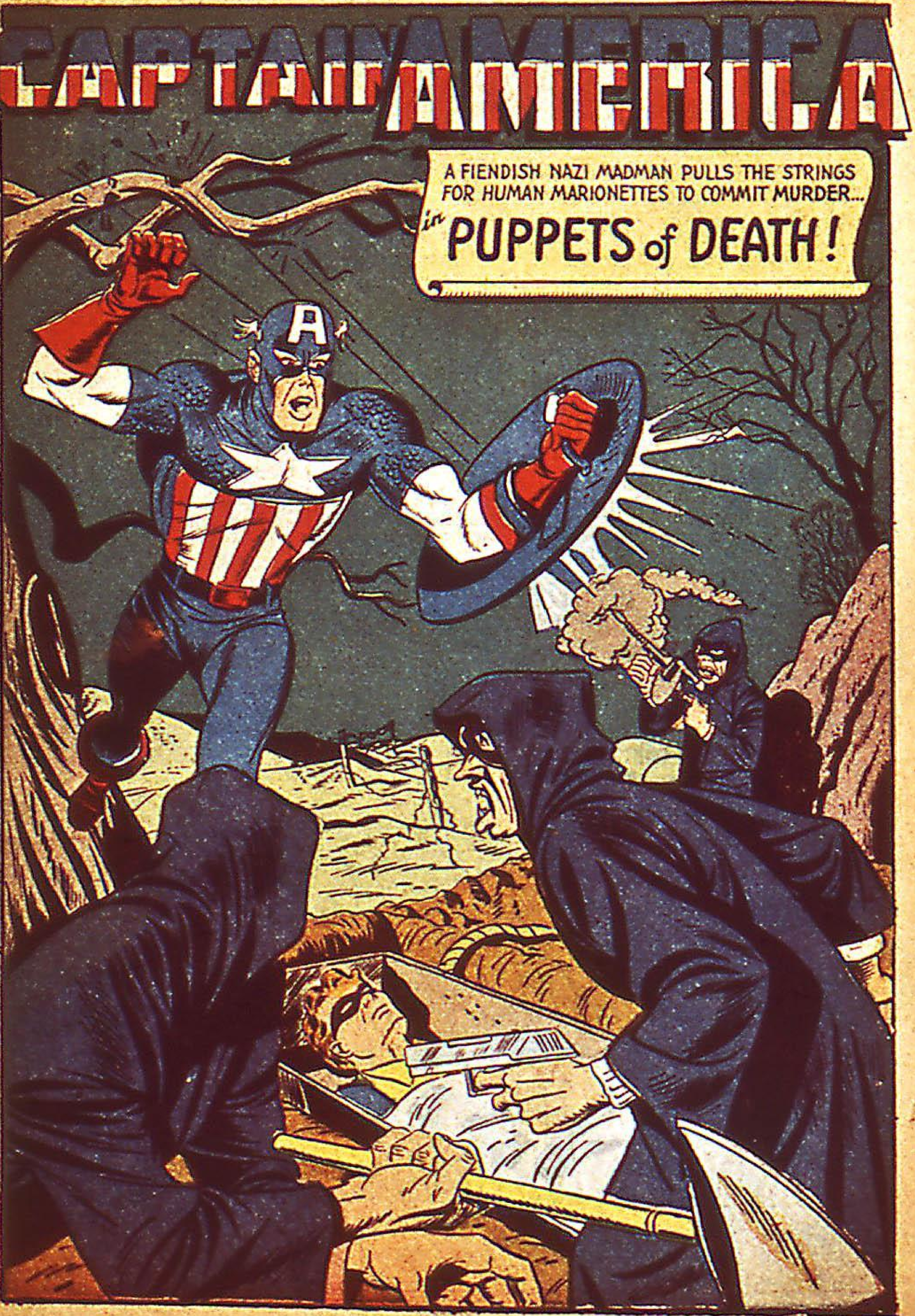
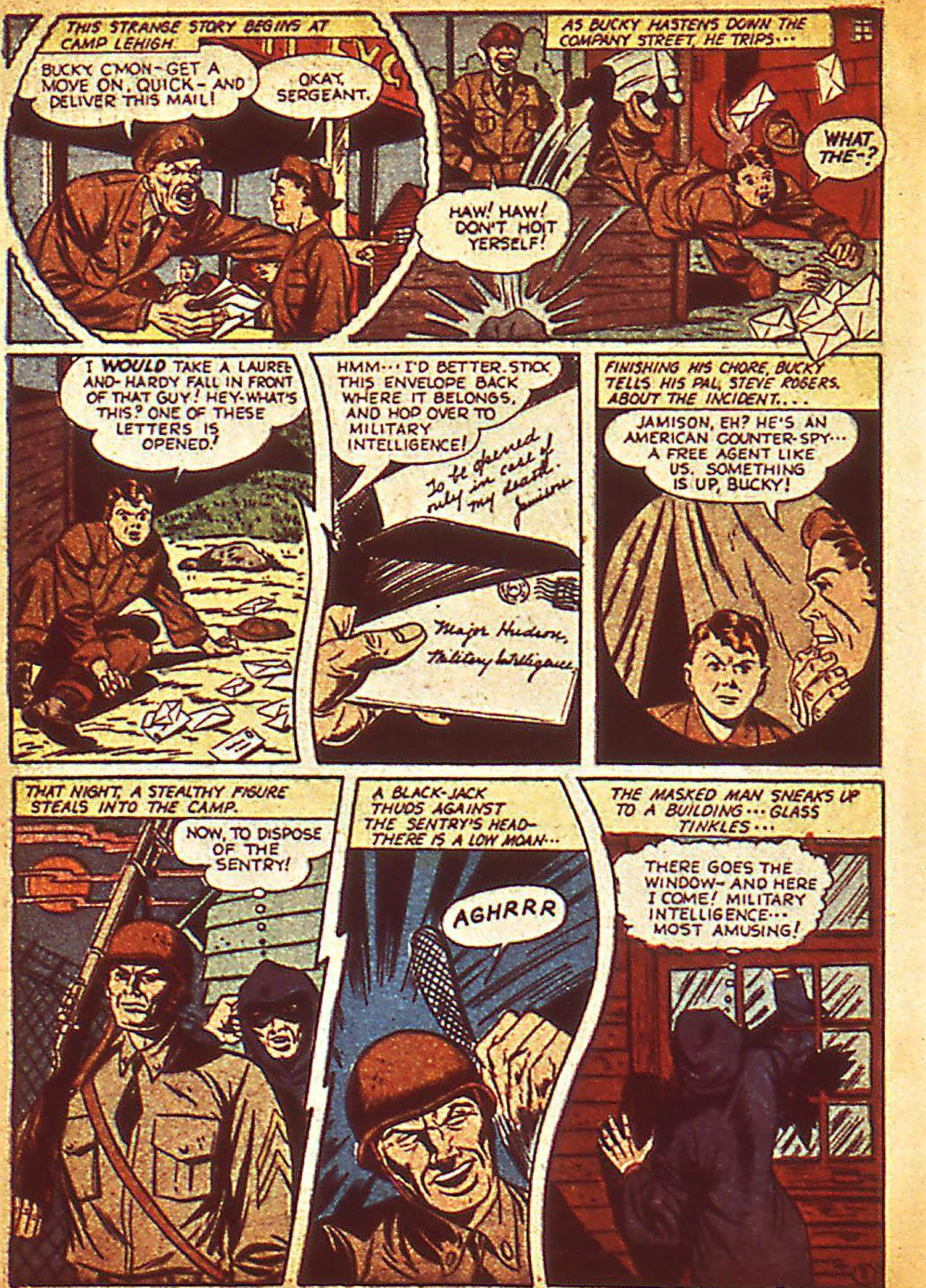
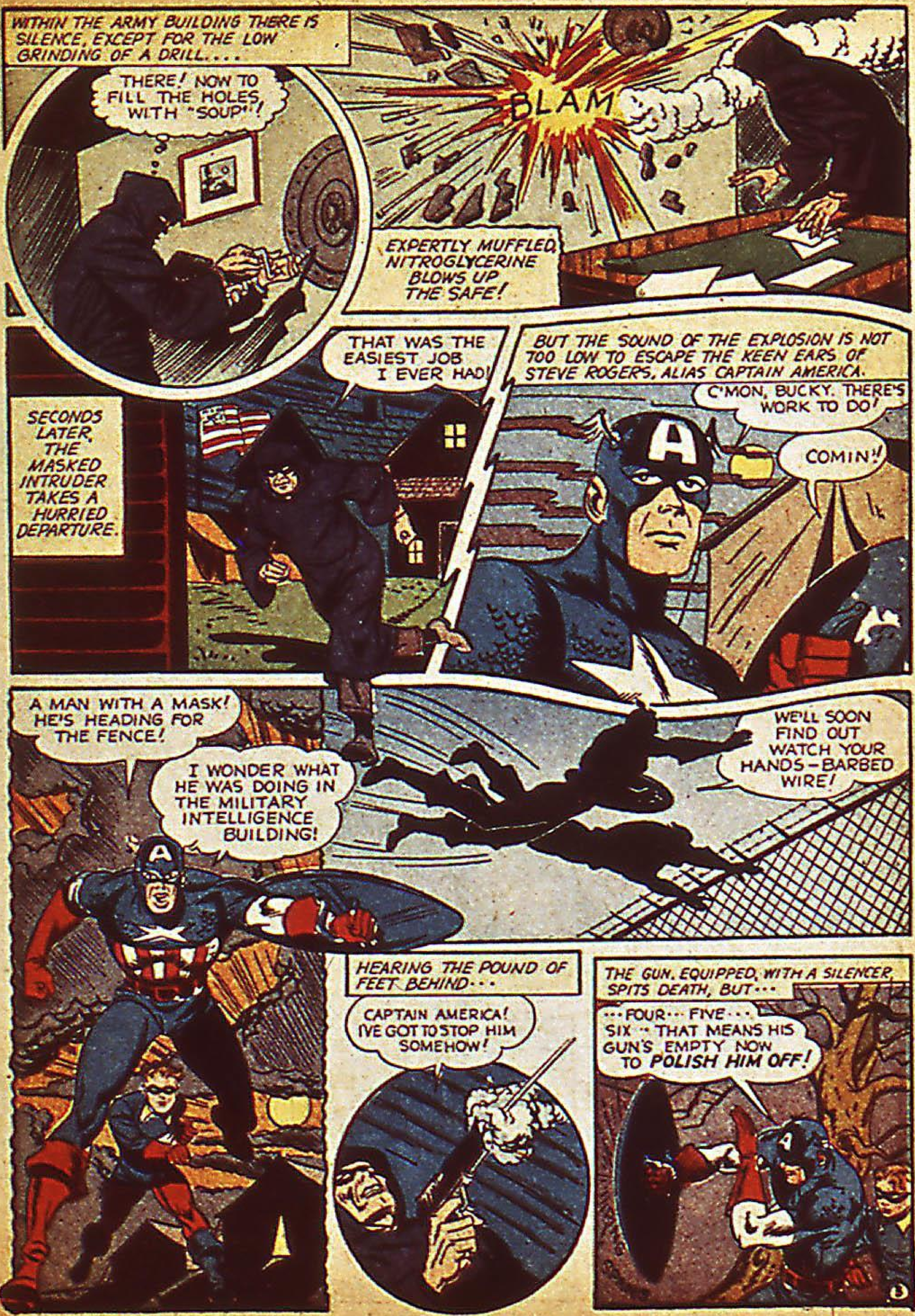
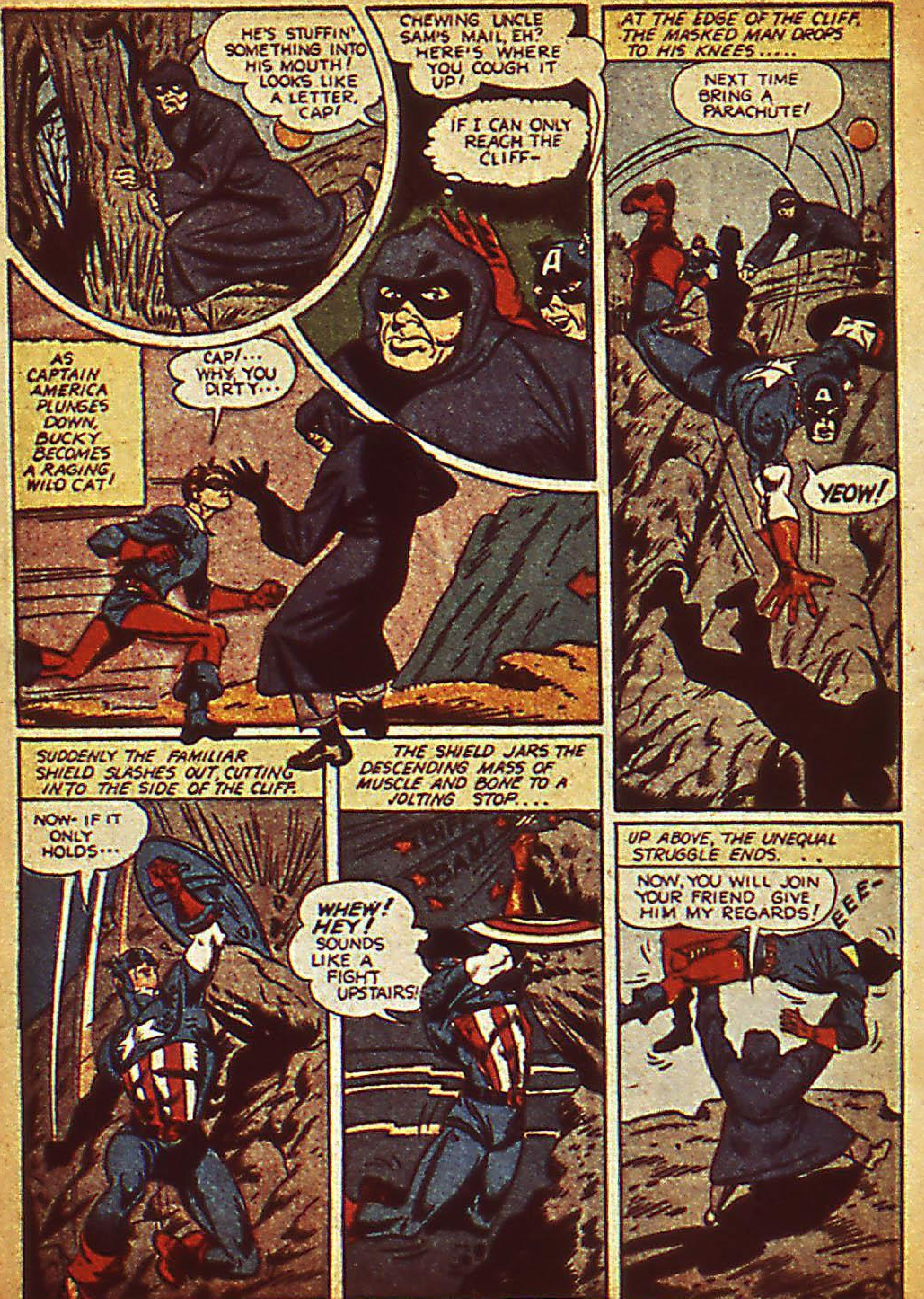
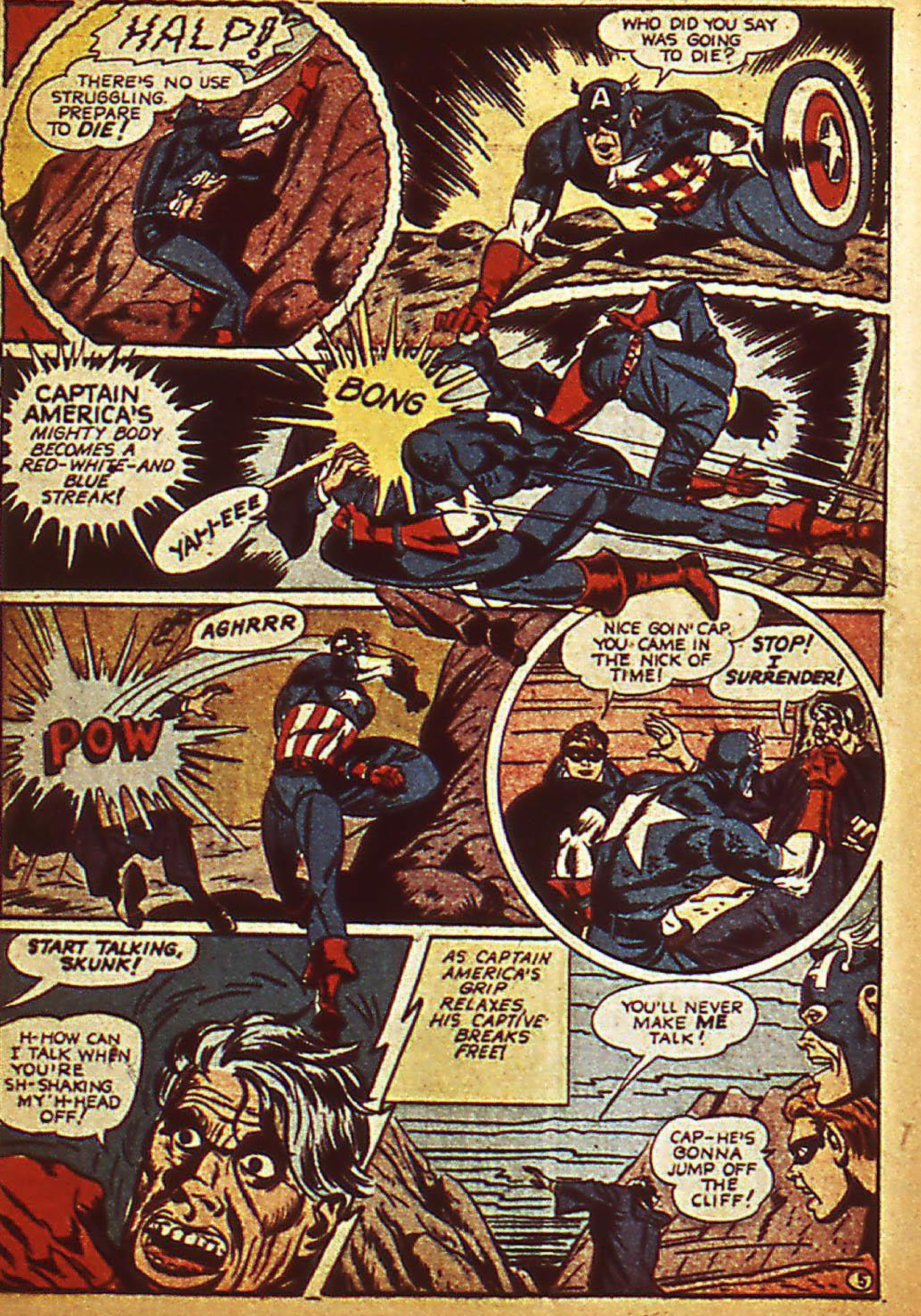
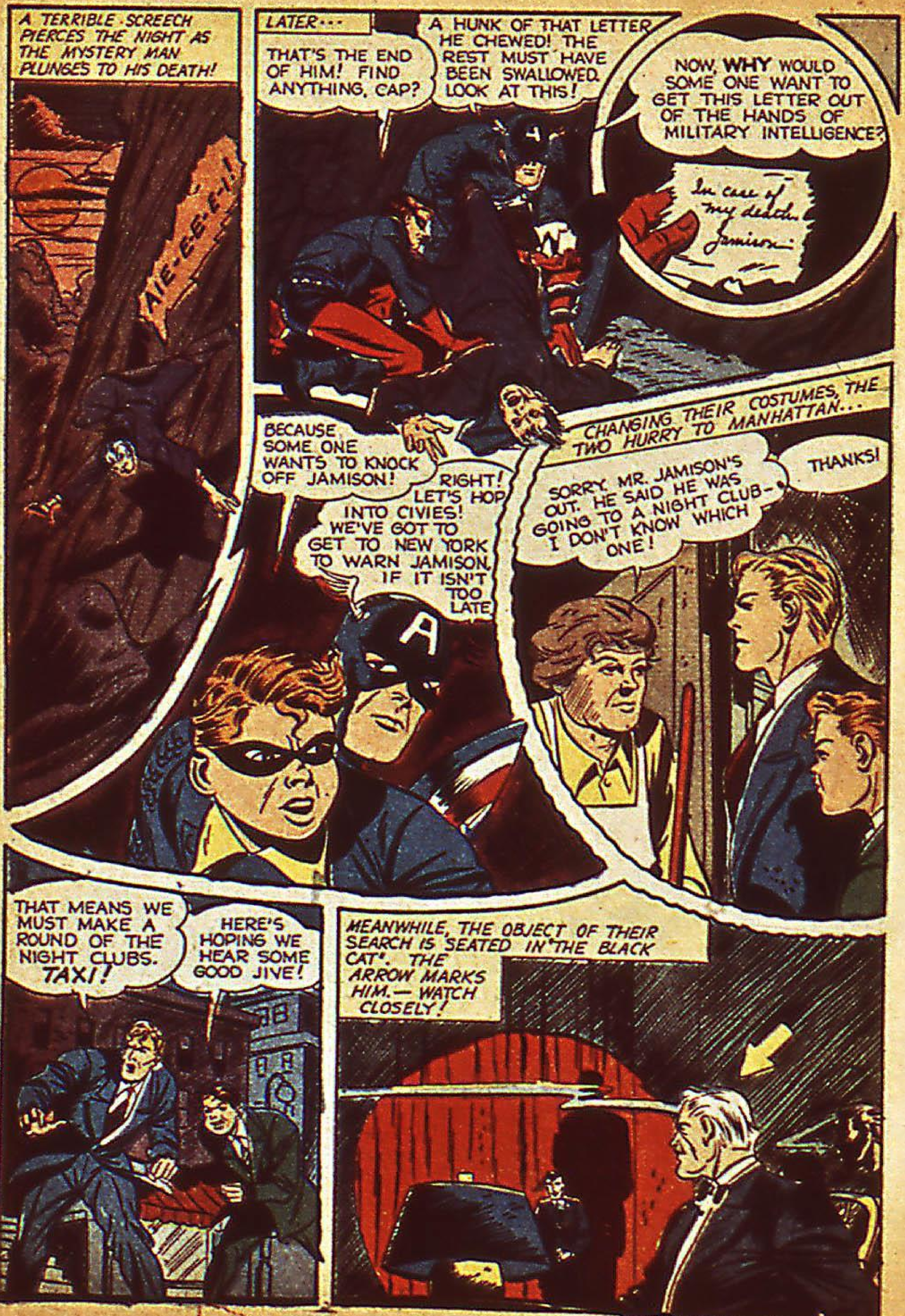

CAPTAIN AMERICA
A FIENDISH NAZI MADMAN PULLS THE STRINGS FOR HUMAN MARIONETTES TO COMMIT MURDER...
in "PUPPETS of DEATH!"

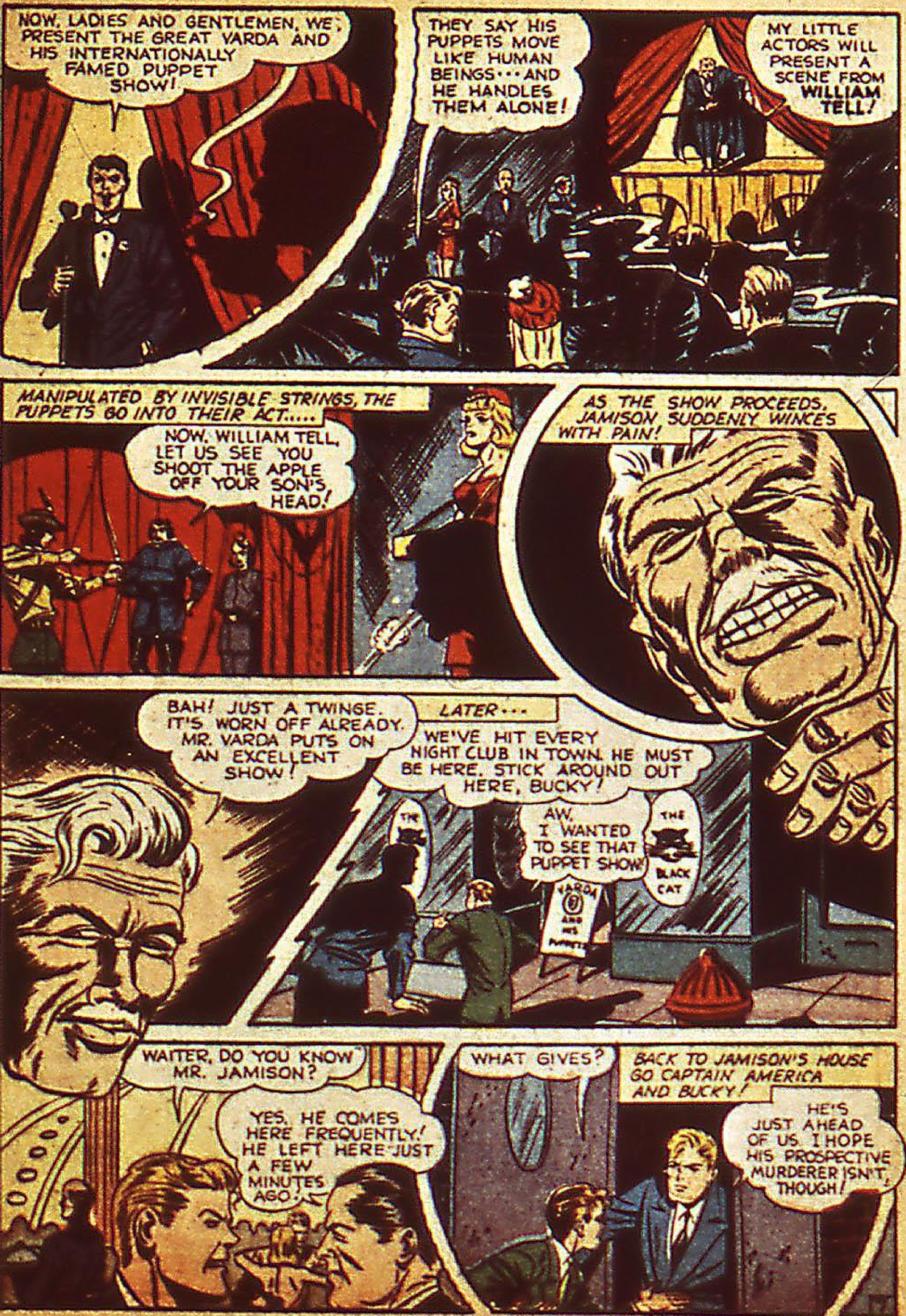

THIS STRANGE STORY BEGINS AT CAMP LEHIGH
BUCKY, C'MON-GET A MOVE ON, QUICK- AND DELIVER THIS MAIL!
OKAY, SERGEANT.
AS BUCKY HASTENS DOWN THE COMPANY STREET, HE TRIPS···
WHAT THE-?
HAW! HAW! DON'T HOIT YERSELF!
I WOULD TAKE A LAUREL-AND-HARDY FALL IN FRONT OF THAT GUY! HEY-WHAT'S THIS? ONE OF THESE LETTERS IS OPENED!
HMM··· I'D BETTER STICK THIS ENVELOPE BACK WHERE IT BELONGS, AND HOP OVER TO MILITARY INTELLIGENCE!
To be opened only in case of my death. Jamison
Major Hudson, Military Intelligence
FINISHING HIS CHORE, BUCKY TELLS HIS PAL, STEVE ROGERS, ABOUT THE INCIDENT....
JAMISON, EH? HE'S AN AMERICAN COUNTER-SPY··· A FREE AGENT LIKE US. SOMETHING IS UP, BUCKY!
THAT NIGHT, A STEALTHY FIGURE STEALS INTO THE CAMP.
NOW, TO DISPOSE OF THE SENTRY!
A BLACK-JACK THUDS AGAINST THE SENTRY'S HEAD-THERE IS A LOW MOAN···
AGHRRR
THE MASKED MAN SNEAKS UP TO A BUILDING···GLASS TINKLES···
THERE GOES THE WINDOW- AND HERE I COME! MILITARY INTELLIGENCE··· MOST AMUSING!

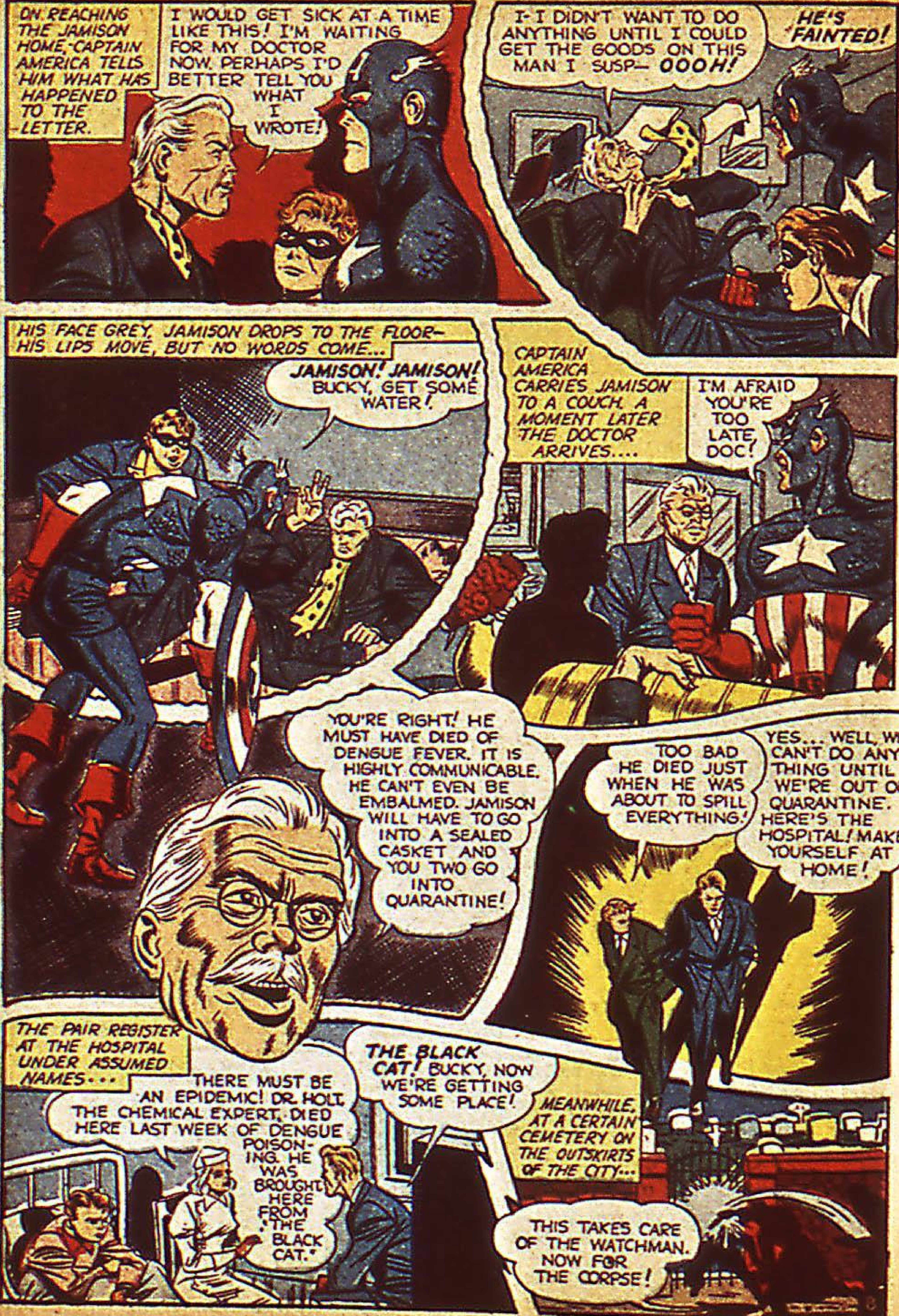

WITHIN THE ARMY BUILDING THERE IS SILENCE, EXCEPT FOR THE LOW GRINDING OF A DRILL . . .
THERE! NOW TO FILL THE HOLES WITH "SOUP"!
BLAM
EXPERTLY MUFFLED, NITROGLYCERINE BLOWS UP THE SAFE!
THAT WAS THE EASIEST JOB I EVER HAD!
SECONDS LATER, THE MASKED INTRUDER TAKES A HURRIED DEPARTURE.
BUT THE SOUND OF THE EXPLOSION IS NOT TOO LOW TO ESCAPE THE KEEN EARS OF STEVE ROGERS, ALIAS CAPTAIN AMERICA.
C'MON, BUCKY. THERE'S WORK TO DO!
COMIN'!
A MAN WITH A MASK! HE'S HEADING FOR THE FENCE!
I WONDER WHAT HE WAS DOING IN THE MILITARY INTELLIGENCE BUILDING!
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT WATCH YOUR HANDS—BARBED WIRE!
HEARING THE POUND OF FEET BEHIND···
CAPTAIN AMERICA! I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM SOMEHOW!
THE GUN, EQUIPPED WITH A SILENCER, SPITS DEATH, BUT···
···FOUR··· FIVE··· SIX ·· THAT MEANS HIS GUN'S EMPTY NOW TO POLISH HIM OFF!
5


HE'S STUFFIN' SOMETHING INTO HIS MOUTH! LOOKS LIKE A LETTER, CAP!
CHEWING UNCLE SAM'S MAIL, EH? HERE'S WHERE YOU COUGH IT UP!
IF I CAN ONLY REACH THE CLIFF-
AT THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF, THE MASKED MAN DROPS TO HIS KNEES.....
NEXT TIME BRING A PARACHUTE!
YEOW!
AS CAPTAIN AMERICA PLUNGES DOWN, BUCKY BECOMES A RAGING WILD CAT!
CAP!... WHY, YOU DIRTY...
SUDDENLY THE FAMILIAR SHIELD SLASHES OUT, CUTTING INTO THE SIDE OF THE CLIFF.
NOW- IF IT ONLY HOLDS...
THE SHIELD JARS THE DESCENDING MASS OF MUSCLE AND BONE TO A JOLTING STOP...
WHEW! HEY! SOUNDS LIKE A FIGHT UPSTAIRS!
UP ABOVE, THE UNEQUAL STRUGGLE ENDS. . .
NOW, YOU WILL JOIN YOUR FRIEND GIVE HIM MY REGARDS!
EEE-

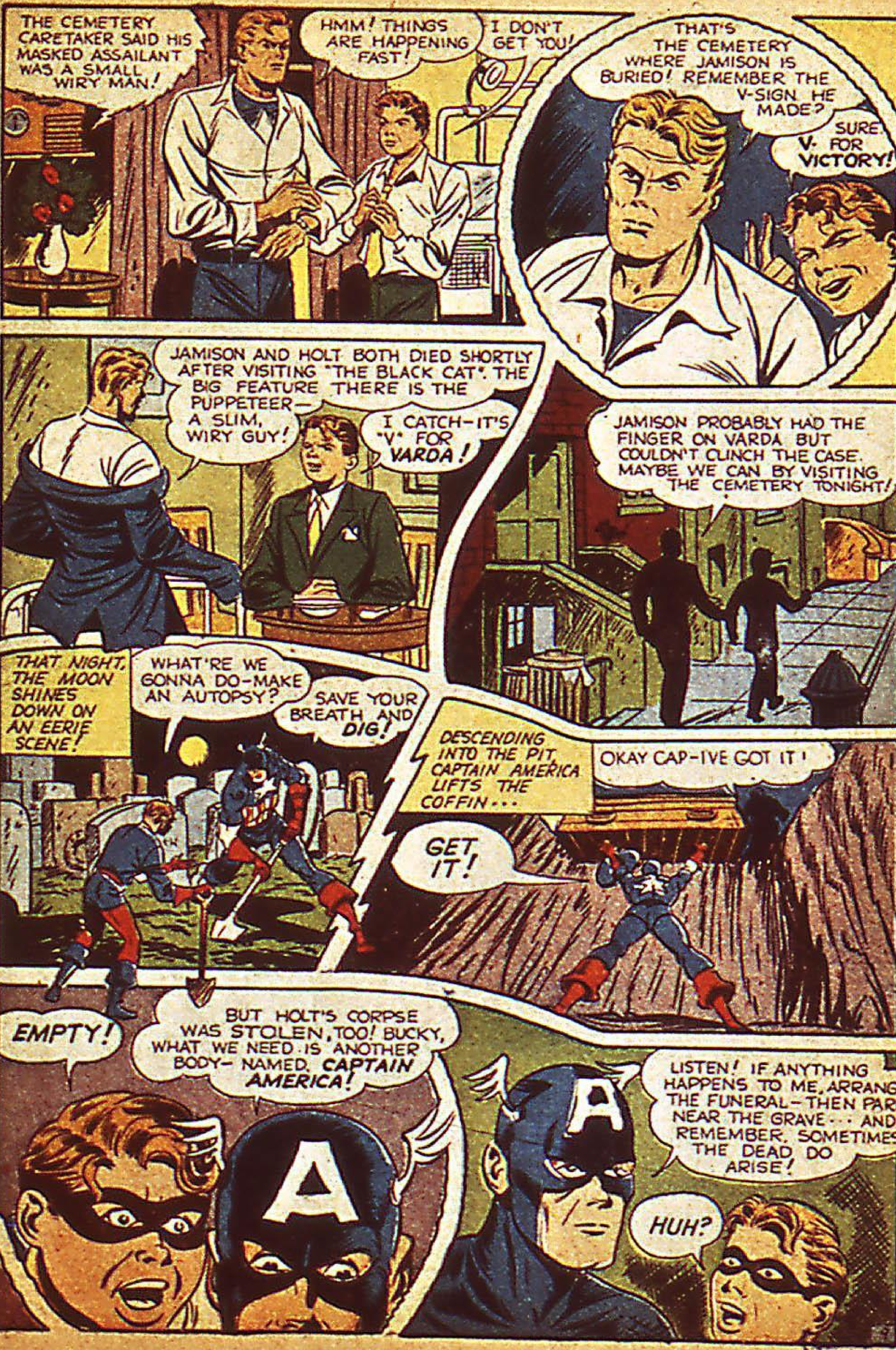

HALP!
THERE'S NO USE STRUGGLING. PREPARE TO DIE!
WHO DID YOU SAY WAS GOING TO DIE?
CAPTAIN AMERICA'S MIGHTY BODY BECOMES A RED-WHITE-AND BLUE STREAK!
BONG
YAH-I-EEE
AGHRRR
POW
NICE GOIN' CAP. YOU CAME IN THE NICK OF TIME!
STOP! I SURRENDER!
START TALKING, SKUNK!
H-HOW CAN I TALK WHEN YOU'RE SH-SHAKING MY H-HEAD OFF!
AS CAPTAIN AMERICA'S GRIP RELAXES, HIS CAPTIVE BREAKS FREE!
YOU'LL NEVER MAKE ME TALK!
CAP-HE'S GONNA JUMP OFF THE CLIFF!

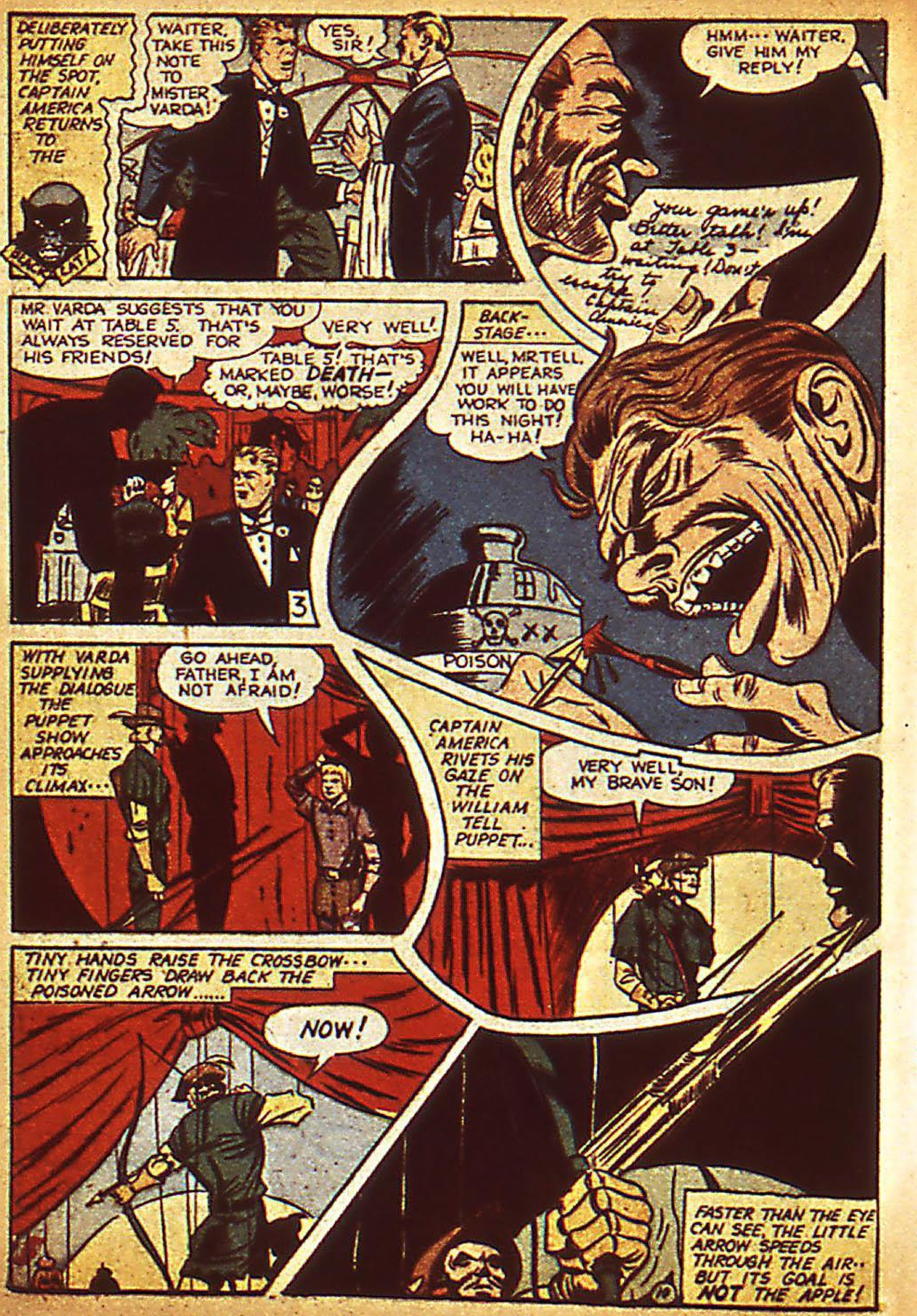

A TERRIBLE SCREECH PIERCES THE NIGHT AS THE MYSTERY MAN PLUNGES TO HIS DEATH!
AIE-E-E-E-I-!
LATER...
THAT'S THE END OF HIM! FIND ANYTHING, CAP?
A HUNK OF THAT LETTER HE CHEWED! THE REST MUST HAVE BEEN SWALLOWED. LOOK AT THIS!
NOW, WHY WOULD SOME ONE WANT TO GET THIS LETTER OUT OF THE HANDS OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE?
In case of my death Jamison
BECAUSE SOME ONE WANTS TO KNOCK OFF JAMISON!
RIGHT! LET'S HOP INTO CIVIES! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO NEW YORK TO WARN JAMISON, IF IT ISN'T TOO LATE
CHANGING THEIR COSTUMES, THE TWO HURRY TO MANHATTAN...
SORRY. MR. JAMISON'S OUT. HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO A NIGHT CLUB-I DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE!
THANKS!
THAT MEANS WE MUST MAKE A ROUND OF THE NIGHT CLUBS. TAXI!
HERE'S HOPING WE HEAR SOME GOOD JIVE!
MEANWHILE, THE OBJECT OF THEIR SEARCH IS SEATED IN 'THE BLACK CAT'. THE ARROW MARKS HIM.— WATCH CLOSELY!

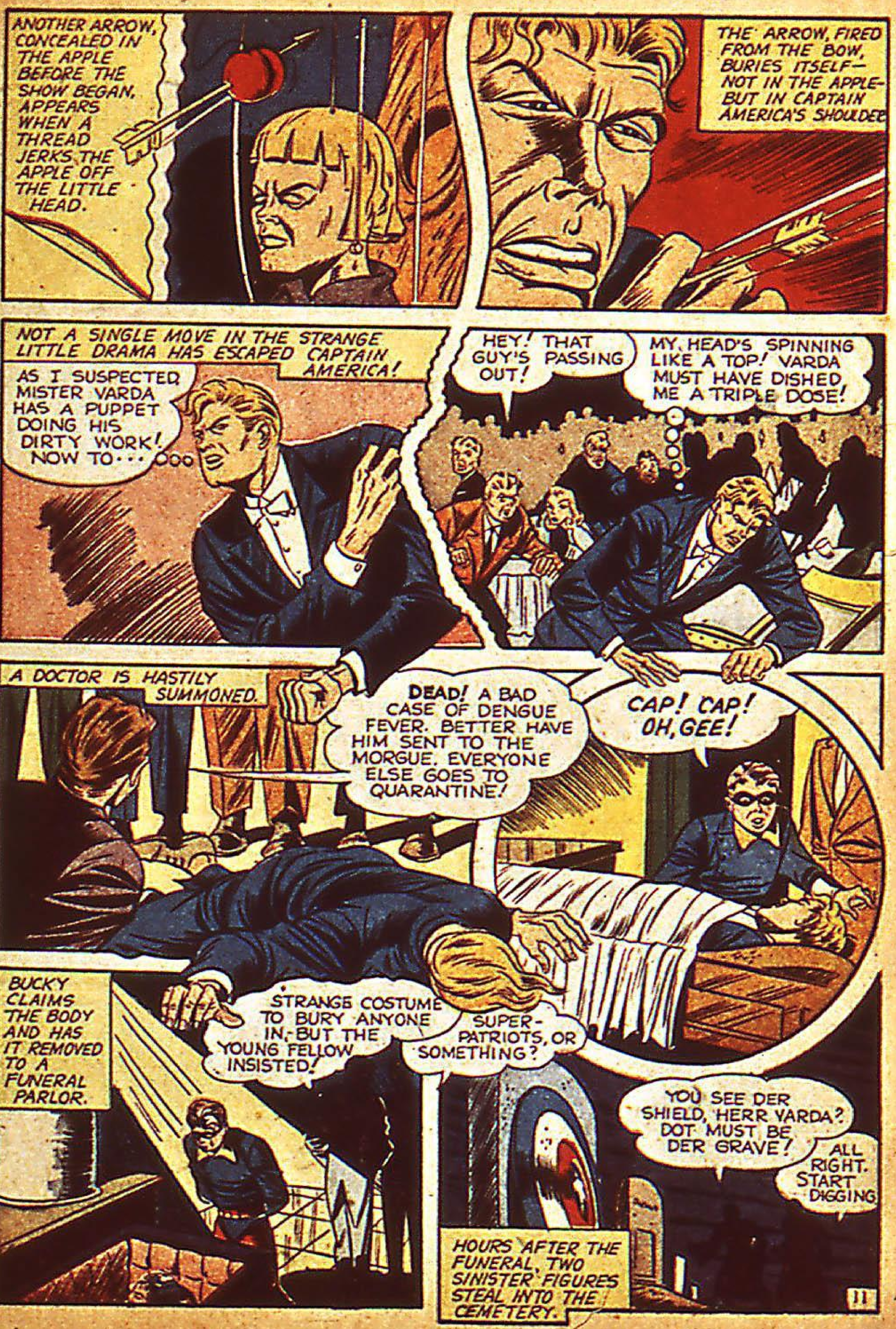

NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE PRESENT THE GREAT VARDA AND HIS INTERNATIONALLY FAMED PUPPET SHOW!
THEY SAY HIS PUPPETS MOVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS··· AND HE HANDLES THEM ALONE!
MY LITTLE ACTORS WILL PRESENT A SCENE FROM **WILLIAM TELL**!
MANIPULATED BY INVISIBLE STRINGS, THE PUPPETS GO INTO THEIR ACT.....
NOW, WILLIAM TELL, LET US SEE YOU SHOOT THE APPLE OFF YOUR SON'S HEAD!
AS THE SHOW PROCEEDS, JAMISON SUDDENLY WINCES WITH PAIN!
BAH! JUST A TWINGE. IT'S WORN OFF ALREADY. MR. VARDA PUTS ON AN EXCELLENT SHOW!
LATER···
WE'VE HIT EVERY NIGHT CLUB IN TOWN. HE MUST BE HERE. STICK AROUND OUT HERE, BUCKY!
AW, I WANTED TO SEE THAT PUPPET SHOW!
THE BLACK CAT
VARDA AND HIS PUPPETS
WAITER, DO YOU KNOW MR. JAMISON?
YES, HE COMES HERE FREQUENTLY! HE LEFT HERE JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO!
WHAT GIVES?
BACK TO JAMISON'S HOUSE GO CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!
HE'S JUST AHEAD OF US. I HOPE HIS PROSPECTIVE MURDERER ISN'T, THOUGH!

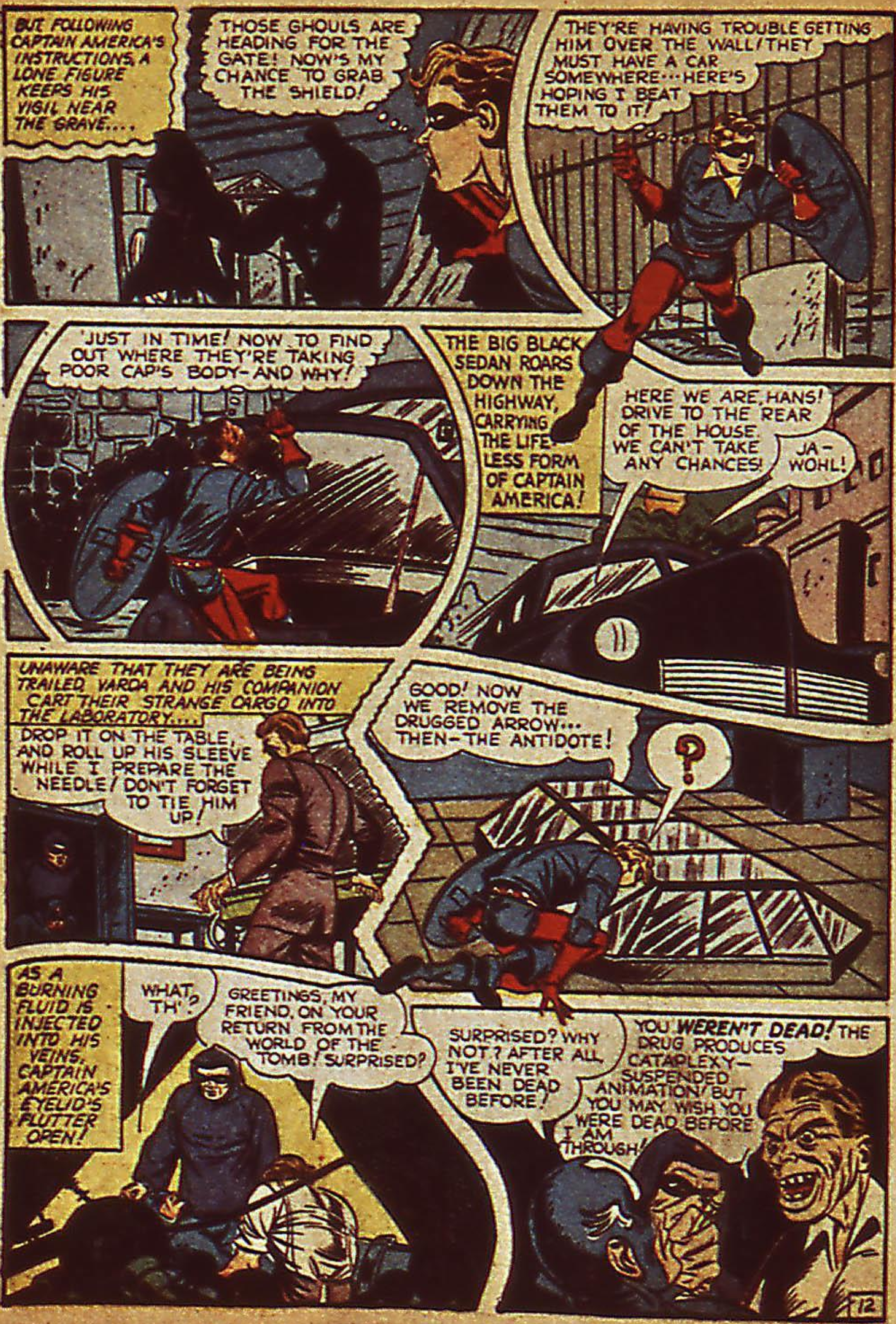


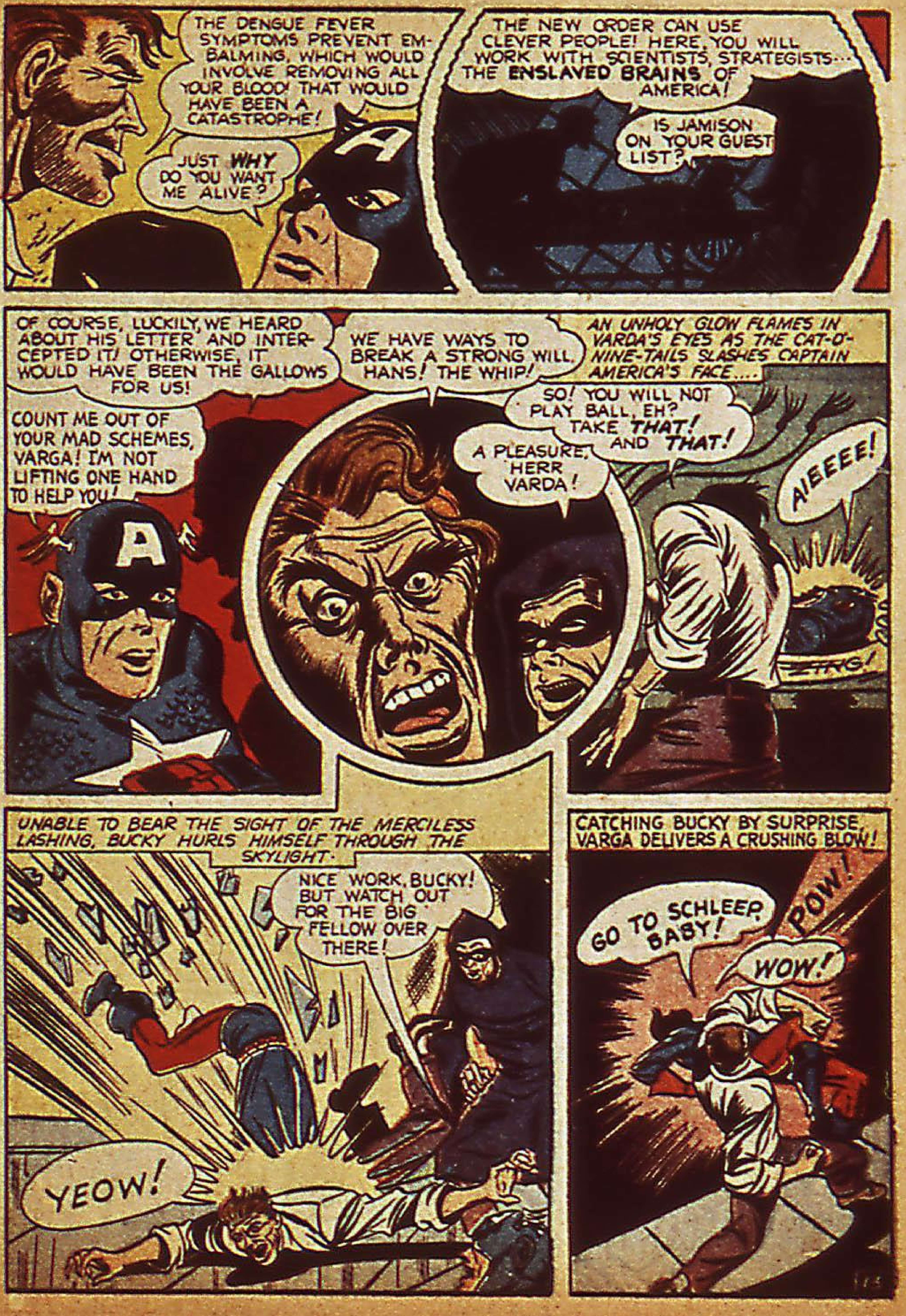
ON REACHING THE JAMISON HOME, CAPTAIN AMERICA TELLS HIM WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE LETTER.
I WOULD GET SICK AT A TIME LIKE THIS! I'M WAITING FOR MY DOCTOR NOW. PERHAPS I'D BETTER TELL YOU WHAT I WROTE!
I- I DIDN'T WANT TO DO ANYTHING UNTIL I COULD GET THE GOODS ON THIS MAN I SUSP— OOOH!
HE'S FAINTED!
HIS FACE GREY, JAMISON DROPS TO THE FLOOR— HIS LIPS MOVE, BUT NO WORDS COME...
JAMISON! JAMISON! BUCKY, GET SOME WATER!
CAPTAIN AMERICA CARRIES JAMISON TO A COUCH. A MOMENT LATER THE DOCTOR ARRIVES....
I'M AFRAID YOU'RE TOO LATE, DOC!
YOU'RE RIGHT! HE MUST HAVE DIED OF DENGUE FEVER. IT IS HIGHLY COMMUNICABLE. HE CAN'T EVEN BE EMBALMED. JAMISON WILL HAVE TO GO INTO A SEALED CASKET AND YOU TWO GO INTO QUARANTINE!
TOO BAD HE DIED JUST WHEN HE WAS ABOUT TO SPILL EVERYTHING!
YES... WELL, WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING UNTIL WE'RE OUT OF QUARANTINE. HERE'S THE HOSPITAL! MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME!
THE PAIR REGISTER AT THE HOSPITAL UNDER ASSUMED NAMES...
THERE MUST BE AN EPIDEMIC! DR. HOLT, THE CHEMICAL EXPERT, DIED HERE LAST WEEK OF DENGUE POISONING. HE WAS BROUGHT HERE FROM "THE BLACK CAT."
THE BLACK CAT! BUCKY, NOW WE'RE GETTING SOME PLACE!
MEANWHILE, AT A CERTAIN CEMETERY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY...
THIS TAKES CARE OF THE WATCHMAN. NOW FOR THE CORPSE!

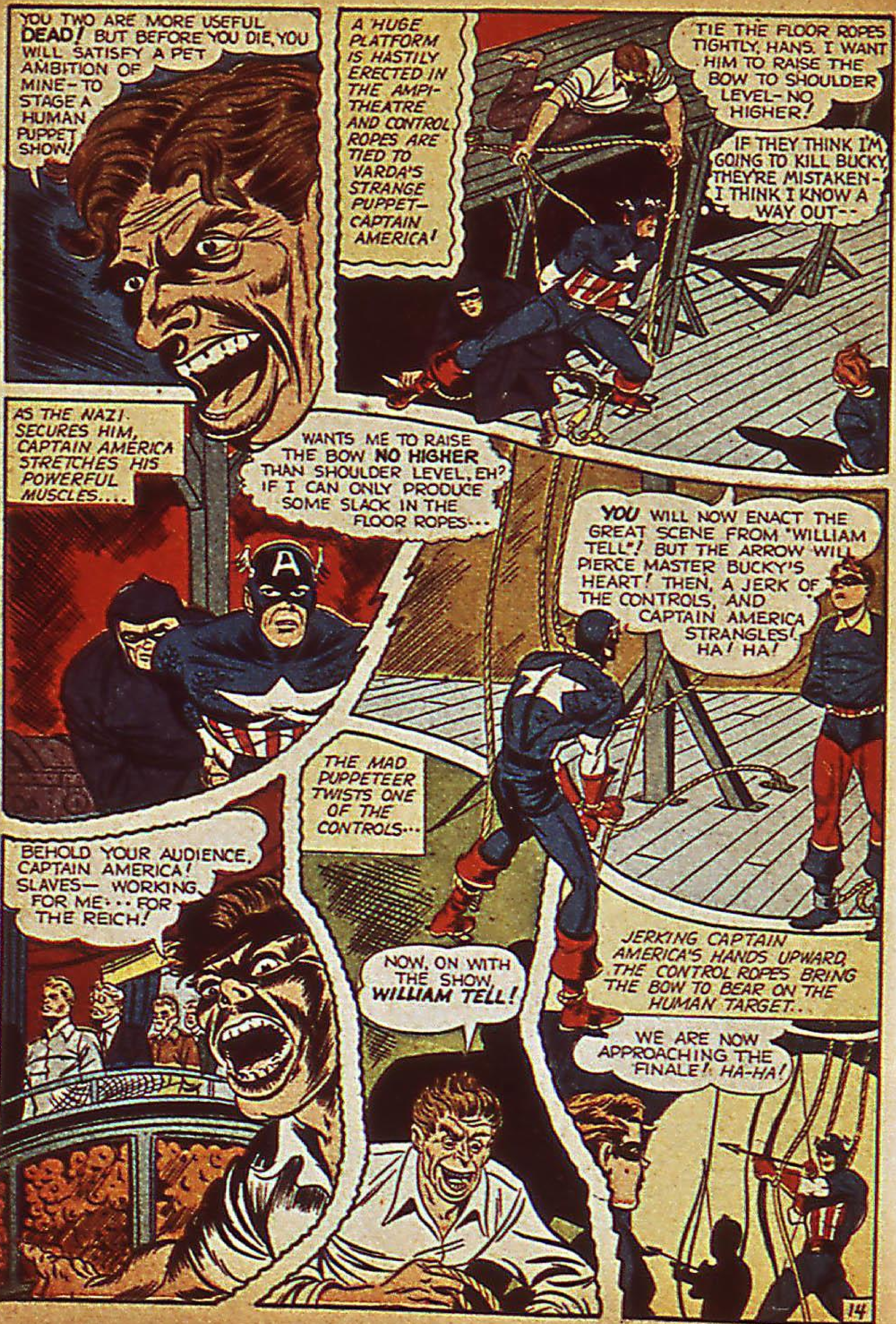

THE CEMETERY CARETAKER SAID HIS MASKED ASSAILANT WAS A SMALL WIRY MAN!
HMM! THINGS ARE HAPPENING FAST!
I DON'T GET YOU!
THAT'S THE CEMETERY WHERE JAMISON IS BURIED! REMEMBER THE V-SIGN HE MADE?
SURE! V- FOR VICTORY!
JAMISON AND HOLT BOTH DIED SHORTLY AFTER VISITING "THE BLACK CAT". THE BIG FEATURE THERE IS THE PUPPETEER— A SLIM, WIRY GUY!
I CATCH—IT'S "V" FOR VARDA!
JAMISON PROBABLY HAD THE FINGER ON VARDA BUT COULDN'T CLINCH THE CASE. MAYBE WE CAN BY VISITING THE CEMETERY TONIGHT!
THAT NIGHT, THE MOON SHINES DOWN ON AN EERIE SCENE!
WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO-MAKE AN AUTOPSY?
SAVE YOUR BREATH AND DIG!
DESCENDING INTO THE PIT, CAPTAIN AMERICA LIFTS THE COFFIN...
OKAY CAP-I'VE GOT IT!
GET IT!
EMPTY!
BUT HOLT'S CORPSE WAS STOLEN, TOO! BUCKY, WHAT WE NEED IS ANOTHER BODY— NAMED, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
LISTEN! IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME, ARRANGE THE FUNERAL—THEN PARK NEAR THE GRAVE... AND REMEMBER, SOMETIMES THE DEAD DO ARISE!
HUH?

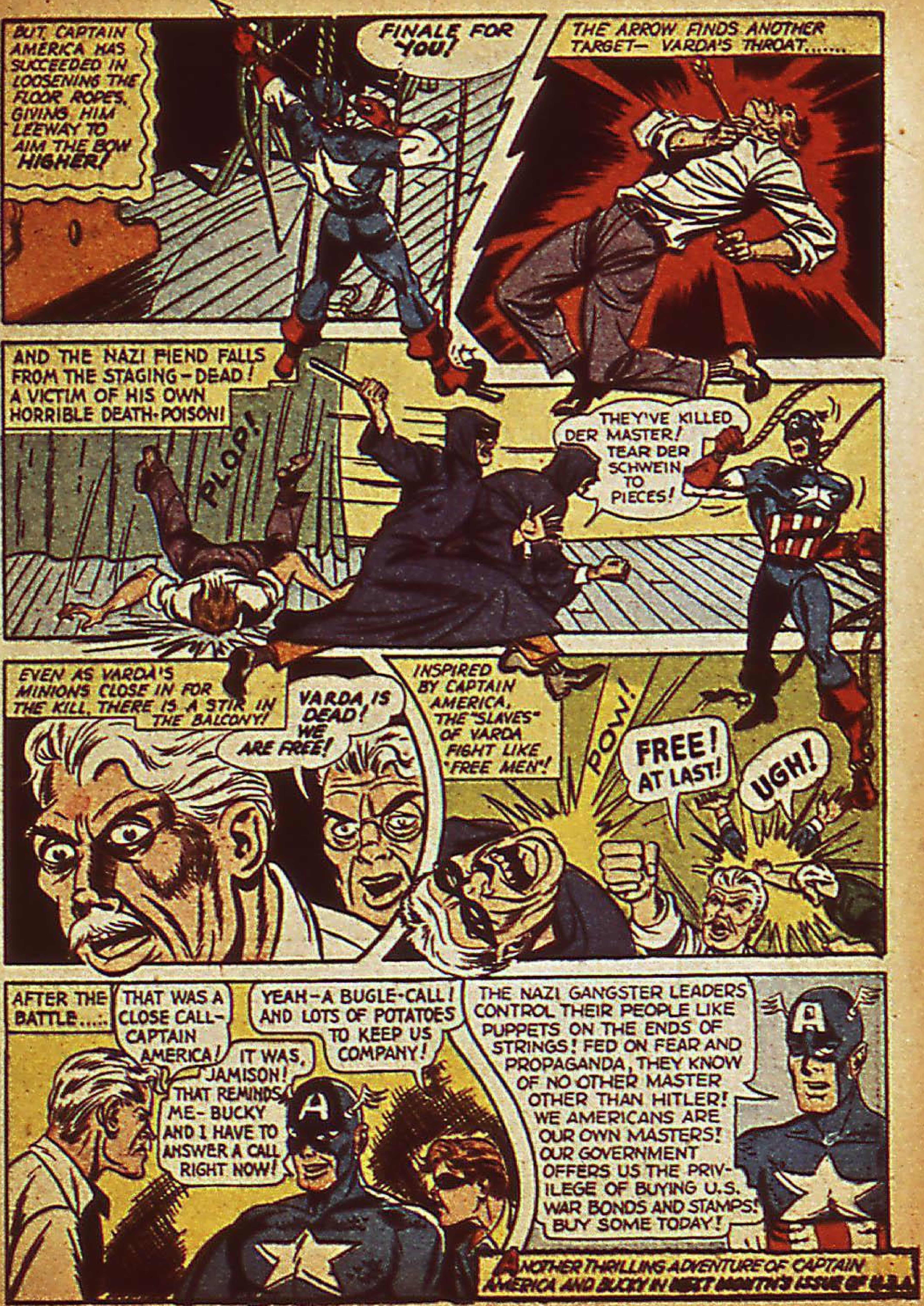

DELIBERATELY PUTTING HIMSELF ON THE SPOT, CAPTAIN AMERICA RETURNS TO THE
BLACK CAT!
WAITER, TAKE THIS NOTE TO MISTER VARDA!
YES, SIR!
HMM··· WAITER, GIVE HIM MY REPLY!
Your game's up! Better talk! I'm at Table 3— waiting! Don't try to escape! Captain America
MR VARDA SUGGESTS THAT YOU WAIT AT TABLE 5. THAT'S ALWAYS RESERVED FOR HIS FRIENDS!
VERY WELL!
TABLE 5! THAT'S MARKED DEATH— OR, MAYBE, WORSE!
3
BACK-STAGE···
WELL, MR TELL, IT APPEARS YOU WILL HAVE WORK TO DO THIS NIGHT! HA-HA!
XX
POISON
WITH VARDA SUPPLYING THE DIALOGUE THE PUPPET SHOW APPROACHES ITS CLIMAX···
GO AHEAD, FATHER, I AM NOT AFRAID!
CAPTAIN AMERICA RIVETS HIS GAZE ON THE WILLIAM TELL PUPPET...
VERY WELL, MY BRAVE SON!
TINY HANDS RAISE THE CROSSBOW··· TINY FINGERS DRAW BACK THE POISONED ARROW......
NOW!
FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN SEE, THE LITTLE ARROW SPEEDS THROUGH THE AIR·· BUT ITS GOAL IS NOT THE APPLE!
10

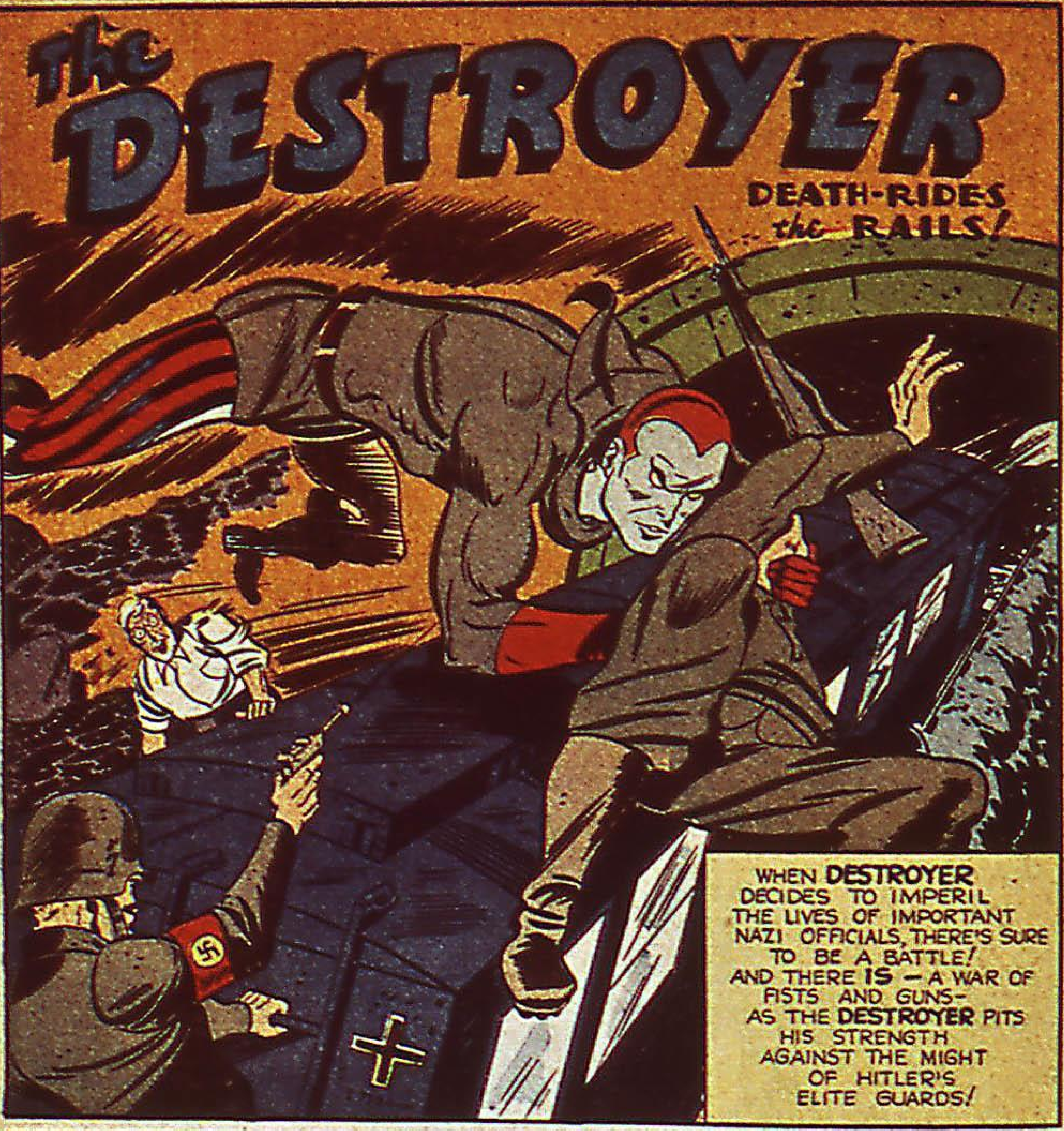

ANOTHER ARROW, CONCEALED IN THE APPLE BEFORE THE SHOW BEGAN, APPEARS WHEN A THREAD JERKS THE APPLE OFF THE LITTLE HEAD.
THE ARROW, FIRED FROM THE BOW, BURIES ITSELF— NOT IN THE APPLE- BUT IN CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SHOULDER
NOT A SINGLE MOVE IN THE STRANGE LITTLE DRAMA HAS ESCAPED CAPTAIN AMERICA!
AS I SUSPECTED MISTER VARDA HAS A PUPPET DOING HIS DIRTY WORK! NOW TO···
HEY! THAT GUY'S PASSING OUT!
MY HEAD'S SPINNING LIKE A TOP! VARDA MUST HAVE DISHED ME A TRIPLE DOSE!
A DOCTOR IS HASTILY SUMMONED.
DEAD! A BAD CASE OF DENGUE FEVER. BETTER HAVE HIM SENT TO THE MORGUE. EVERYONE ELSE GOES TO QUARANTINE!
CAP! CAP! OH, GEE!
BUCKY CLAIMS THE BODY AND HAS IT REMOVED TO A FUNERAL PARLOR.
STRANGE COSTUME TO BURY ANYONE IN, BUT THE YOUNG FELLOW INSISTED!
SUPER-PATRIOTS, OR SOMETHING?
YOU SEE DER SHIELD, HERR VARDA? DOT MUST BE DER GRAVE!
ALL RIGHT. START DIGGING
HOURS AFTER THE FUNERAL, TWO SINISTER FIGURES STEAL INTO THE CEMETERY.


BUT FOLLOWING CAPTAIN AMERICA'S INSTRUCTIONS, A LONE FIGURE KEEPS HIS VIGIL NEAR THE GRAVE....
THOSE GHOULS ARE HEADING FOR THE GATE! NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GRAB THE SHIELD!
THEY'RE HAVING TROUBLE GETTING HIM OVER THE WALL! THEY MUST HAVE A CAR SOMEWHERE...HERE'S HOPING I BEAT THEM TO IT!
JUST IN TIME! NOW TO FIND OUT WHERE THEY'RE TAKING POOR CAP'S BODY- AND WHY!
THE BIG BLACK SEDAN ROARS DOWN THE HIGHWAY, CARRYING THE LIFELESS FORM OF CAPTAIN AMERICA!
HERE WE ARE, HANS! DRIVE TO THE REAR OF THE HOUSE. WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!
JA-WOHL!
UNAWARE THAT THEY ARE BEING TRAILED, VARDA AND HIS COMPANION CART THEIR STRANGE CARGO INTO THE LABORATORY....
DROP IT ON THE TABLE, AND ROLL UP HIS SLEEVE WHILE I PREPARE THE NEEDLE! DON'T FORGET TO TIE HIM UP!
GOOD! NOW WE REMOVE THE DRUGGED ARROW...THEN- THE ANTIDOTE!
?
AS A BURNING FLUID IS INJECTED INTO HIS VEINS, CAPTAIN AMERICA'S EYELID'S FLUTTER OPEN!
WHAT, TH'?
GREETINGS, MY FRIEND, ON YOUR RETURN FROM THE WORLD OF THE TOMB! SURPRISED?
SURPRISED? WHY NOT? AFTER ALL, I'VE NEVER BEEN DEAD BEFORE!
YOU WEREN'T DEAD! THE DRUG PRODUCES CATAPLEXY- SUSPENDED ANIMATION! BUT YOU MAY WISH YOU WERE DEAD BEFORE I AM THROUGH!


THE DENGUE FEVER SYMPTOMS PREVENT EMBALMING, WHICH WOULD INVOLVE REMOVING ALL YOUR BLOOD! THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN A CATASTROPHE!
JUST **WHY** DO YOU WANT ME ALIVE?
THE NEW ORDER CAN USE CLEVER PEOPLE! HERE, YOU WILL WORK WITH SCIENTISTS, STRATEGISTS... THE **ENSLAVED BRAINS** OF AMERICA!
IS JAMISON ON YOUR GUEST LIST?
OF COURSE, LUCKILY, WE HEARD ABOUT HIS LETTER AND INTERCEPTED IT! OTHERWISE, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN THE GALLOWS FOR US!
COUNT ME OUT OF YOUR MAD SCHEMES, VARGA! I'M NOT LIFTING ONE HAND TO HELP YOU!
WE HAVE WAYS TO BREAK A STRONG WILL, HANS! THE WHIP!
A PLEASURE, HERR VARDA!
AN UNHOLY GLOW FLAMES IN VARDA'S EYES AS THE CAT-O'-NINE-TAILS SLASHES CAPTAIN AMERICA'S FACE....
SO! YOU WILL NOT PLAY BALL, EH? TAKE **THAT!** AND **THAT!**
AIEEEE!
ZING!
UNABLE TO BEAR THE SIGHT OF THE MERCILESS LASHING, BUCKY HURLS HIMSELF THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT.
NICE WORK, BUCKY! BUT WATCH OUT FOR THE BIG FELLOW OVER THERE!
YEOW!
CATCHING BUCKY BY SURPRISE, VARGA DELIVERS A CRUSHING BLOW!
GO TO SCHLEEP, BABY!
POW!
WOW!

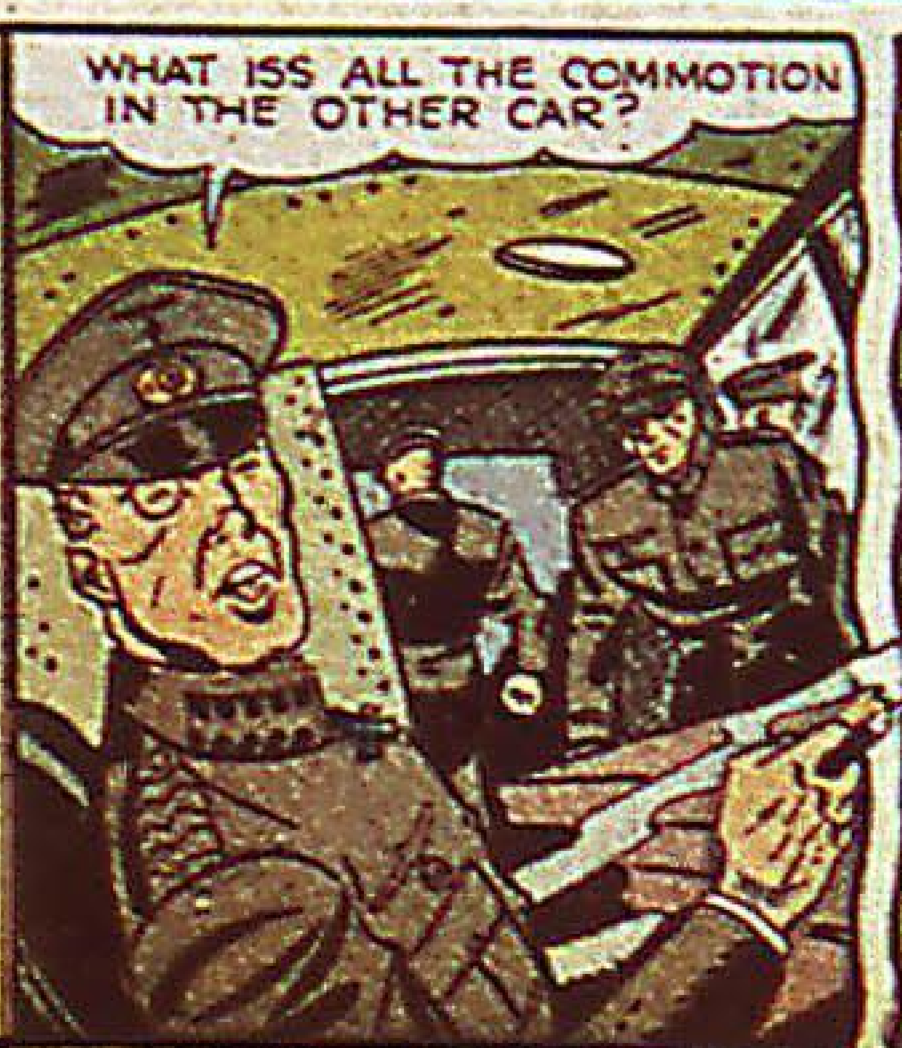

YOU TWO ARE MORE USEFUL **DEAD!** BUT BEFORE YOU DIE, YOU WILL SATISFY A PET AMBITION OF MINE—TO STAGE A HUMAN PUPPET SHOW!
A HUGE PLATFORM IS HASTILY ERECTED IN THE AMPITHEATRE AND CONTROL ROPES ARE TIED TO VARDA'S STRANGE PUPPET—CAPTAIN AMERICA!
TIE THE FLOOR ROPES TIGHTLY, HANS. I WANT HIM TO RAISE THE BOW TO SHOULDER LEVEL—NO HIGHER!
IF THEY THINK I'M GOING TO KILL BUCKY, THEY'RE MISTAKEN—I THINK I KNOW A WAY OUT--
AS THE NAZI SECURES HIM, CAPTAIN AMERICA STRETCHES HIS POWERFUL MUSCLES....
WANTS ME TO RAISE THE BOW **NO HIGHER** THAN SHOULDER LEVEL, EH? IF I CAN ONLY PRODUCE SOME SLACK IN THE FLOOR ROPES...
YOU WILL NOW ENACT THE GREAT SCENE FROM "WILLIAM TELL"! BUT THE ARROW WILL PIERCE MASTER BUCKY'S HEART! THEN, A JERK OF THE CONTROLS, AND CAPTAIN AMERICA STRANGLES! HA! HA!
THE MAD PUPPETEER TWISTS ONE OF THE CONTROLS...
BEHOLD YOUR AUDIENCE, CAPTAIN AMERICA! SLAVES— WORKING FOR ME·· FOR THE REICH!
NOW, ON WITH THE SHOW, ***WILLIAM TELL!***
JERKING CAPTAIN AMERICA'S HANDS UPWARD, THE CONTROL ROPES BRING THE BOW TO BEAR ON THE HUMAN TARGET..
WE ARE NOW APPROACHING THE FINALE! HA-HA!

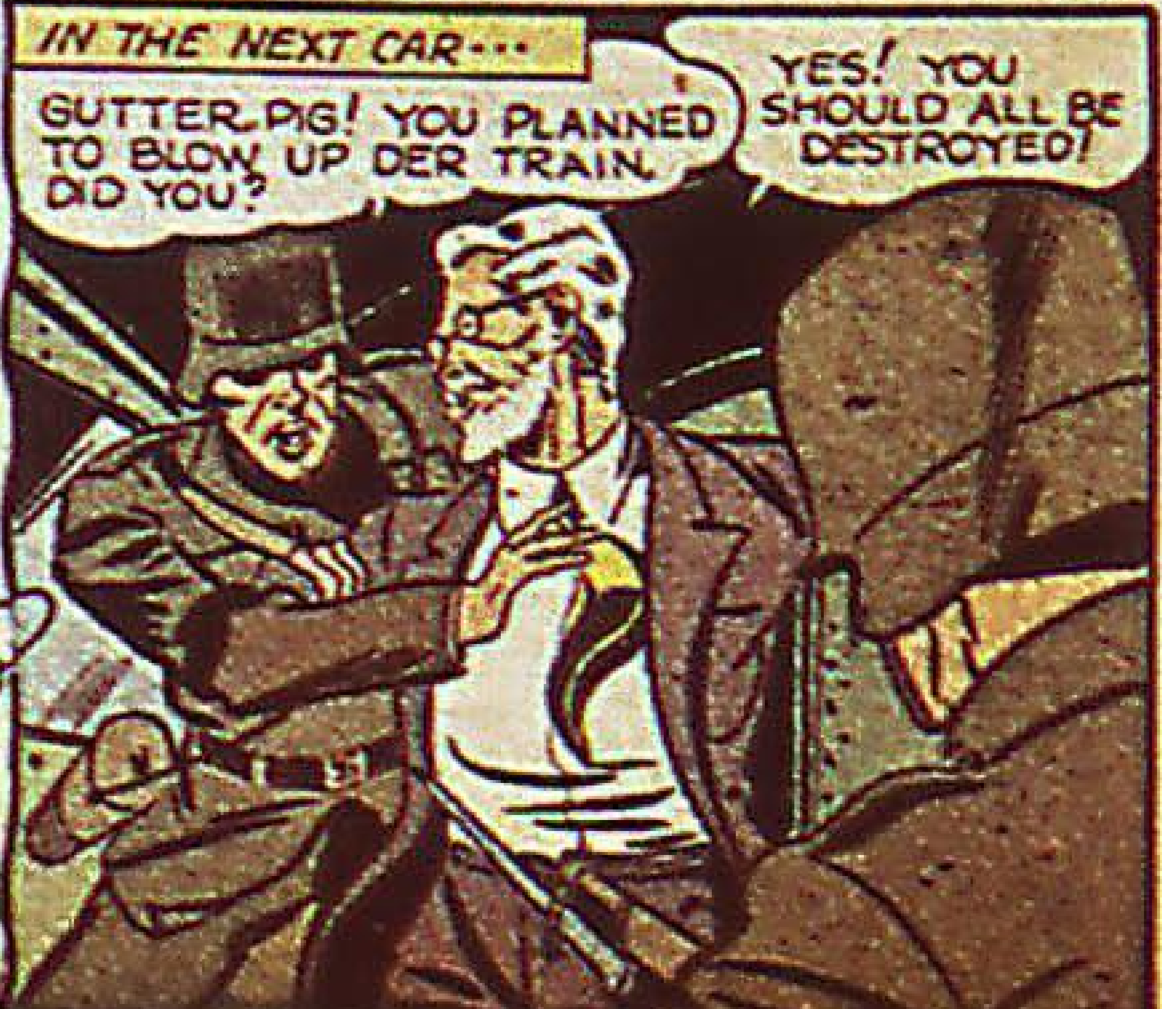

BUT, CAPTAIN AMERICA HAS SUCCEEDED IN LOOSENING THE FLOOR ROPES, GIVING HIM LEEWAY TO AIM THE BOW HIGHER!
FINALE FOR YOU!
THE ARROW FINDS ANOTHER TARGET— VARDA'S THROAT.......
AND THE NAZI FIEND FALLS FROM THE STAGING—DEAD! A VICTIM OF HIS OWN HORRIBLE DEATH-POISON!
PLOP!
THEY'VE KILLED DER MASTER! TEAR DER SCHWEIN TO PIECES!
EVEN AS VARDA'S MINIONS CLOSE IN FOR THE KILL, THERE IS A STIR IN THE BALCONY!
VARDA IS DEAD! WE ARE FREE!
INSPIRED BY CAPTAIN AMERICA, THE "SLAVES" OF VARDA FIGHT LIKE "FREE MEN"!
POW!
FREE! AT LAST!
UGH!
AFTER THE BATTLE.....
THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL— CAPTAIN AMERICA!
IT WAS, JAMISON! THAT REMINDS ME— BUCKY AND I HAVE TO ANSWER A CALL RIGHT NOW!
YEAH—A BUGLE-CALL! AND LOTS OF POTATOES TO KEEP US COMPANY!
THE NAZI GANGSTER LEADERS CONTROL THEIR PEOPLE LIKE PUPPETS ON THE ENDS OF STRINGS! FED ON FEAR AND PROPAGANDA, THEY KNOW OF NO OTHER MASTER OTHER THAN HITLER! WE AMERICANS ARE OUR OWN MASTERS! OUR GOVERNMENT OFFERS US THE PRIVILEGE OF BUYING U.S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS! BUY SOME TODAY!
ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE OF CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF U.S.A.

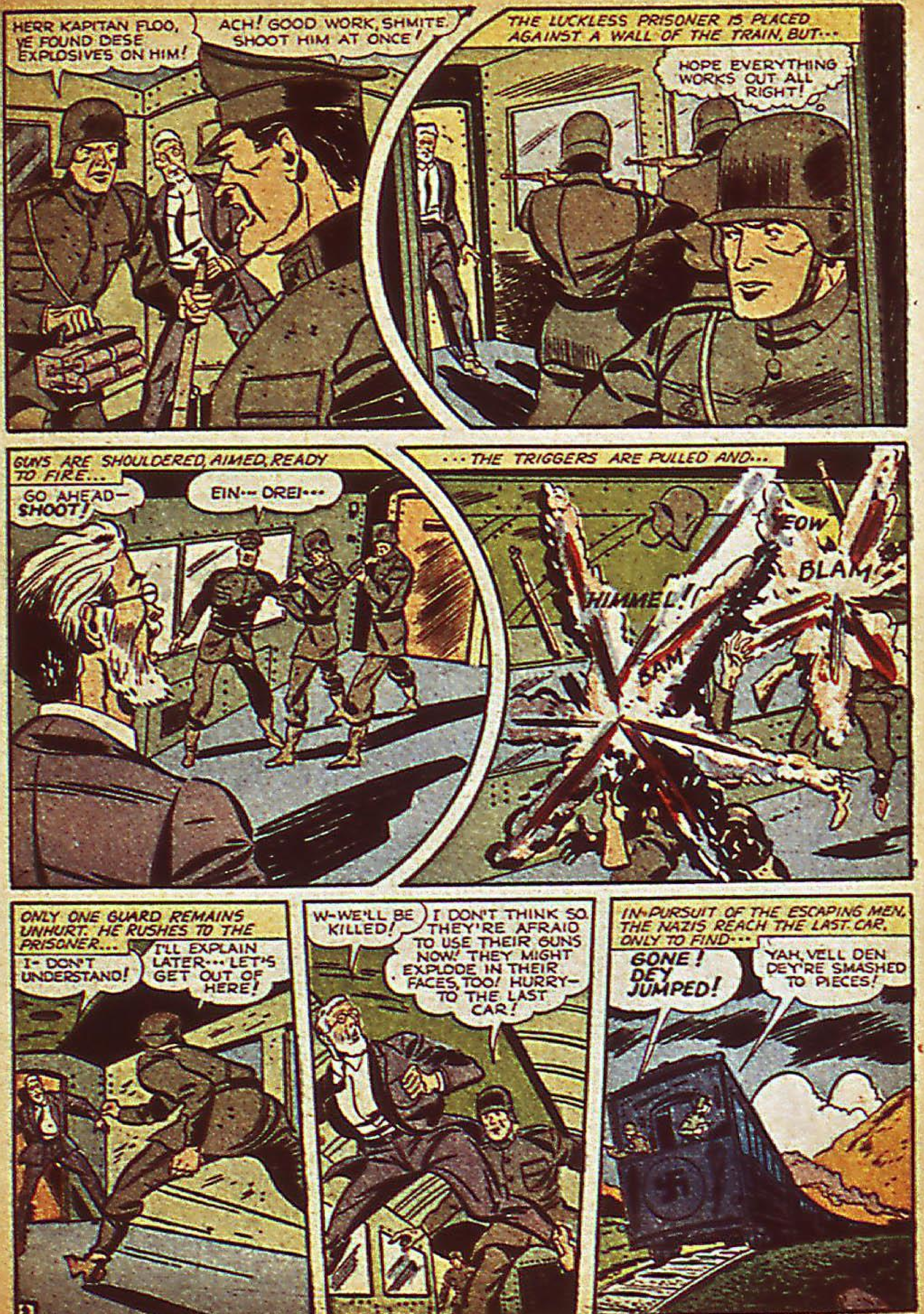

The DESTROYER
DEATH-RIDES the RAILS!
WHEN DESTROYER DECIDES TO IMPERIL THE LIVES OF IMPORTANT NAZI OFFICIALS, THERE'S SURE TO BE A BATTLE! AND THERE IS — A WAR OF FISTS AND GUNS— AS THE DESTROYER PITS HIS STRENGTH AGAINST THE MIGHT OF HITLER'S ELITE GUARDS!

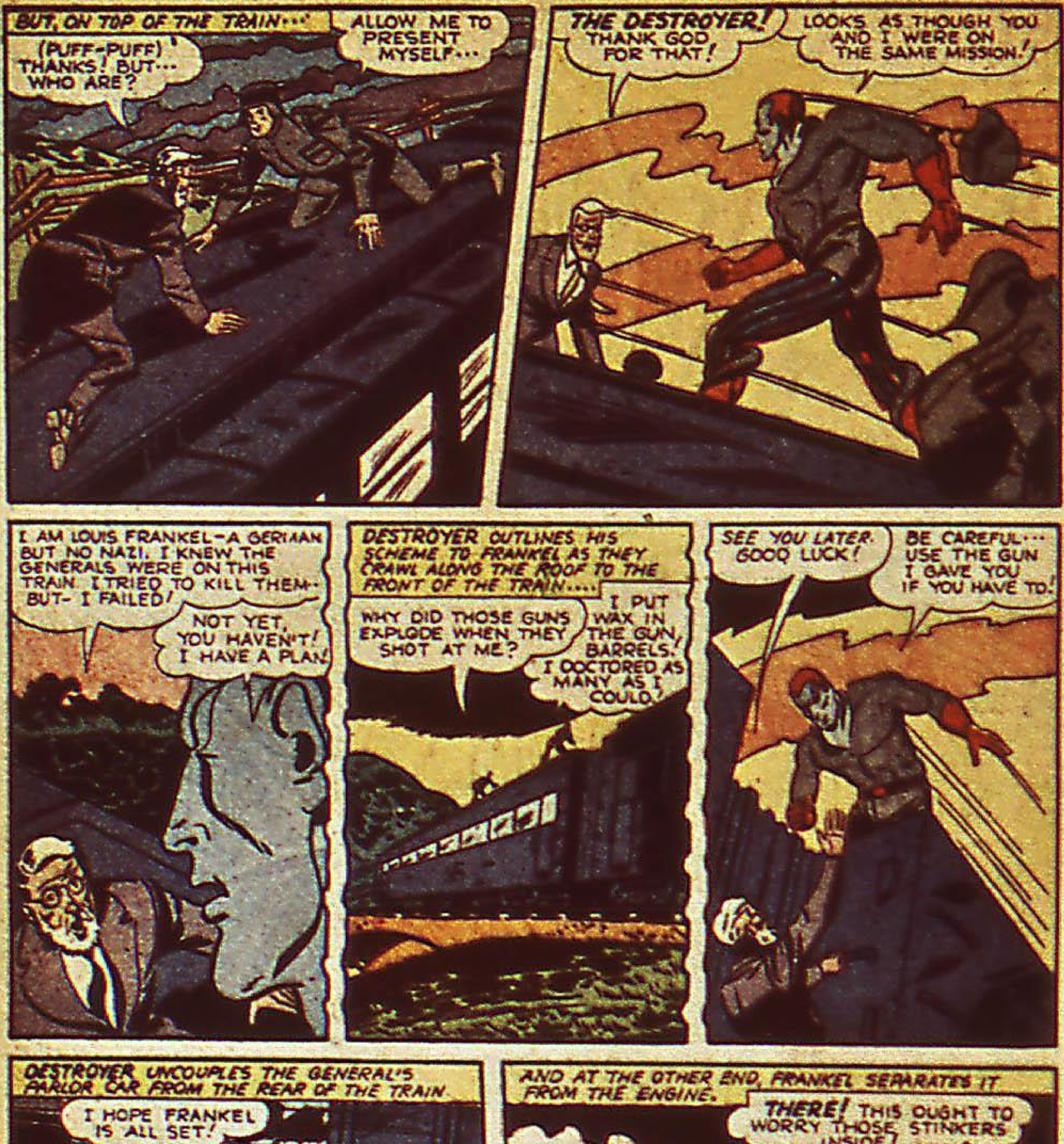
NAZI GERMANY TREMBLES AS THE ALLIES SWEEP FORWARD IN NORTH AFRICA HITLER HAS CALLED FOUR OF HIS MOST IMPORTANT GENERALS TO BERLIN

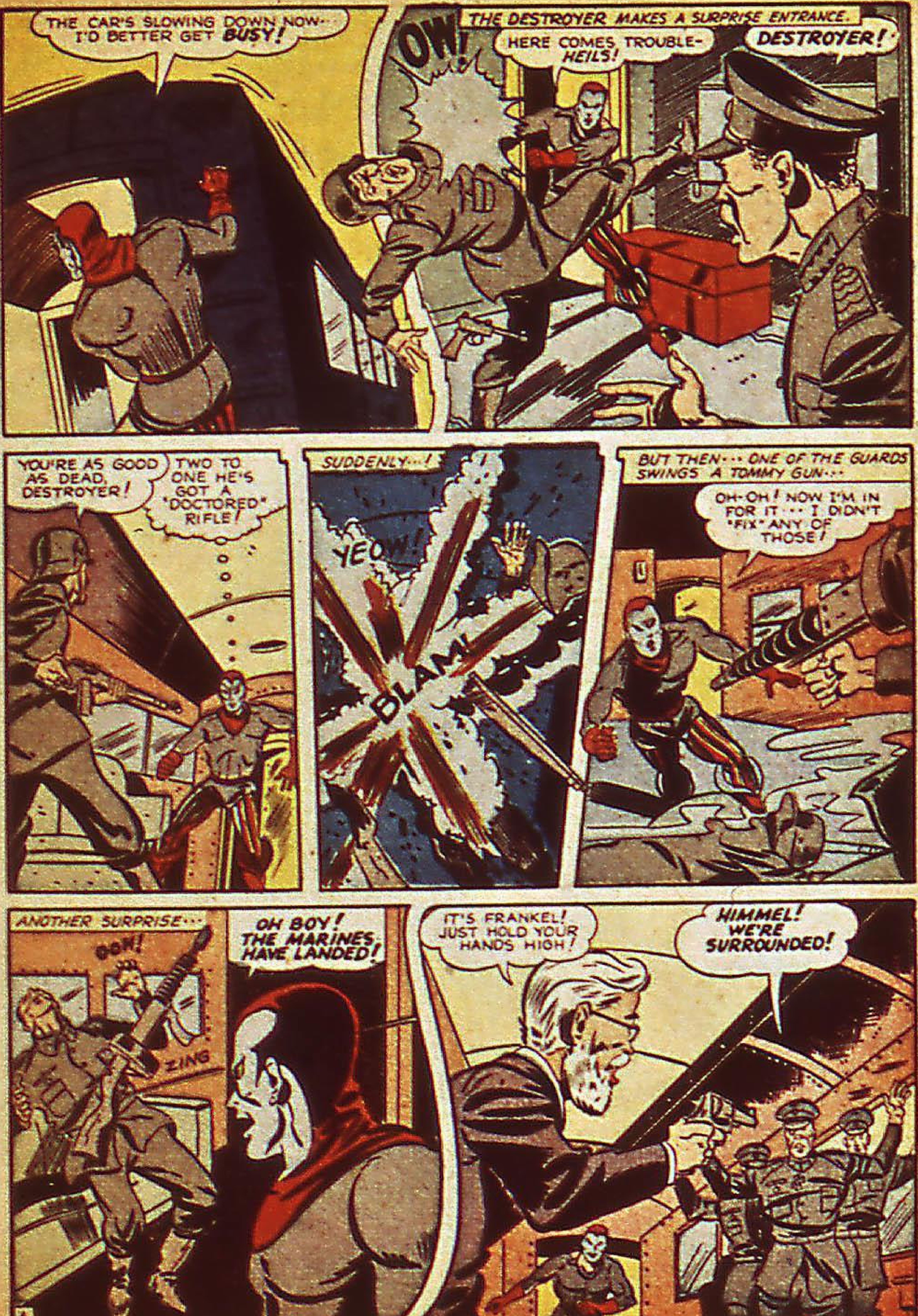
WE SEE THEM NOW IN THE LOUNGE CAR OF A TRAIN SPEEDING TOWARD A CONFERENCE— A ROUND TABLE MEETING WITH **DEATH!**

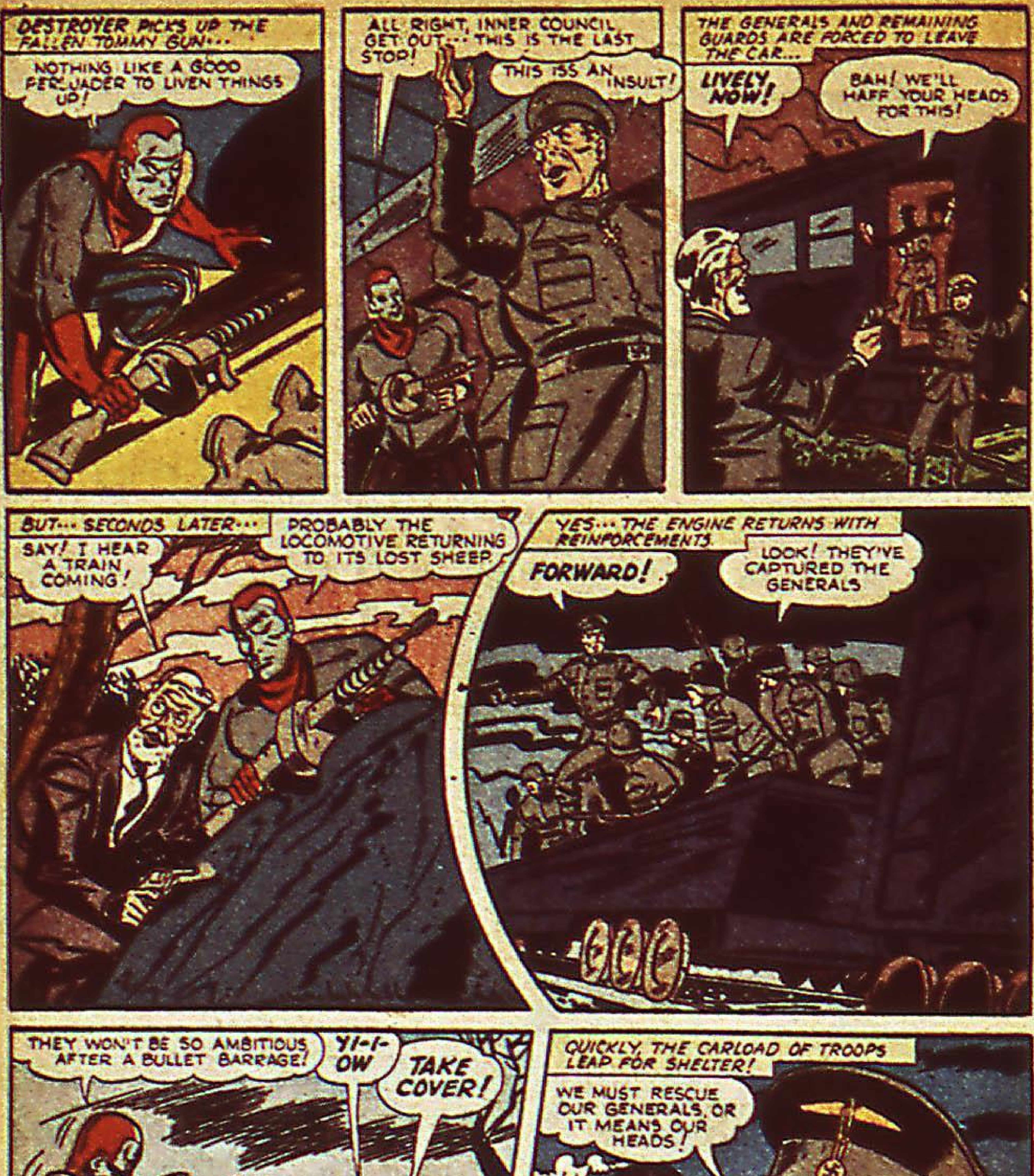

WHAT ISS ALL THE COMMOTION IN THE OTHER CAR?

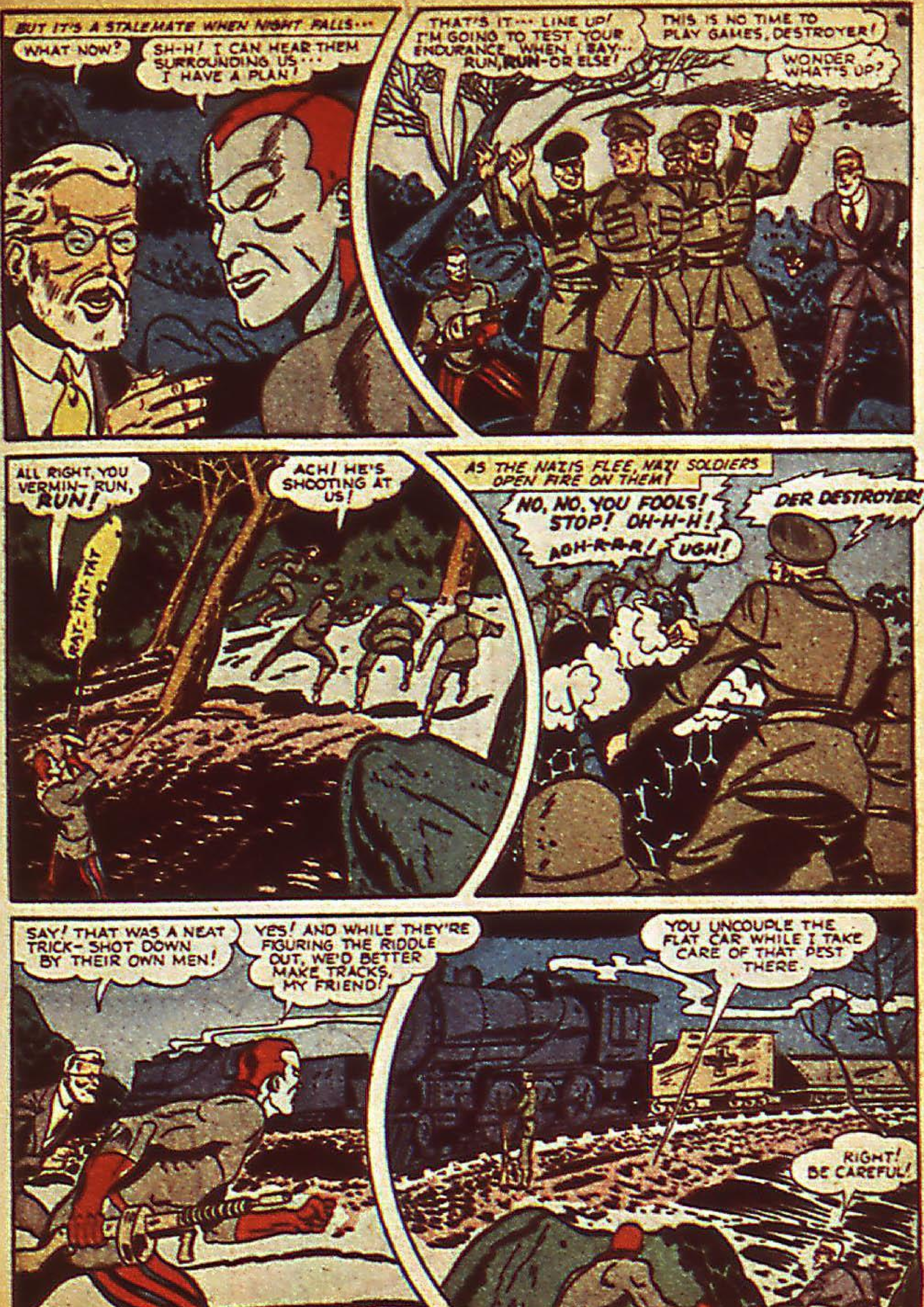

IN THE NEXT CAR···
GUTTER PIG! YOU PLANNED TO BLOW UP DER TRAIN. DID YOU?
YES! YOU SHOULD ALL BE DESTROYED!

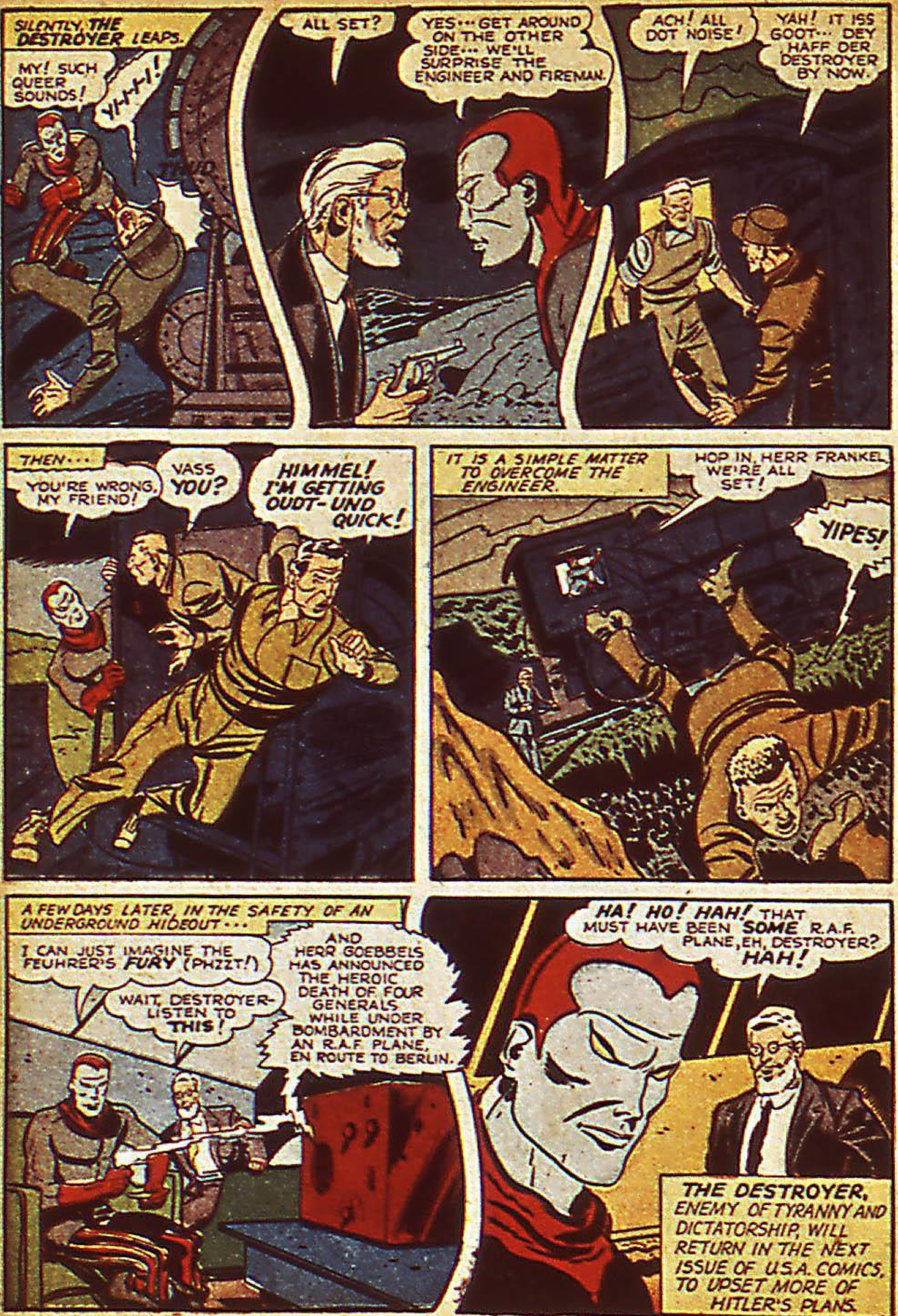

HERR KAPITAN FLOO, VE FOUND DESE EXPLOSIVES ON HIM!
ACH! GOOD WORK, SHMITE. SHOOT HIM AT ONCE!
THE LUCKLESS PRISONER IS PLACED AGAINST A WALL OF THE TRAIN, BUT...
HOPE EVERYTHING WORKS OUT ALL RIGHT!
GUNS ARE SHOULDERED, AIMED, READY TO FIRE...
GO AHEAD— SHOOT!
EIN... DREI...
...THE TRIGGERS ARE PULLED AND...
EOW
BLAM
HIMMEL!
BAM
ONLY ONE GUARD REMAINS UNHURT. HE RUSHES TO THE PRISONER...
I- DON'T UNDERSTAND!
I'LL EXPLAIN LATER... LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
W-WE'LL BE KILLED!
I DON'T THINK SO. THEY'RE AFRAID TO USE THEIR GUNS NOW! THEY MIGHT EXPLODE IN THEIR FACES, TOO! HURRY— TO THE LAST CAR!
IN PURSUIT OF THE ESCAPING MEN, THE NAZIS REACH THE LAST CAR, ONLY TO FIND...
GONE! DEY JUMPED!
YAH, VELL DEN DEY'RE SMASHED TO PIECES!


BUT, ON TOP OF THE TRAIN...
(PUFF-PUFF) THANKS! BUT... WHO ARE?
ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MYSELF...
THE DESTROYER! THANK GOD FOR THAT!
LOOKS AS THOUGH YOU AND I WERE ON THE SAME MISSION!
I AM LOUIS FRANKEL—A GERMAN BUT NO NAZI. I KNEW THE GENERALS WERE ON THIS TRAIN. I TRIED TO KILL THEM-- BUT- I FAILED!
NOT YET, YOU HAVEN'T! I HAVE A PLAN.
DESTROYER OUTLINES HIS SCHEME TO FRANKEL AS THEY CRAWL ALONG THE ROOF TO THE FRONT OF THE TRAIN....
WHY DID THOSE GUNS EXPLODE WHEN THEY SHOT AT ME?
I PUT WAX IN THE GUN BARRELS! I DOCTORED AS MANY AS I COULD!
SEE YOU LATER. GOOD LUCK!
BE CAREFUL... USE THE GUN I GAVE YOU IF YOU HAVE TO!
DESTROYER UNCOUPLES THE GENERAL'S PARLOR CAR FROM THE REAR OF THE TRAIN.
I HOPE FRANKEL IS ALL SET!
AND AT THE OTHER END, FRANKEL SEPARATES IT FROM THE ENGINE.
THERE! THIS OUGHT TO WORRY THOSE STINKERS INSIDE!


THE CAR'S SLOWING DOWN NOW-- I'D BETTER GET BUSY!
THE DESTROYER MAKES A SURPRISE ENTRANCE.
OW!
HERE COMES TROUBLE- HEILS!
DESTROYER!
YOU'RE AS GOOD AS DEAD, DESTROYER!
TWO TO ONE HE'S GOT A "DOCTORED" RIFLE!
SUDDENLY...!
YEOW!
BLAM!
BUT THEN... ONE OF THE GUARDS SWINGS A TOMMY GUN...
OH-OH! NOW I'M IN FOR IT... I DIDN'T "FIX" ANY OF THOSE!
ANOTHER SURPRISE...
OOH!
ZING
OH BOY! THE MARINES HAVE LANDED!
IT'S FRANKEL! JUST HOLD YOUR HANDS HIGH!
HIMMEL! WE'RE SURROUNDED!
4

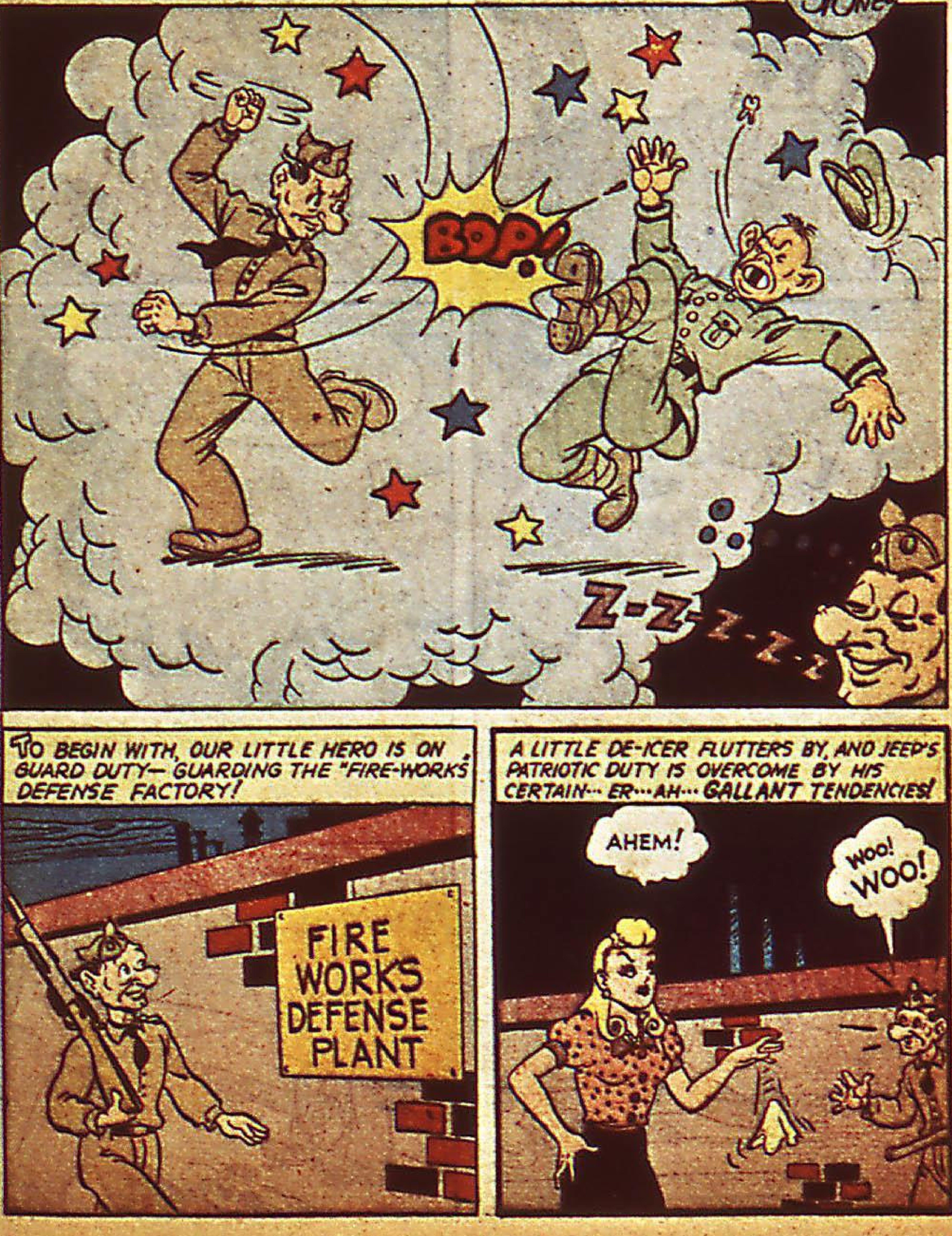

DESTROYER PICKS UP THE FALLEN TOMMY GUN...
NOTHING LIKE A GOOD PERSUADER TO LIVEN THINGS UP!
ALL RIGHT, INNER COUNCIL GET OUT... THIS IS THE LAST STOP!
THIS ISS AN INSULT!
THE GENERALS AND REMAINING GUARDS ARE FORCED TO LEAVE THE CAR...
LIVELY, NOW!
BAH! WE'LL HAFF YOUR HEADS FOR THIS!
BUT... SECONDS LATER...
SAY! I HEAR A TRAIN COMING!
PROBABLY THE LOCOMOTIVE RETURNING TO ITS LOST SHEEP.
YES... THE ENGINE RETURNS WITH REINFORCEMENTS.
FORWARD!
LOOK! THEY'VE CAPTURED THE GENERALS
THEY WON'T BE SO AMBITIOUS AFTER A BULLET BARRAGE!
YI-I-OW
TAKE COVER!
RAT TAT TAT
QUICKLY, THE CARLOAD OF TROOPS LEAP FOR SHELTER!
WE MUST RESCUE OUR GENERALS, OR IT MEANS OUR HEADS!

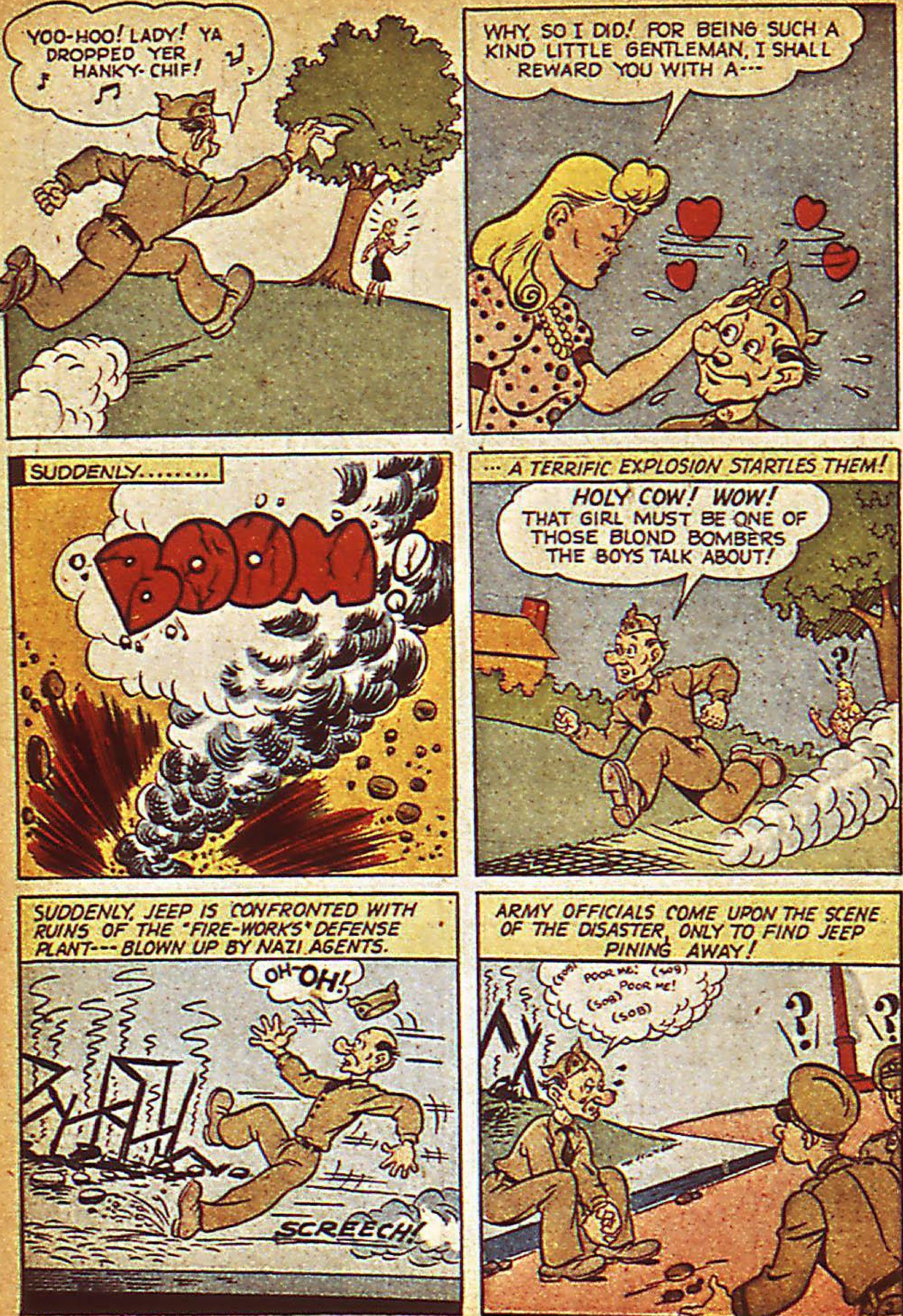

BUT IT'S A STALEMATE WHEN NIGHT FALLS...
WHAT NOW?
SH-H! I CAN HEAR THEM SURROUNDING US... I HAVE A PLAN!
THAT'S IT... LINE UP! I'M GOING TO TEST YOUR ENDURANCE. WHEN I SAY... RUN, RUN-OR ELSE!
THIS IS NO TIME TO PLAY GAMES, DESTROYER!
WONDER WHAT'S UP?
ALL RIGHT, YOU VERMIN- RUN, RUN!
RAT-TAT-TAT
ACH! HE'S SHOOTING AT US!
AS THE NAZIS FLEE, NAZI SOLDIERS OPEN FIRE ON THEM!
NO, NO, YOU FOOLS! STOP! OH-H-H!
AGH-R-R-R!
UGH!
DER DESTROYER!
SAY! THAT WAS A NEAT TRICK- SHOT DOWN BY THEIR OWN MEN!
YES! AND WHILE THEY'RE FIGURING THE RIDDLE OUT, WE'D BETTER MAKE TRACKS, MY FRIEND!
YOU UNCOUPLE THE FLAT CAR WHILE I TAKE CARE OF THAT PEST THERE.
RIGHT! BE CAREFUL!
6

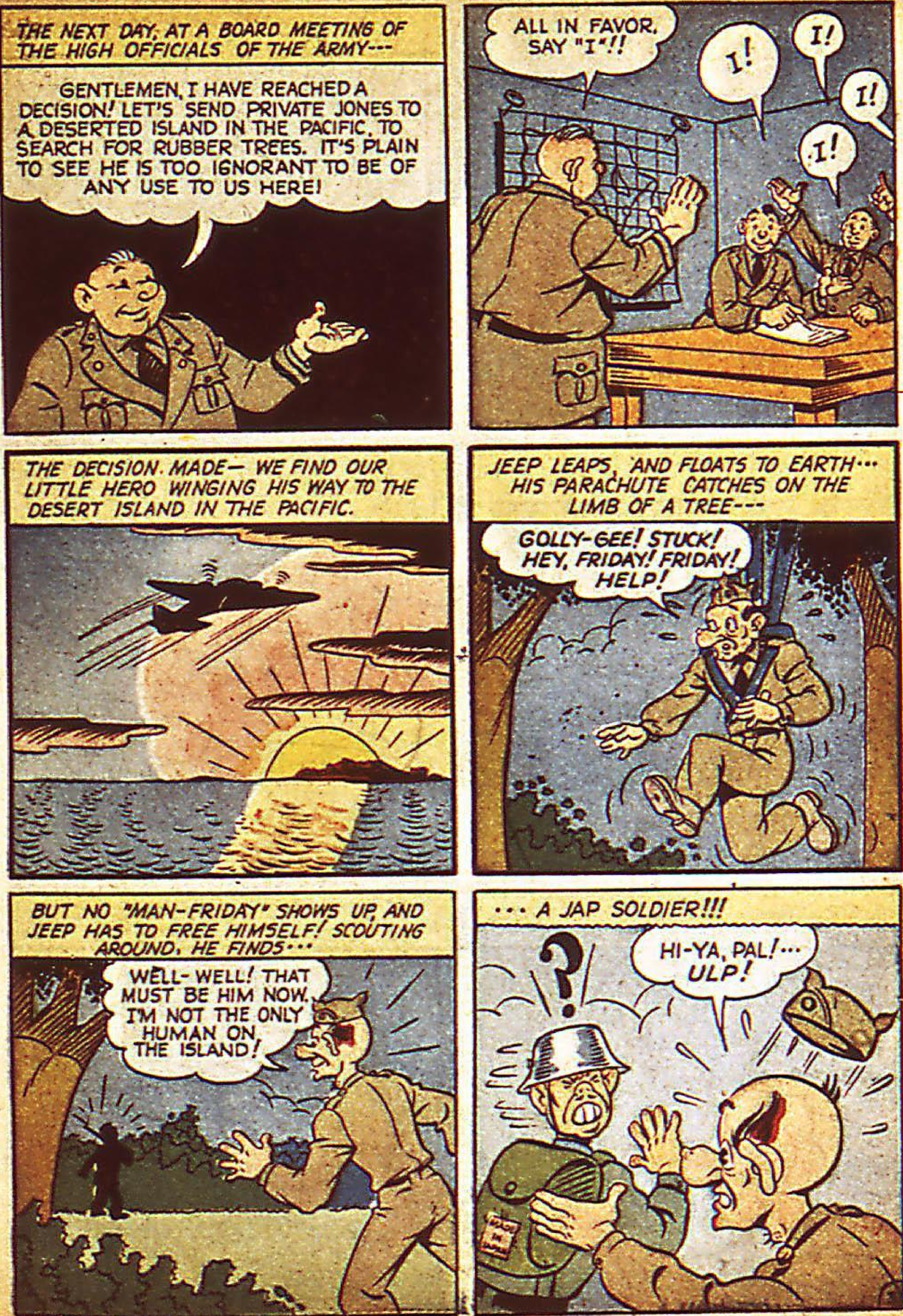

SILENTLY, THE DESTROYER LEAPS.
MY! SUCH QUEER SOUNDS!
YI-I-I-!
THUD
ALL SET?
YES... GET AROUND ON THE OTHER SIDE... WE'LL SURPRISE THE ENGINEER AND FIREMAN.
ACH! ALL DOT NOISE!
YAH! IT ISS GOOT... DEY HAFF DER DESTROYER BY NOW.
THEN...
YOU'RE WRONG, MY FRIEND!
VASS YOU?
HIMMEL! I'M GETTING OUDT- UND QUICK!
IT IS A SIMPLE MATTER TO OVERCOME THE ENGINEER.
HOP IN, HERR FRANKEL, WE'RE ALL SET!
YIPES!
A FEW DAYS LATER, IN THE SAFETY OF AN UNDERGROUND HIDEOUT...
I CAN JUST IMAGINE THE FEUHRER'S FURY (PHZZT!)
WAIT, DESTROYER- LISTEN TO THIS!
AND HERR GOEBBELS HAS ANNOUNCED THE HEROIC DEATH OF FOUR GENERALS WHILE UNDER BOMBARDMENT BY AN R.A.F. PLANE, EN ROUTE TO BERLIN.
HA! HO! HAH! THAT MUST HAVE BEEN SOME R.A.F. PLANE, EH, DESTROYER? HAH!
THE DESTROYER, ENEMY OF TYRANNY AND DICTATORSHIP, WILL RETURN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF U.S.A. COMICS, TO UPSET MORE OF HITLER'S PLANS.

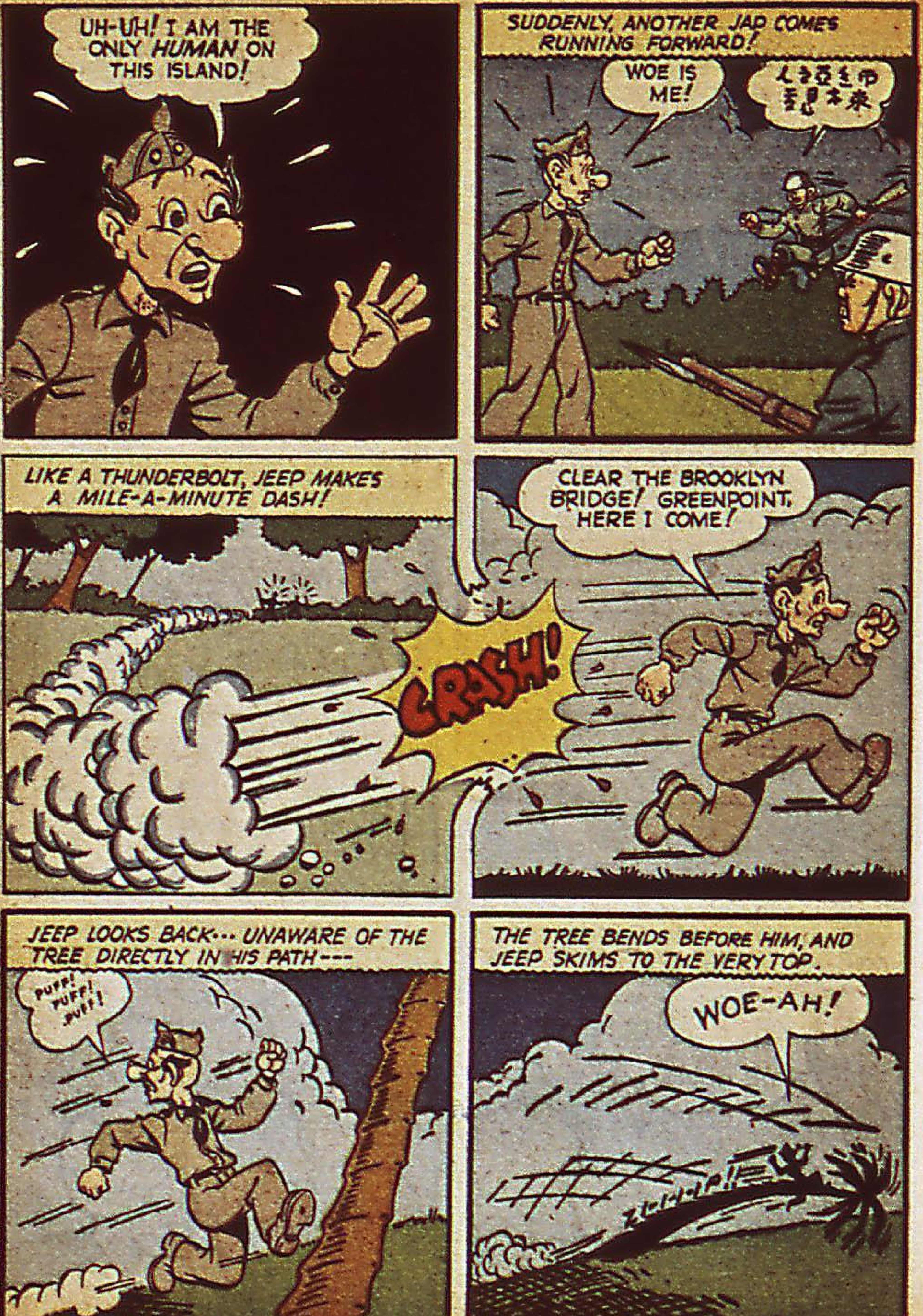
JEEP JONES

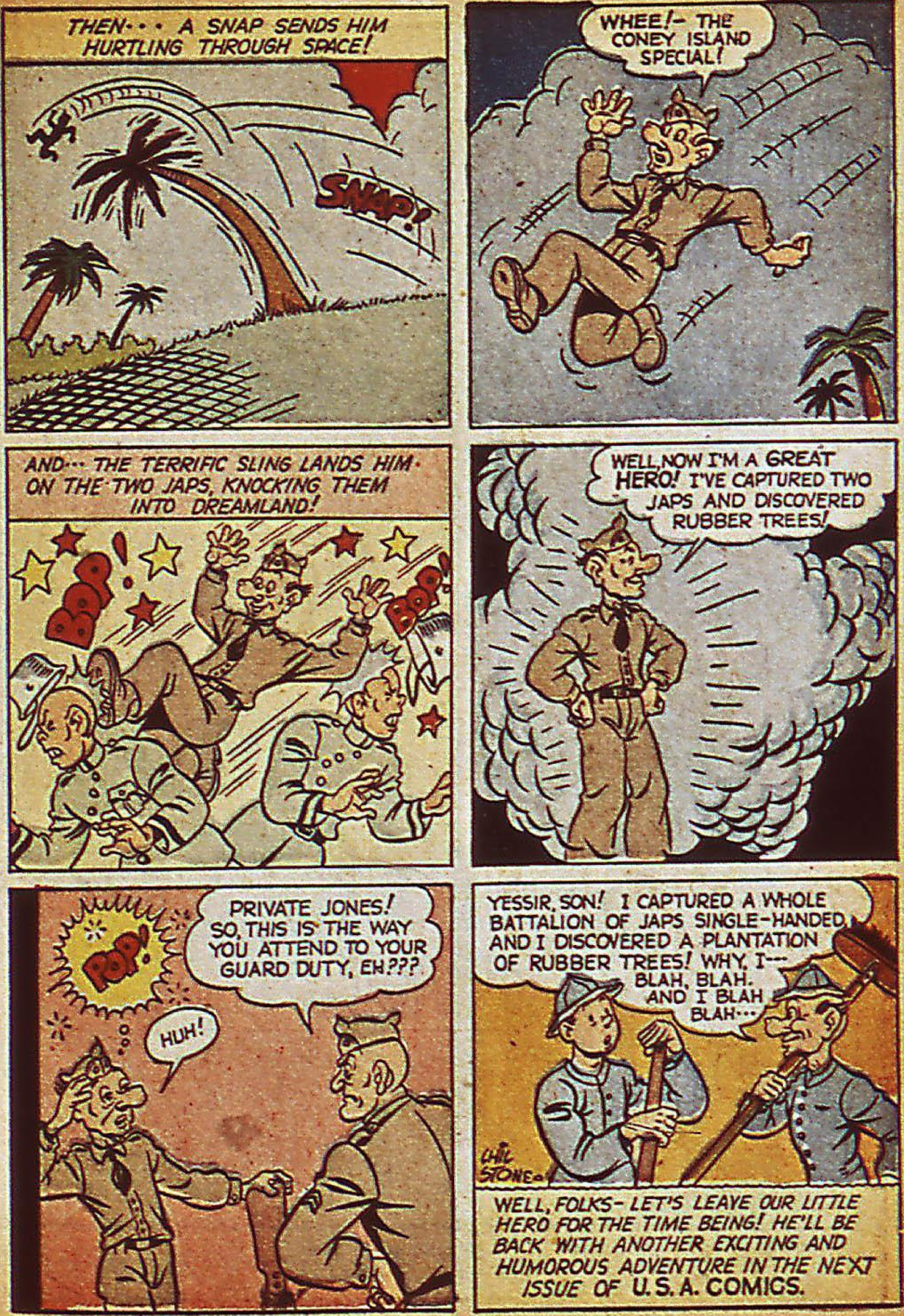
By Chic Stone

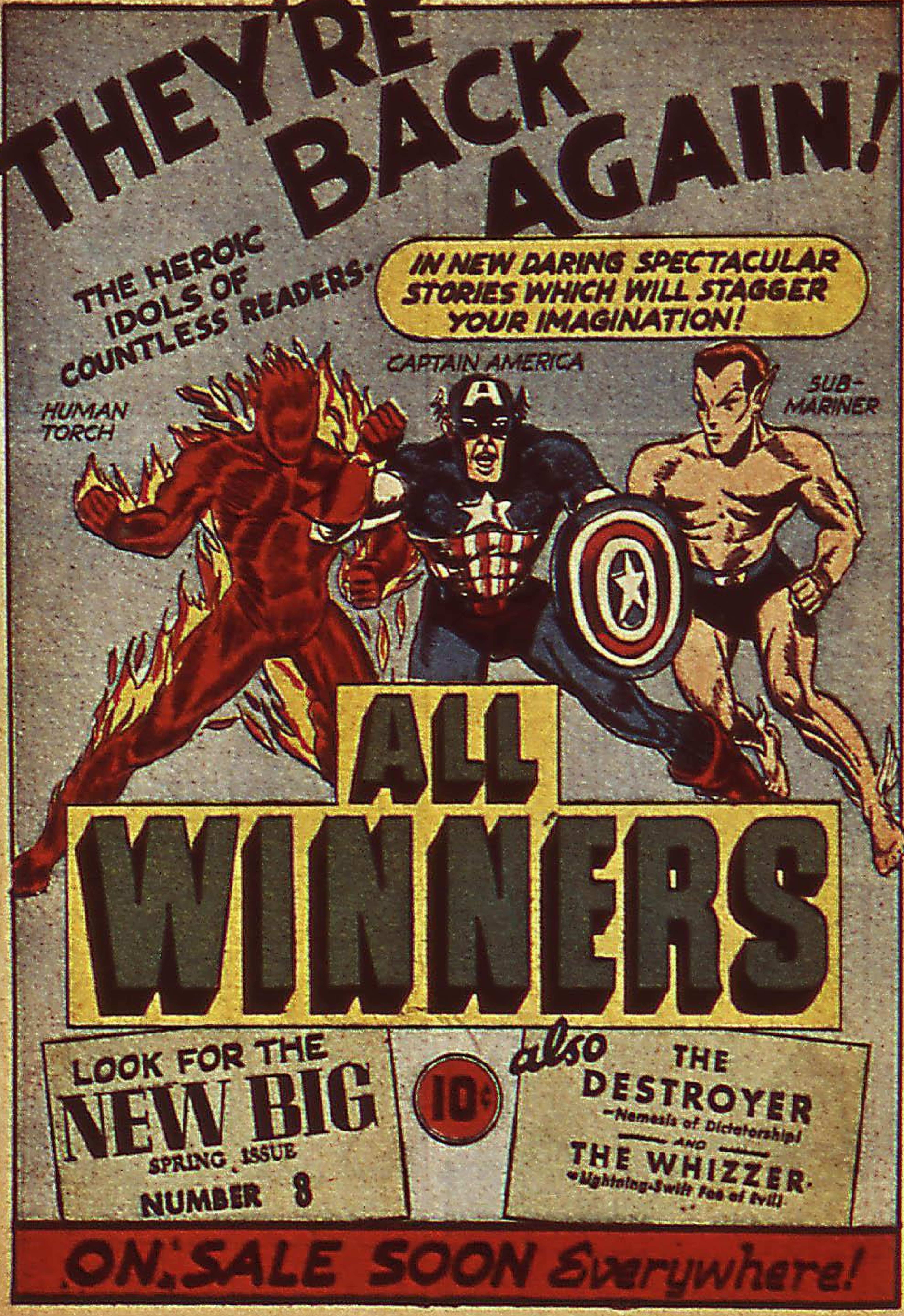

BOP!
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
TO BEGIN WITH, OUR LITTLE HERO IS ON GUARD DUTY— GUARDING THE "FIRE-WORKS" DEFENSE FACTORY!
FIRE WORKS DEFENSE PLANT
A LITTLE DE-ICER FLUTTERS BY, AND JEEP'S PATRIOTIC DUTY IS OVERCOME BY HIS CERTAIN··· ER···AH··· GALLANT TENDENCIES!
AHEM!
WOO! WOO!


YOO-HOO! LADY! YA DROPPED YER HANKY-CHIF!
WHY, SO I DID! FOR BEING SUCH A KIND LITTLE GENTLEMAN, I SHALL REWARD YOU WITH A---
SUDDENLY.......
BOOM
... A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION STARTLES THEM!
HOLY COW! WOW! THAT GIRL MUST BE ONE OF THOSE BLOND BOMBERS THE BOYS TALK ABOUT!
?
SUDDENLY, JEEP IS CONFRONTED WITH RUINS OF THE "FIRE-WORKS" DEFENSE PLANT--- BLOWN UP BY NAZI AGENTS.
OH-OH!
SCREECH!
ARMY OFFICIALS COME UPON THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER, ONLY TO FIND JEEP PINING AWAY!
(SOB) POOR ME! (SOB) POOR ME! (SOB) (SOB)
?
?


THE NEXT DAY, AT A BOARD MEETING OF THE HIGH OFFICIALS OF THE ARMY---
GENTLEMEN, I HAVE REACHED A DECISION! LET'S SEND PRIVATE JONES TO A DESERTED ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC, TO SEARCH FOR RUBBER TREES. IT'S PLAIN TO SEE HE IS TOO IGNORANT TO BE OF ANY USE TO US HERE!
ALL IN FAVOR, SAY "I"!!
I!
I!
I!
I!
THE DECISION MADE— WE FIND OUR LITTLE HERO WINGING HIS WAY TO THE DESERT ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC.
JEEP LEAPS, AND FLOATS TO EARTH... HIS PARACHUTE CATCHES ON THE LIMB OF A TREE---
GOLLY-GEE! STUCK! HEY, FRIDAY! FRIDAY! HELP!
BUT NO "MAN-FRIDAY" SHOWS UP, AND JEEP HAS TO FREE HIMSELF! SCOUTING AROUND, HE FINDS...
WELL-WELL! THAT MUST BE HIM NOW. I'M NOT THE ONLY HUMAN ON THE ISLAND!
... A JAP SOLDIER!!!
?
HI-YA, PAL!... ULP!
MADE IN JAPAN

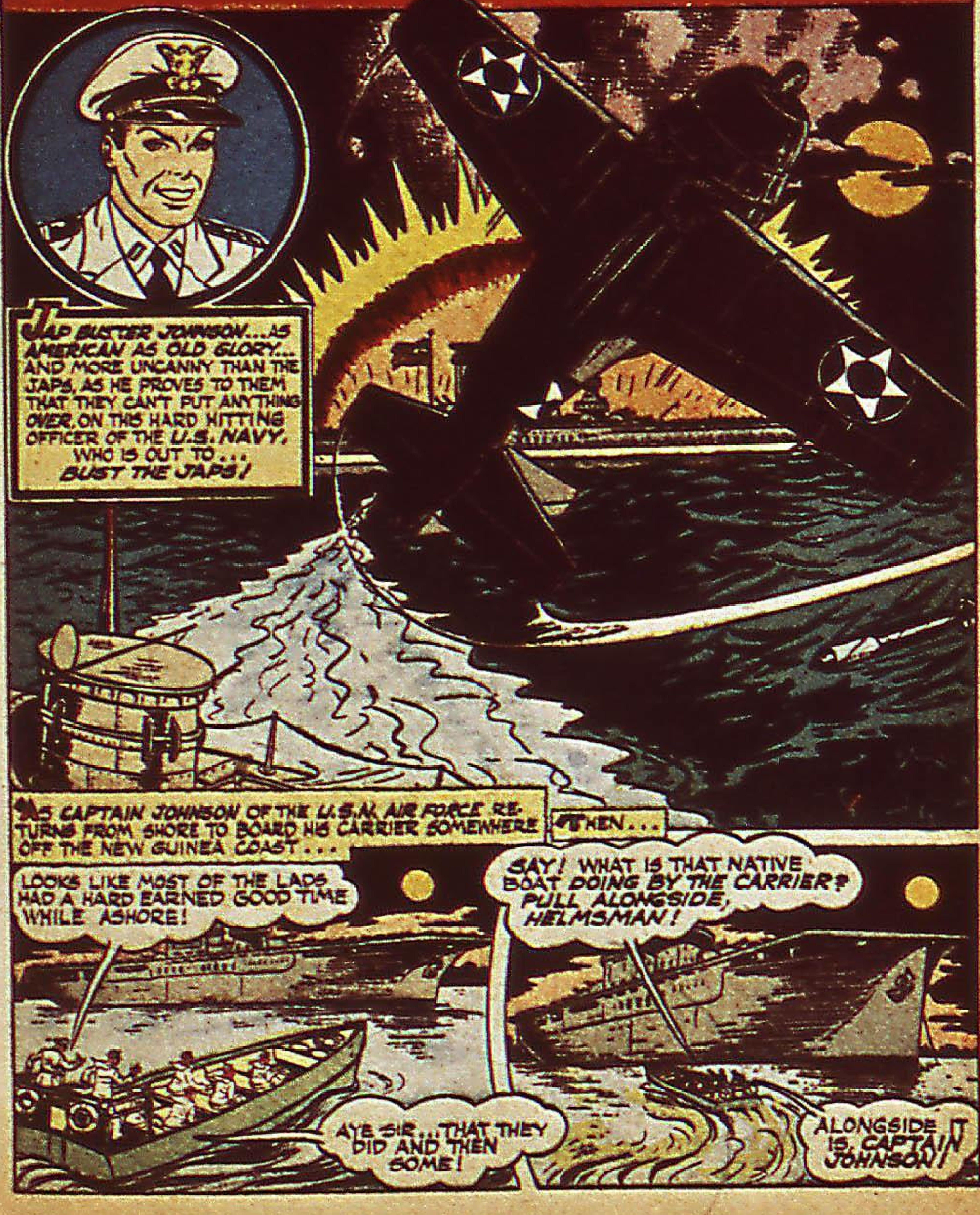

UH-UH! I AM THE ONLY *HUMAN* ON THIS ISLAND!
SUDDENLY, ANOTHER JAP COMES RUNNING FORWARD!
WOE IS ME!
LIKE A THUNDERBOLT, JEEP MAKES A MILE-A-MINUTE DASH!
CLEAR THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE! GREENPOINT, HERE I COME!
CRASH!
JEEP LOOKS BACK... UNAWARE OF THE TREE DIRECTLY IN HIS PATH---
PUFF! PUFF! PUFF!
THE TREE BENDS BEFORE HIM, AND JEEP SKIMS TO THE VERY TOP.
WOE-AH!
ZLLLLIP!!

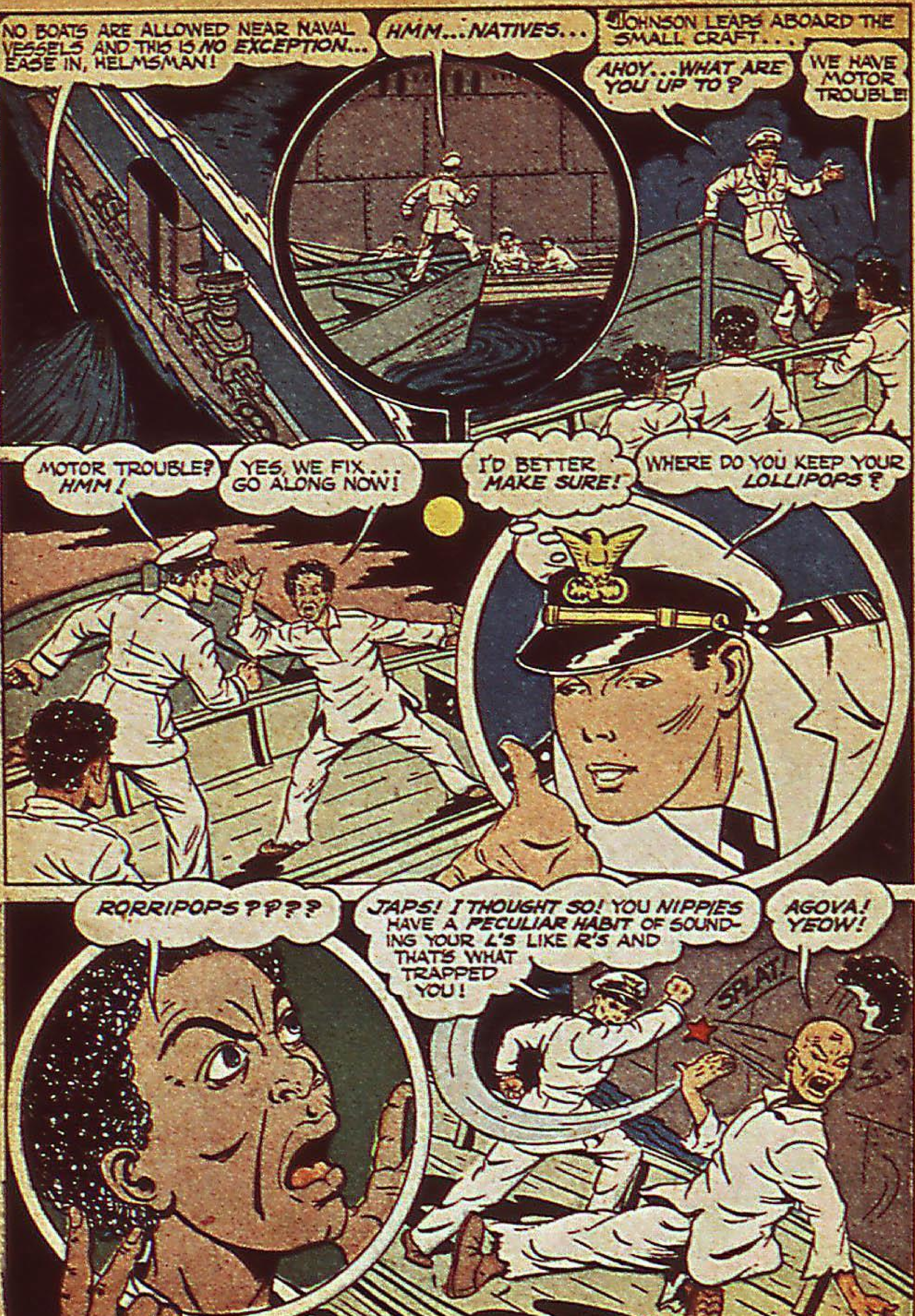

THEN··· A SNAP SENDS HIM HURTLING THROUGH SPACE!
SNAP!
WHEE!– THE CONEY ISLAND SPECIAL!
AND··· THE TERRIFIC SLING LANDS HIM ON THE TWO JAPS, KNOCKING THEM INTO DREAMLAND!
BOP!
BOP!
WELL, NOW I'M A GREAT HERO! I'VE CAPTURED TWO JAPS AND DISCOVERED RUBBER TREES!
POP!
PRIVATE JONES! SO, THIS IS THE WAY YOU ATTEND TO YOUR GUARD DUTY, EH???
HUH!
YESSIR, SON! I CAPTURED A WHOLE BATTALION OF JAPS SINGLE-HANDED AND I DISCOVERED A PLANTATION OF RUBBER TREES! WHY, I--- BLAH, BLAH. AND I BLAH BLAH···
CHIL STONE
WELL, FOLKS– LET'S LEAVE OUR LITTLE HERO FOR THE TIME BEING! HE'LL BE BACK WITH ANOTHER EXCITING AND HUMOROUS ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF U.S.A. COMICS.

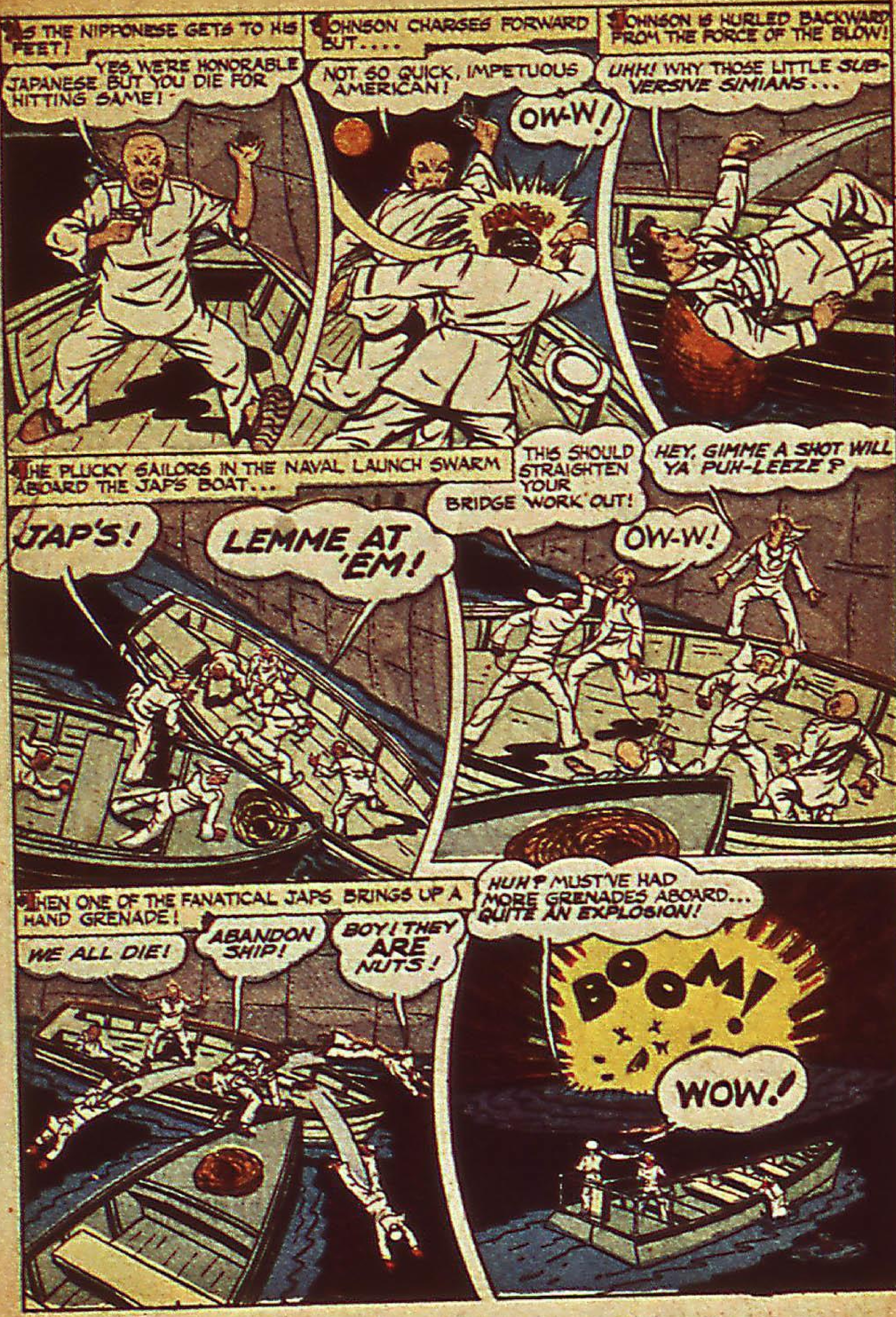

THEY'RE BACK AGAIN!
THE HEROIC IDOLS OF COUNTLESS READERS.
IN NEW DARING SPECTACULAR STORIES WHICH WILL STAGGER YOUR IMAGINATION!
HUMAN TORCH
CAPTAIN AMERICA
SUB-MARINER
ALL WINNERS
LOOK FOR THE NEW BIG SPRING ISSUE NUMBER 8
10¢
also THE DESTROYER —Nemesis of Dictatorship!
—AND—
THE WHIZZER —Lightning-Swift Foe of Evil!
ON SALE SOON Everywhere!

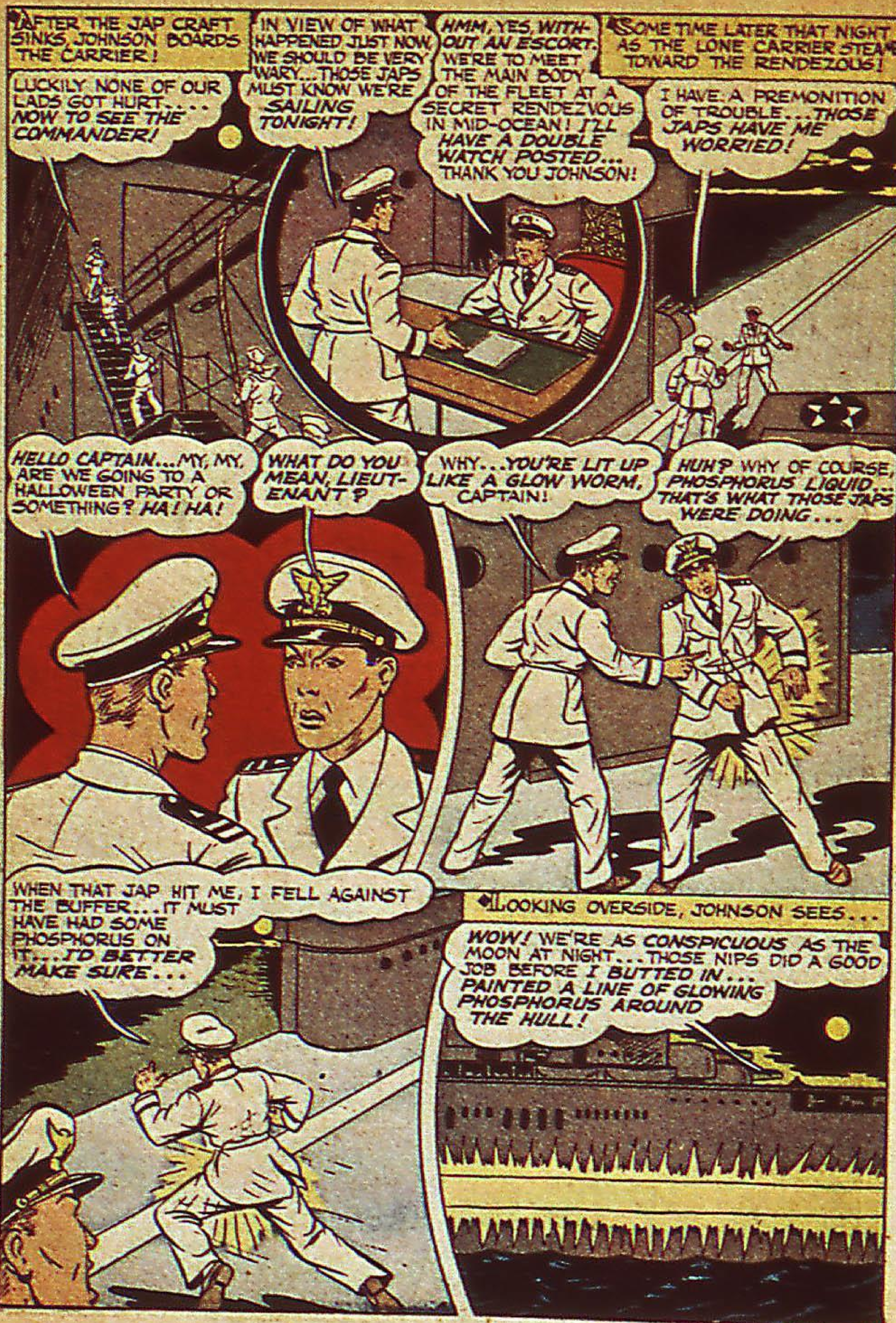
JAP-BUSTER JOHNSON

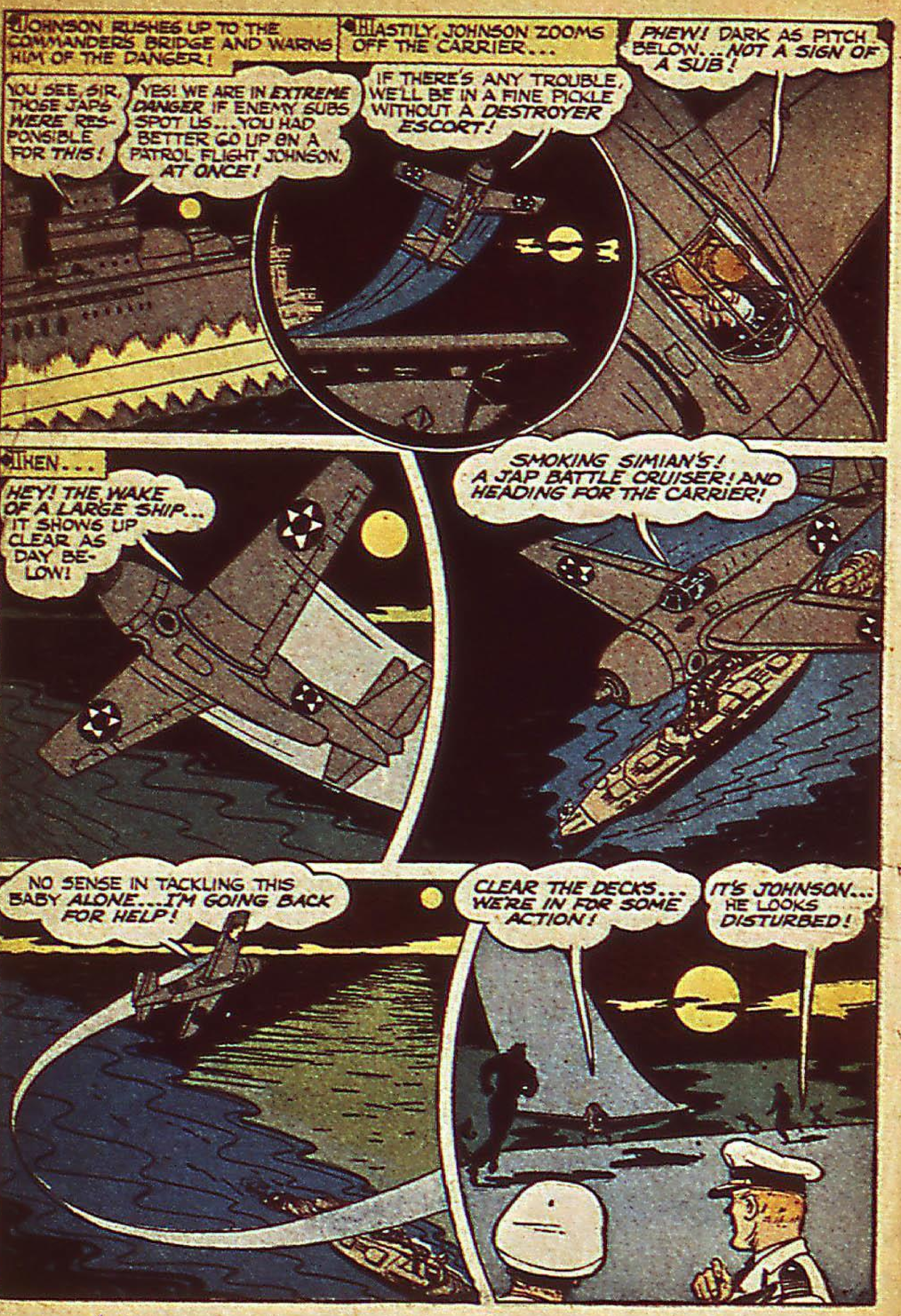
"SIGNAL FOR DEATH"

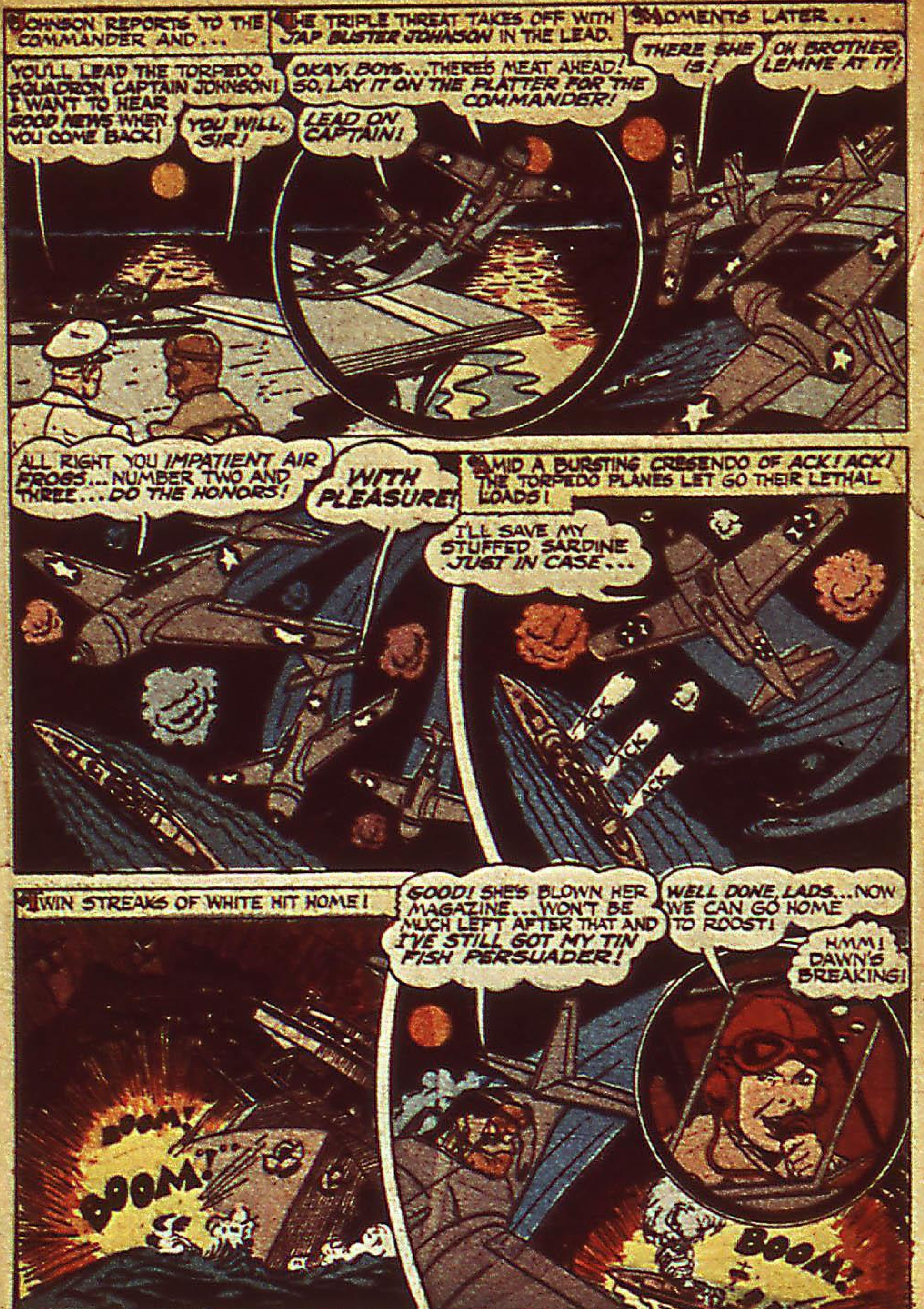

JAP BUSTER JOHNSON...AS AMERICAN AS OLD GLORY... AND MORE UNCANNY THAN THE JAPS, AS HE PROVES TO THEM THAT THEY CAN'T PUT ANYTHING OVER, ON THIS HARD HITTING OFFICER OF THE U.S. NAVY, WHO IS OUT TO... BUST THE JAPS!
AS CAPTAIN JOHNSON OF THE U.S.N. AIR FORCE RETURNS FROM SHORE TO BOARD HIS CARRIER SOMEWHERE OFF THE NEW GUINEA COAST...
LOOKS LIKE MOST OF THE LADS HAD A HARD EARNED GOOD TIME WHILE ASHORE!
AYE SIR...THAT THEY DID AND THEN SOME!
THEN...
SAY! WHAT IS THAT NATIVE BOAT DOING BY THE CARRIER? PULL ALONGSIDE, HELMSMAN!
ALONGSIDE IT IS, CAPTAIN JOHNSON!

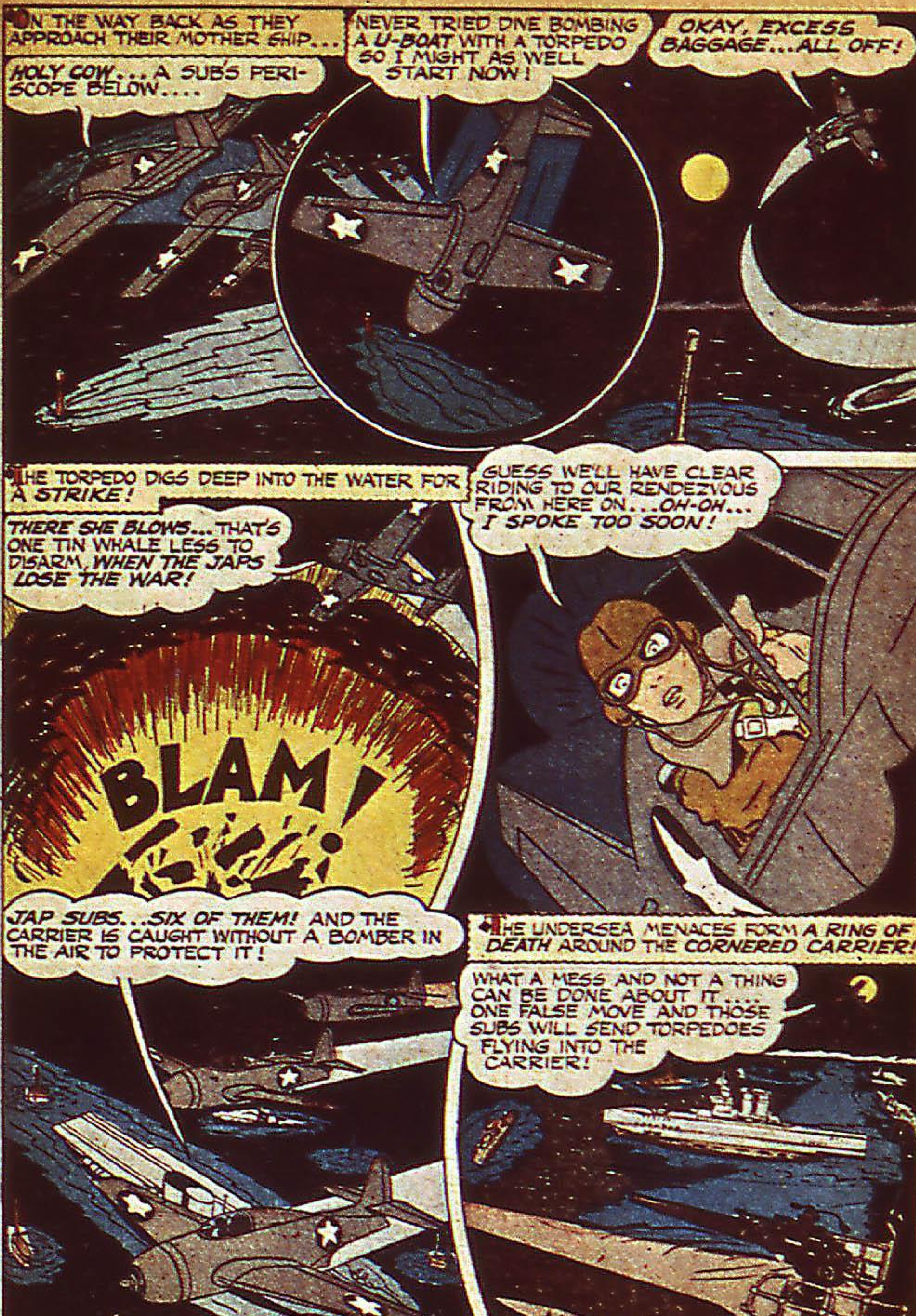

NO BOATS ARE ALLOWED NEAR NAVAL VESSELS AND THIS IS *NO EXCEPTION*... EASE IN, HELMSMAN!
HMM... NATIVES...
JOHNSON LEAPS ABOARD THE SMALL CRAFT...
AHOY... WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?
WE HAVE MOTOR TROUBLE!
MOTOR TROUBLE? *HMM!*
YES, WE FIX... GO ALONG NOW!
I'D BETTER *MAKE SURE!*
WHERE DO YOU KEEP YOUR *LOLLIPOPS?*
RORRIPOPS????
JAPS! I THOUGHT SO! YOU *NIPPIES* HAVE A *PECULIAR HABIT* OF SOUNDING YOUR *L'S* LIKE *R'S* AND THAT'S WHAT TRAPPED YOU!
AGOVA! YEOW!
SPLAT!

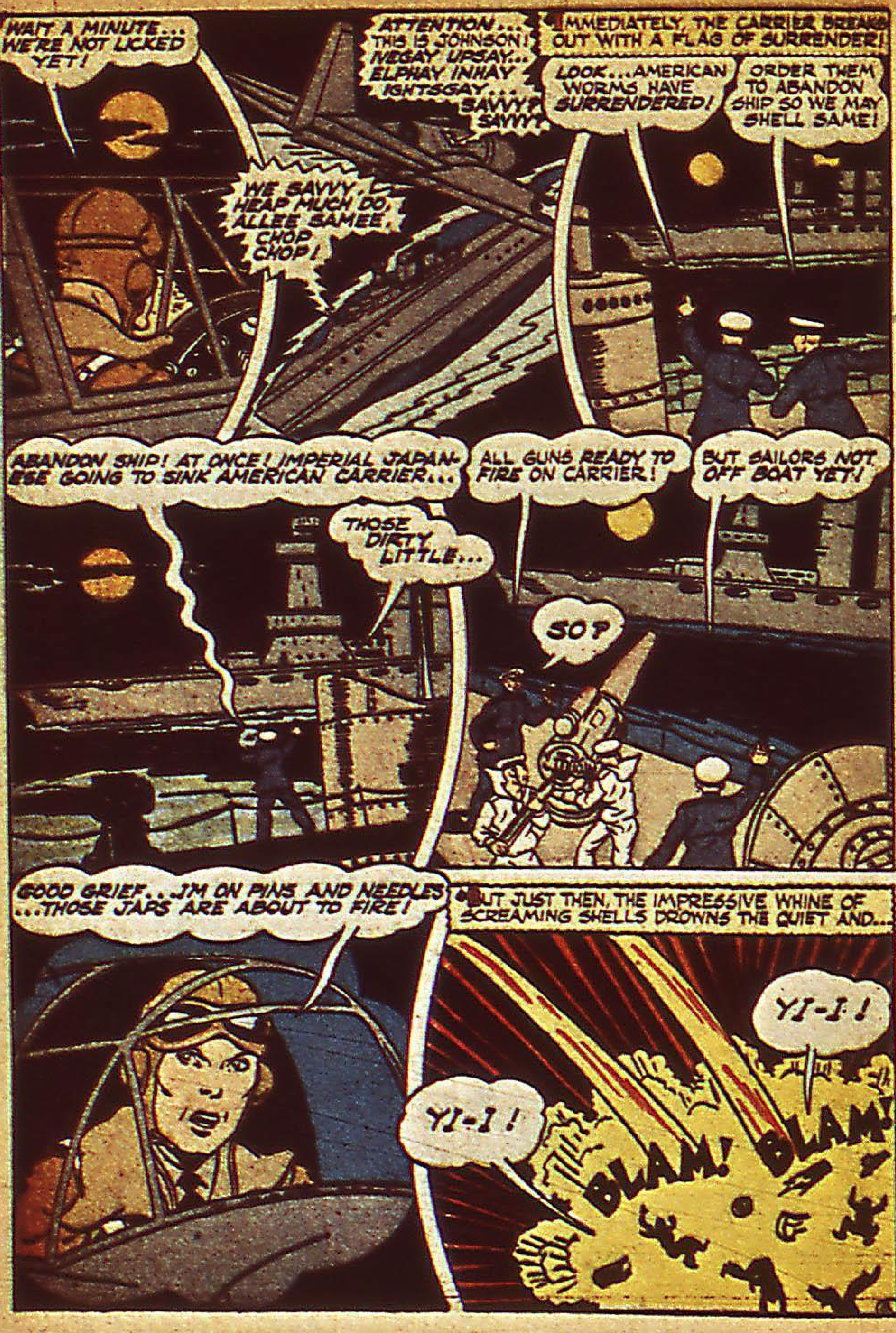

AS THE NIPPONESE GETS TO HIS FEET!
YES, WE'RE HONORABLE JAPANESE BUT YOU DIE FOR HITTING SAME!
JOHNSON CHARGES FORWARD BUT....
NOT SO QUICK, IMPETUOUS AMERICAN!
OW-W!
JOHNSON IS HURLED BACKWARD FROM THE FORCE OF THE BLOW!
UHH! WHY THOSE LITTLE SUBVERSIVE SIMIANS...
THE PLUCKY SAILORS IN THE NAVAL LAUNCH SWARM ABOARD THE JAPS BOAT...
JAP'S!
LEMME AT 'EM!
THIS SHOULD STRAIGHTEN YOUR BRIDGE WORK OUT!
HEY, GIMME A SHOT WILL YA PUH-LEEZE?
OW-W!
THEN ONE OF THE FANATICAL JAPS BRINGS UP A HAND GRENADE!
WE ALL DIE!
ABANDON SHIP!
BOY! THEY ARE NUTS!
HUH? MUST'VE HAD MORE GRENADES ABOARD... QUITE AN EXPLOSION!
BOOM!
WOW.!

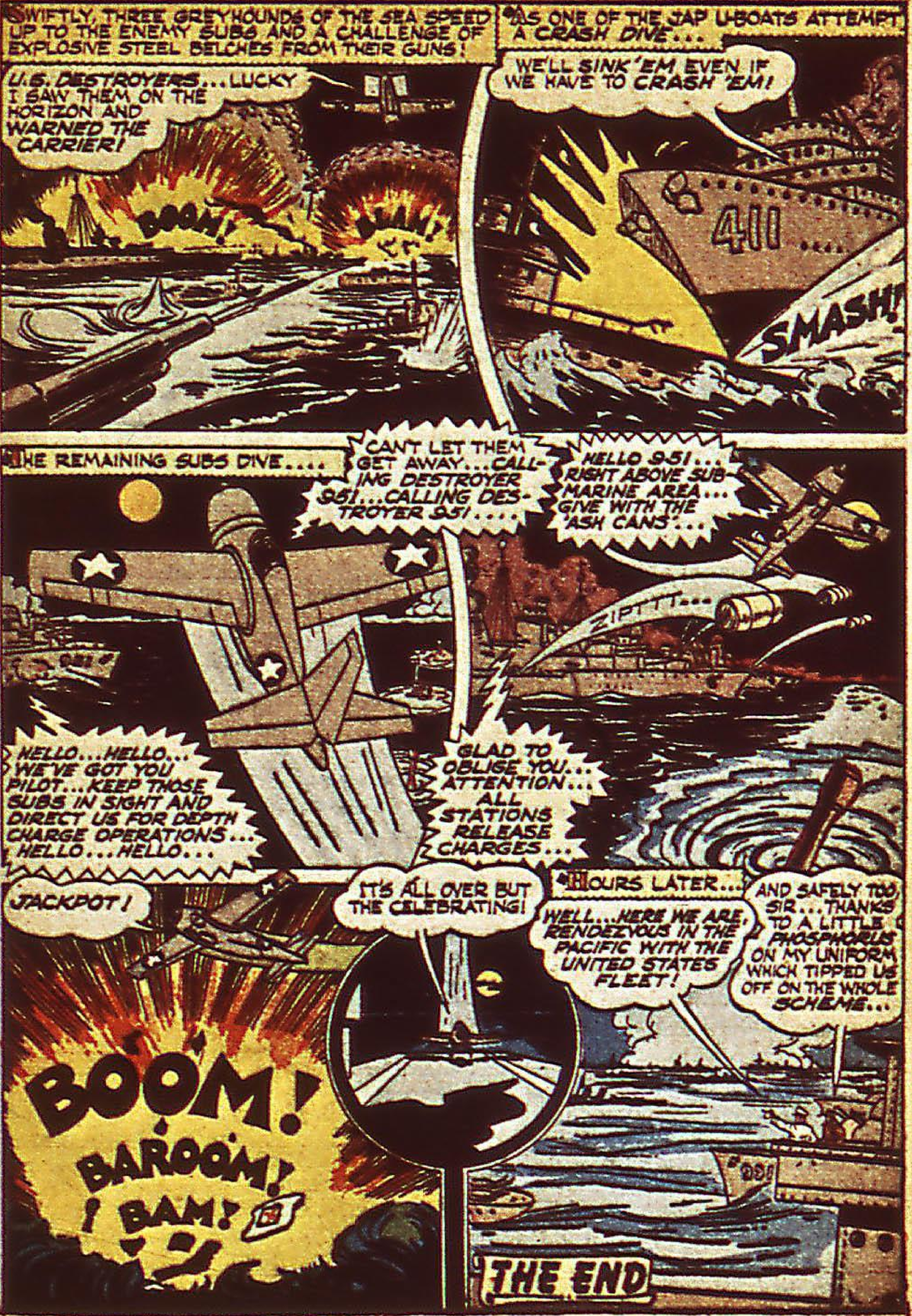

AFTER THE JAP CRAFT SINKS, JOHNSON BOARDS THE CARRIER!
LUCKILY NONE OF OUR LADS GOT HURT... NOW TO SEE THE COMMANDER!
IN VIEW OF WHAT HAPPENED JUST NOW, WE SHOULD BE VERY WARY... THOSE JAPS MUST KNOW WE'RE SAILING TONIGHT!
HMM, YES, WITHOUT AN ESCORT. WE'RE TO MEET THE MAIN BODY OF THE FLEET AT A SECRET RENDEZVOUS IN MID-OCEAN! I'LL HAVE A DOUBLE WATCH POSTED... THANK YOU JOHNSON!
SOME TIME LATER THAT NIGHT AS THE LONE CARRIER STEAMS TOWARD THE RENDEZOUS!
I HAVE A PREMONITION OF TROUBLE... THOSE JAPS HAVE ME WORRIED!
HELLO CAPTAIN... MY, MY, ARE WE GOING TO A HALLOWEEN PARTY OR SOMETHING? HA! HA!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, LIEUTENANT?
WHY... YOU'RE LIT UP LIKE A GLOW WORM, CAPTAIN!
HUH? WHY OF COURSE, PHOSPHORUS LIQUID... THAT'S WHAT THOSE JAPS WERE DOING...
WHEN THAT JAP HIT ME, I FELL AGAINST THE BUFFER... IT MUST HAVE HAD SOME PHOSPHORUS ON IT... I'D BETTER MAKE SURE...
LOOKING OVERSIDE, JOHNSON SEES...
WOW! WE'RE AS CONSPICUOUS AS THE MOON AT NIGHT... THOSE NIPS DID A GOOD JOB BEFORE I BUTTED IN... PAINTED A LINE OF GLOWING PHOSPHORUS AROUND THE HULL!


JOHNSON RUSHES UP TO THE COMMANDERS BRIDGE AND WARNS HIM OF THE DANGER!
YOU SEE, SIR, THOSE JAPS *WERE* RESPONSIBLE FOR *THIS*!
YES! WE ARE IN *EXTREME DANGER* IF ENEMY SUBS SPOT US...YOU HAD BETTER GO UP ON A PATROL FLIGHT JOHNSON, *AT ONCE*!
HASTILY, JOHNSON ZOOMS OFF THE CARRIER...
IF THERE'S ANY TROUBLE, WE'LL BE IN A FINE PICKLE WITHOUT A *DESTROYER ESCORT*!
PHEW! DARK AS PITCH BELOW...NOT A SIGN OF A SUB!
THEN...
HEY! THE WAKE OF A LARGE SHIP... IT SHOWS UP CLEAR AS DAY BELOW!
SMOKING SIMIAN'S! A JAP BATTLE CRUISER! AND HEADING FOR THE CARRIER!
NO SENSE IN TACKLING THIS BABY *ALONE*...*I'M GOING BACK FOR HELP!*
CLEAR THE DECKS... WE'RE IN FOR SOME ACTION!
IT'S JOHNSON... HE LOOKS *DISTURBED!*


JOHNSON REPORTS TO THE COMMANDER AND...
YOU'LL LEAD THE TORPEDO SQUADRON CAPTAIN JOHNSON! I WANT TO HEAR GOOD NEWS WHEN YOU COME BACK!
YOU WILL, SIR!
THE TRIPLE THREAT TAKES OFF WITH JAP BUSTER JOHNSON IN THE LEAD.
OKAY, BOYS...THERE'S MEAT AHEAD! SO, LAY IT ON THE PLATTER FOR THE COMMANDER!
LEAD ON CAPTAIN!
MOMENTS LATER...
THERE SHE IS!
OH BROTHER, LEMME AT IT!
ALL RIGHT YOU IMPATIENT AIR FROGS...NUMBER TWO AND THREE...DO THE HONORS!
WITH PLEASURE!
AMID A BURSTING CRESENDO OF ACK! ACK! THE TORPEDO PLANES LET GO THEIR LETHAL LOADS!
I'LL SAVE MY STUFFED SARDINE JUST IN CASE...
ACK
ACK
ACK
ACK
TWIN STREAKS OF WHITE HIT HOME!
BOOM!
BOOM!
GOOD! SHE'S BLOWN HER MAGAZINE...WON'T BE MUCH LEFT AFTER THAT AND I'VE STILL GOT MY TIN FISH PERSUADER!
WELL DONE, LADS...NOW WE CAN GO HOME TO ROOST!
HMM! DAWN'S BREAKING!
BOOM!


ON THE WAY BACK AS THEY APPROACH THEIR MOTHER SHIP...
HOLY COW... A SUB'S PERISCOPE BELOW....
NEVER TRIED DIVE BOMBING A U-BOAT WITH A TORPEDO SO I MIGHT AS WELL START NOW!
OKAY, EXCESS BAGGAGE...ALL OFF!
THE TORPEDO DIGS DEEP INTO THE WATER FOR A STRIKE!
THERE SHE BLOWS...THAT'S ONE TIN WHALE LESS TO DISARM, WHEN THE JAPS LOSE THE WAR!
BLAM!
GUESS WE'LL HAVE CLEAR RIDING TO OUR RENDEZVOUS FROM HERE ON...OH-OH... I SPOKE TOO SOON!
JAP SUBS...SIX OF THEM! AND THE CARRIER IS CAUGHT WITHOUT A BOMBER IN THE AIR TO PROTECT IT!
THE UNDERSEA MENACES FORM A RING OF DEATH AROUND THE CORNERED CARRIER!
WHAT A MESS AND NOT A THING CAN BE DONE ABOUT IT.... ONE FALSE MOVE AND THOSE SUBS WILL SEND TORPEDOES FLYING INTO THE CARRIER!


WAIT A MINUTE... WE'RE NOT LICKED YET!
ATTENTION... THIS IS JOHNSON! NEGAY UPSAY... ELPHAY INHAY IGHTSGAY... SAVVY? SAVVY?
WE SAVVY, HEAP MUCH DO, ALLEE SAMEE, CHOP CHOP!
IMMEDIATELY, THE CARRIER BREAKS OUT WITH A FLAG OF SURRENDER!
LOOK... AMERICAN WORMS HAVE SURRENDERED!
ORDER THEM TO ABANDON SHIP SO WE MAY SHELL SAME!
ABANDON SHIP! AT ONCE! IMPERIAL JAPANESE GOING TO SINK AMERICAN CARRIER...
THOSE DIRTY LITTLE...
ALL GUNS READY TO FIRE ON CARRIER!
BUT SAILORS NOT OFF BOAT YET!
SO?
GOOD GRIEF.. I'M ON PINS AND NEEDLES ...THOSE JAPS ARE ABOUT TO FIRE!
BUT JUST THEN, THE IMPRESSIVE WHINE OF SCREAMING SHELLS DROWNS THE QUIET AND...
YI-I!
YI-I!
BLAM! BLAM!


SWIFTLY, THREE GREYHOUNDS OF THE SEA SPEED UP TO THE ENEMY SUBS AND A CHALLENGE OF EXPLOSIVE STEEL BELCHES FROM THEIR GUNS!
U.S. DESTROYERS...LUCKY I SAW THEM ON THE HORIZON AND WARNED THE CARRIER!
BOOM!
BLAM!
AS ONE OF THE JAP U-BOATS ATTEMPT A CRASH DIVE...
WE'LL SINK 'EM EVEN IF WE HAVE TO CRASH 'EM!
411
SMASH!
THE REMAINING SUBS DIVE....
CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY...CALLING DESTROYER 951...CALLING DESTROYER 951....
HELLO 951... RIGHT ABOVE SUBMARINE AREA... GIVE WITH THE 'ASH CANS'...
ZIPTT...
HELLO...HELLO... WE'VE GOT YOU PILOT...KEEP THOSE SUBS IN SIGHT AND DIRECT US FOR DEPTH CHARGE OPERATIONS... HELLO...HELLO...
GLAD TO OBLIGE YOU... ATTENTION... ALL STATIONS RELEASE CHARGES...
JACKPOT!
IT'S ALL OVER BUT THE CELEBRATING!
BOOM! BAROOM! BAM!
HOURS LATER...
WELL...HERE WE ARE, RENDEZVOUS IN THE PACIFIC WITH THE UNITED STATES FLEET!
AND SAFELY TOO, SIR...THANKS TO A LITTLE PHOSPHORUS ON MY UNIFORM WHICH TIPPED US OFF ON THE WHOLE SCHEME...
THE END

Soldier BOY

RAIN ROLLED OFF Collin's hat and pattered with rapid fingers at his slicker. This sort of got on a fellow's nerves after a while, playing hide-and-seek with a stubborn cow who wanted to be left alone. She moved up to the fence and backed around to watch as Collin lowered the cross-bars of the gate.

"C'mon, gal," Collin urged gently. "We're almost there." They started on again toward the barn and Collin could see the lights of the farm house as they came out of the woods. It looked nice and warm; he could almost smell the wood fire and coffee.

With the cow carefully bedded down, Collin went on into the house. He walked into the front room. A wood fire blazed and Bret was lounging in a chair, his feet extended to the bright warmth. He rolled his head lazily.

"Huh," Bret muttered. "You just get back?"

Collin warmed his hands. "Yes," he snapped. "I just got back! *You* should have come along—"

"Not me, mister." Bret stretched thoroughly. "I put in my hours. Seventy bucks a month and room and board—nuts! I'm no sap. Me . . . I'm through, mister. I'm getting myself a defense job."

For a little while Collin listened to the snap of the flames in the logs. His head kind of went around as he thought of the implications back of Bret's statement. Was Bret calling him a slacker?

Bret retorted, "Anything would be better than sloshing around all hours of the day and night—why, look at you. Out chasing a fool cow all over the hills—"

"She's going to have a calf," Collin stated softly, staring deep into the blazing fire. "Couldn't leave her out there in that storm."

The wind swooshed at the window and the bare maple out in the yard scratched the side of the house gently.

"You tell Mike yet?" Collin asked abruptly. "You'll have to give him notice."

"Will I?" Bret asked. "I've got my stuff packed and I'm leaving right after supper."

* * *

BRET HAD gone. Supper was over and Collin walked into the living room, where Mike was going through seed catalogs. He peered up through his glasses, squinting a little, his weather-seamed face grim and hard.

"Feel better, Col?" Mike asked. "You had some chase."

Collin slid into a deep chair. "She was half way across the valley. Didn't like the idea of coming home much." Collin hesitated. "Bret's gone."

"Sure. I know it." Mike sounded grumpy. "I knew he wouldn't stick it out. Could have told you that from the start. *His* breed can't do things the quiet way."

Collin slid deeper into the chair. From the kitchen came the sound of dishes being washed up.

"What're you going to do?" Collin was afraid to ask and the question was thrust out past stiff lips. "You can't manage alone. Bret's the third—"

"I know what you're thinking," Mike interrupted. "It's no use, Col. You've gotta stick." Mike laid down his catalog and rolled a cigarette between his cracked, stubby fingers. He licked the flap, pasted it down carefully. "You don't understand. Y'see—well, it's up to you an' me, Col. And, our work has to be done too!"

The young fellow straightened up, leaned forward. "Look, Mike. The government's going to freeze everyone at their jobs. I want to get out. Now!"

Mike was an older man and didn't like fighting. He loved his farm; the cattle and crops, the orchards running up into the hills that would blaze with a glorious cloth of green dotted with rich red apples next summer. He loved the smell of the hills, of the new turned earth, loved to get his fingers into the rich soil.

Collin went to his room. He closed the door and walked through the dark to the pale grey slab that was the window. A restless wind drove rain against the glass in gusts. Off to the right a lantern bobbed. It was Mike making a last trip to the barn to check on the stock.

Still in the dark, Collin undressed and got in between the sheets, pulled the covers up under his chin and lay there trying to still the restless grinding of his head. The army . . . the navy . . . they needed men, needed 'em badly. They needed him! And, he wanted to go.

Much later, he heard the grandfather's clock down stairs. Immediately after came the sound of someone knocking urgently at the door. For a moment Collin lay listening, wondering if he'd imagined it . . .

• • •

SOMEONE *WAS* knocking! Collin swiftly dressed and went down. He opened the door and peered out at khaki-clad figures grouped on the porch. The soldiers stared back out of wet, tired faces.

"C'mon in," Collin urged hurriedly. "Thought I was dreaming at first—"

"Thanks," one muttered. "Some night!"

They left their soaking outer garments in the hall, and Collin hurried to get the fire going in the living room. Mom looked in long enough to see what the commotion was all about.

"I'll get something hot to eat," she told Collin.

They were getting warm before the fire, beginning to thaw out. "They'll think we all went A.W.O.L.," one of them said, and Collin saw the stripes of a sergeant on the sleeve of his jacket. "Boy! We had to get lost . . . well, maybe not exactly *lost*—"

"Took the wrong turn, that's all," a P.F.C. (Private 1st Class) laughed. "The Lieutenant'll raise—boy, smell that grub?"

Mom called, "It's on the table, Col."

They were hungry and no kidding. Collin had to chuckle as he watched the food dwindle. No doubt about how much they enjoyed it either. The homemade bread Alice had baked fresh, the apple pie. . . .

"Like the stuff my Mom used to dish out." The Private grinned at Collin. "Boy, won't I be glad to get back to it."

Mike made a sleepy entrance and sat down beside the range. "You just got here in time," Mike told them in his gruff, friendly voice. "Tomorrow that pie would have been gone."

"Should have got lost sooner," the sergeant chuckled. "Maybe we can arrange it again!"

Mike's voice sobered suddenly. "It isn't going to be so good after this, I reckon. Can't get help any more. One of my hands left this evening. And Col here—"

Collin felt his ears burning. Somehow or other he didn't like having Mike tell them that he wanted to quit.

Mike continued, "Col wants to be a soldier. He's right but . . . well, in a way he's wrong too."

The sergeant said, "I think I know what you mean. Maybe . . . Col's kind of forgotten something." The sergeant waited a minute, leaning toward the range to give his hands a toasting. "You see, Col, it's all right to be a soldier. But, how about us guys?"

"I don't get you!"

The sergeant smiled. "There's gotta be fellows on the farms, just the same as there's gotta be others in the factories and the plants," the sergeant explained. "We're doing the fighting but we can't fight if we're hungry. It's up to you to stick it out on the farm and we need plenty of food. You just keep those apple pies rolling at us. Maybe you figure that isn't doing your share, but don't worry, Col. You're doing just what we want you to do!"

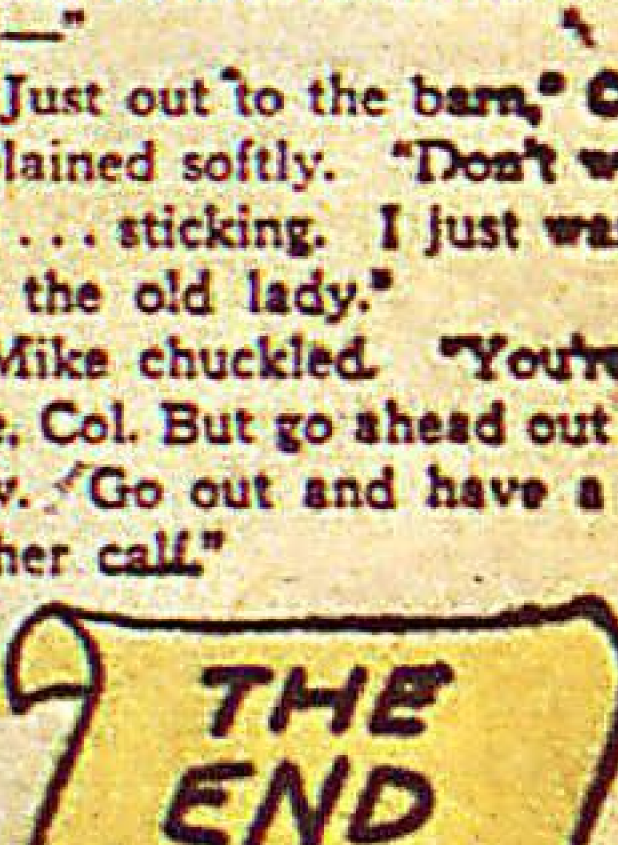
A FLUFF of ashes and coals fell through the grate. The soldiers got up and Mike explained how they took the road back to the first fork, then turned right and kept on to the old bridge, on the other side of which they turned left. . . .

They were gone and Collin thoughtfully turned back into the living room. He heard Mom going up stairs again. Mike came in behind him and stood just inside the door. Collin felt tired now. He knew that once he hit the pillow he'd be out like a light. His mind was at ease. He knew what was the right thing for him to do.

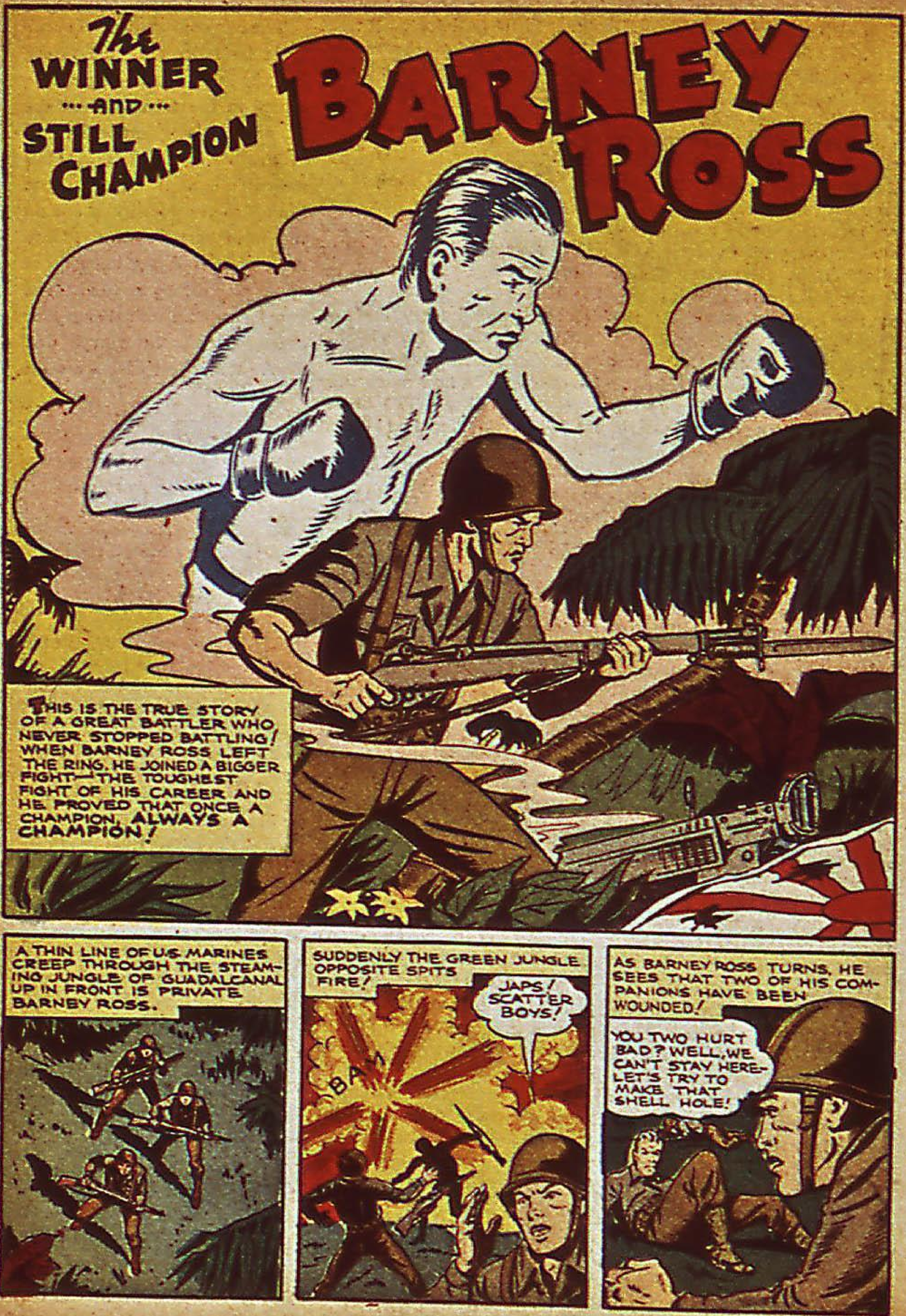
Collin got into his boots and slicker. "Where you goin'?" Mike asked suspiciously. "Look, Col—"

"Just out to the barn," Collin explained softly. "Don't worry. I'm . . . sticking. I just want to see the old lady."

Mike chuckled. "You're too late, Col. But go ahead out anyhow. Go out and have a look at her calf."



The WINNER ... and ... STILL CHAMPION BARNEY ROSS



THIS IS THE TRUE STORY OF A GREAT BATTLER WHO NEVER STOPPED BATTLING! WHEN BARNEY ROSS LEFT THE RING, HE JOINED A BIGGER FIGHT—THE TOUGHEST FIGHT OF HIS CAREER AND HE PROVED THAT ONCE A CHAMPION, **ALWAYS A CHAMPION**!

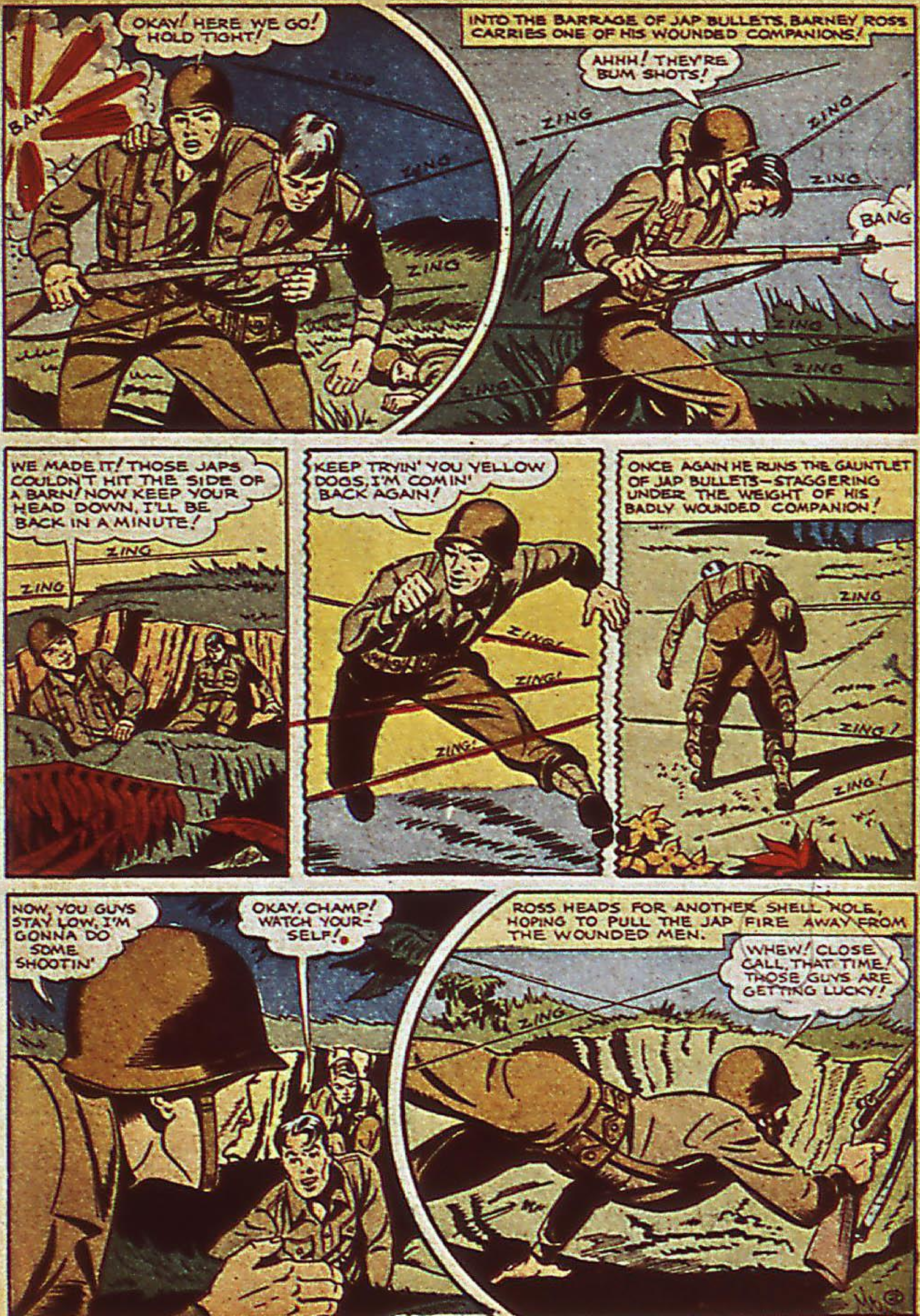
A THIN LINE OF U.S. MARINES CREEP THROUGH THE STEAMING JUNGLE OF GUADALCANAL. UP IN FRONT IS PRIVATE BARNEY ROSS.

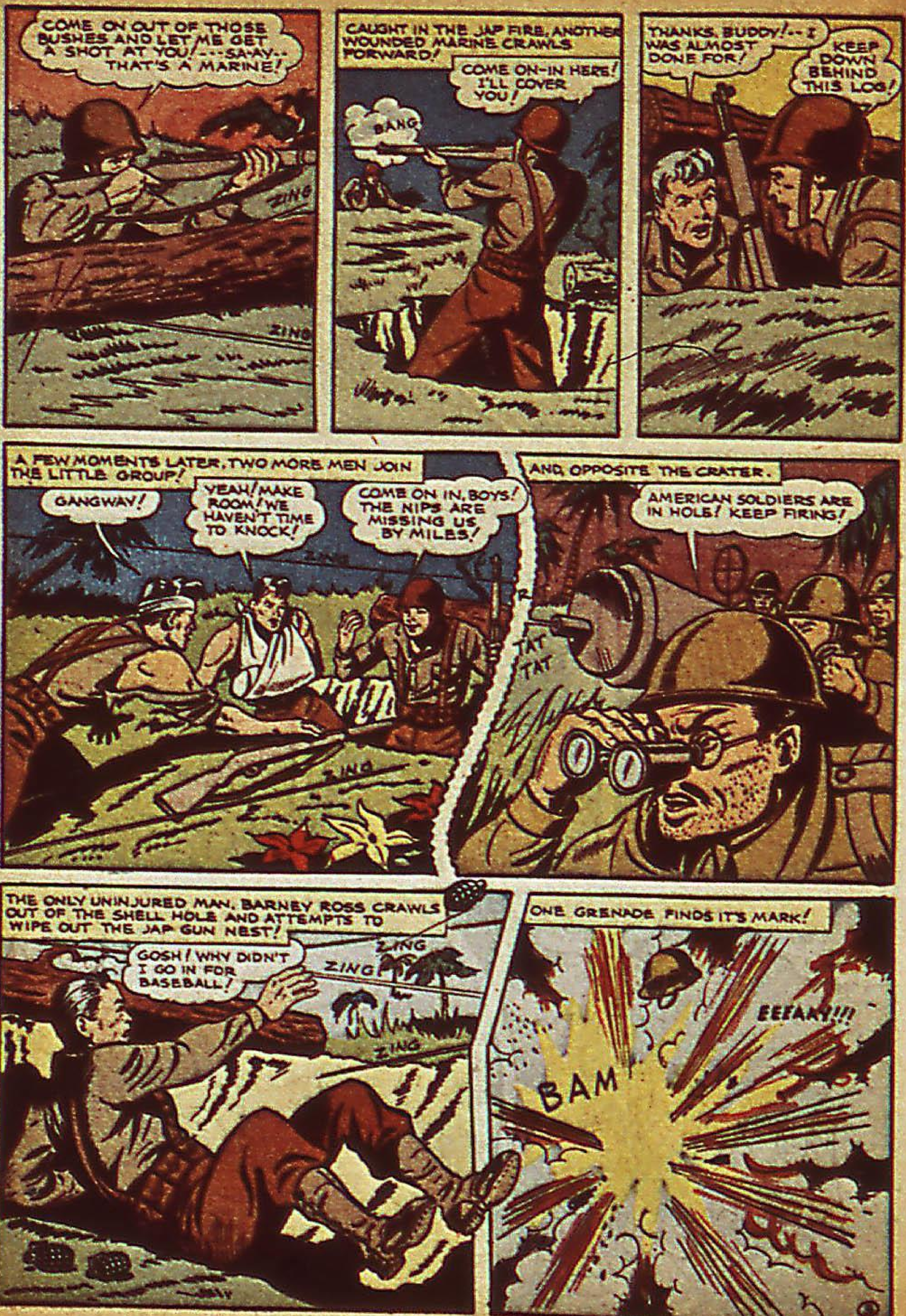
SUDDENLY THE GREEN JUNGLE OPPOSITE SPITS FIRE!

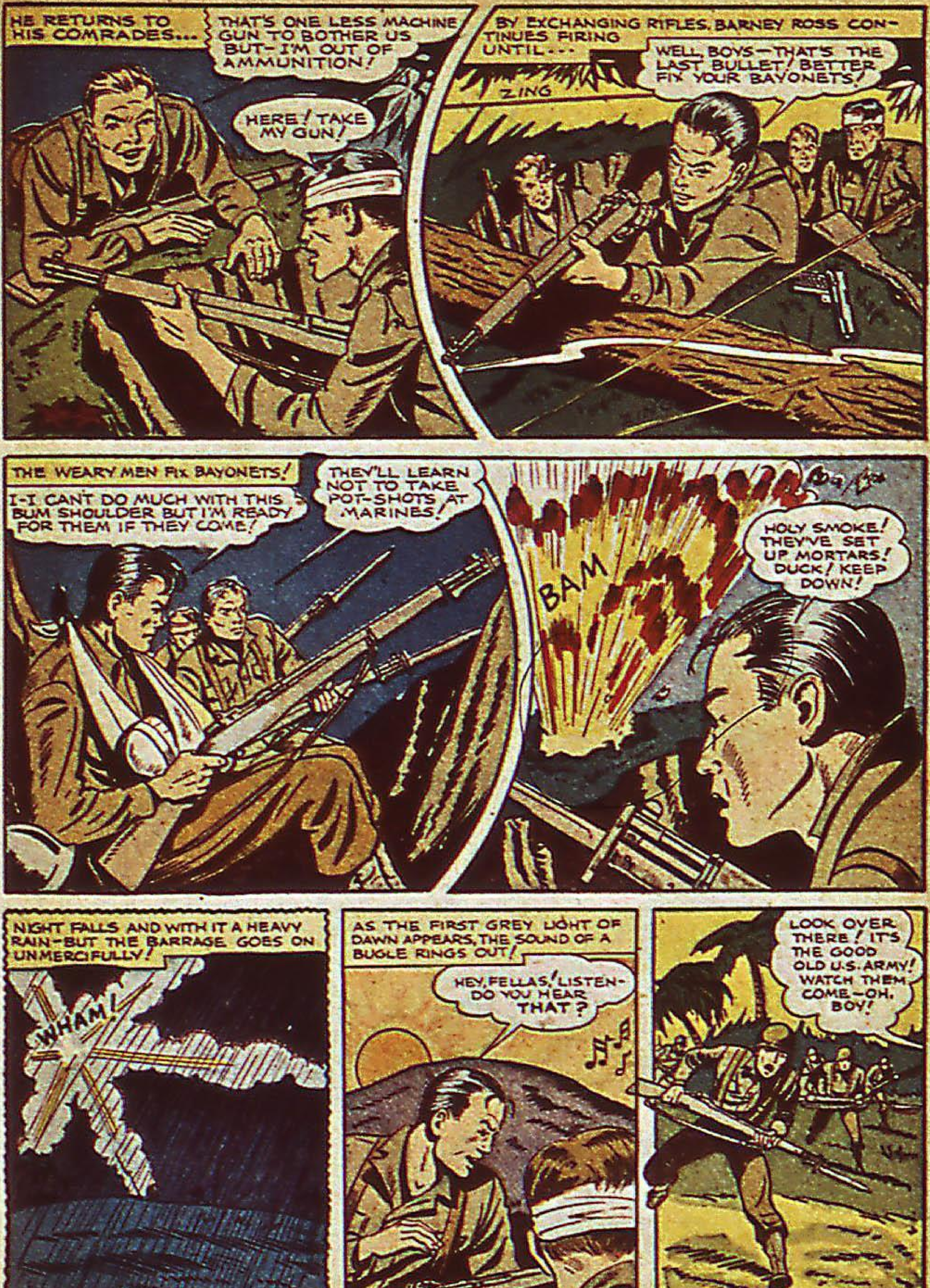
JAPS! SCATTER BOYS!
BA

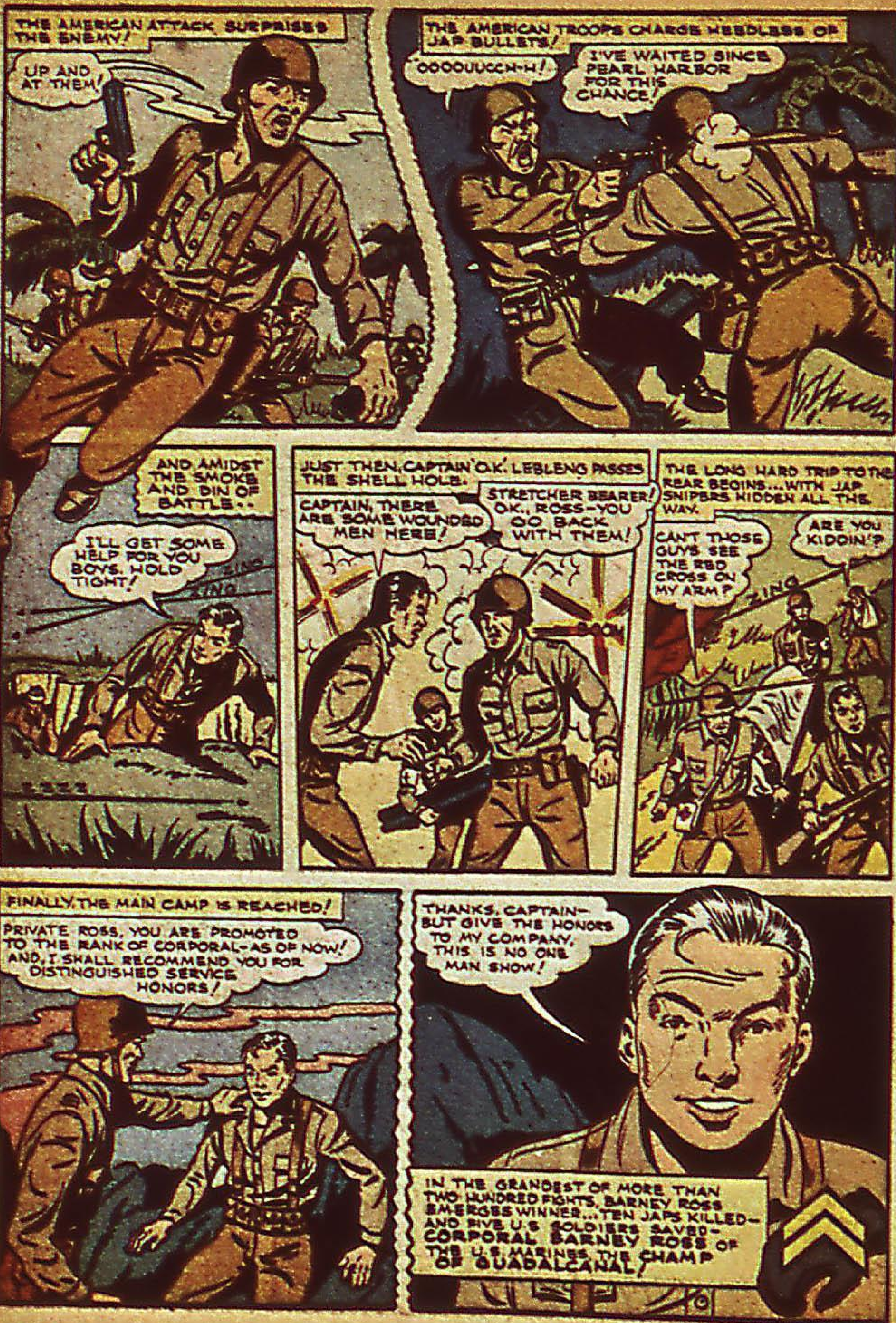
AS BARNEY ROSS TURNS, HE SEES THAT TWO OF HIS COMPANIONS HAVE BEEN WOUNDED!

YOU TWO HURT BAD? WELL, WE CAN'T STAY HERE— LET'S TRY TO MAKE THAT SHELL HOLE!


OKAY! HERE WE GO! HOLD TIGHT!
BAM
ZING
ZING
INTO THE BARRAGE OF JAP BULLETS, BARNEY ROSS CARRIES ONE OF HIS WOUNDED COMPANIONS!
AHHH! THEY'RE BUM SHOTS!
ZING
ZING
ZING
BANG
ZING
ZING
ZING
WE MADE IT! THOSE JAPS COULDN'T HIT THE SIDE OF A BARN! NOW KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE!
ZING
ZING
KEEP TRYIN' YOU YELLOW DOGS, I'M COMIN' BACK AGAIN!
ZING!
ZING!
ZING!
ONCE AGAIN HE RUNS THE GAUNTLET OF JAP BULLETS—STAGGERING UNDER THE WEIGHT OF HIS BADLY WOUNDED COMPANION!
ZING
ZING!
ZING!
NOW, YOU GUYS STAY LOW, I'M GONNA DO SOME SHOOTIN'
OKAY, CHAMP! WATCH YOURSELF!
ROSS HEADS FOR ANOTHER SHELL HOLE, HOPING TO PULL THE JAP FIRE AWAY FROM THE WOUNDED MEN.
WHEW! CLOSE CALL, THAT TIME! THOSE GUYS ARE GETTING LUCKY!
ZING


COME ON OUT OF THOSE BUSHES AND LET ME GET A SHOT AT YOU! --- SA-AY.. THAT'S A MARINE!
ZING
ZING
CAUGHT IN THE JAP FIRE, ANOTHER WOUNDED MARINE CRAWLS FORWARD!
COME ON-IN HERE! I'LL COVER YOU!
BANG
THANKS, BUDDY! -- I WAS ALMOST DONE FOR!
KEEP DOWN BEHIND THIS LOG!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, TWO MORE MEN JOIN THE LITTLE GROUP!
GANGWAY!
YEAH! MAKE ROOM! WE HAVEN'T TIME TO KNOCK!
COME ON IN, BOYS! THE NIPS ARE MISSING US BY MILES!
ZING
AND, OPPOSITE THE CRATER.
AMERICAN SOLDIERS ARE IN HOLE! KEEP FIRING!
R
TAT TAT
THE ONLY UNINJURED MAN, BARNEY ROSS CRAWLS OUT OF THE SHELL HOLE AND ATTEMPTS TO WIPE OUT THE JAP GUN NEST!
GOSH! WHY DIDN'T I GO IN FOR BASEBALL!
ZING
ZING
ZING
ONE GRENADE FINDS IT'S MARK!
EEEARY!!!
BAM

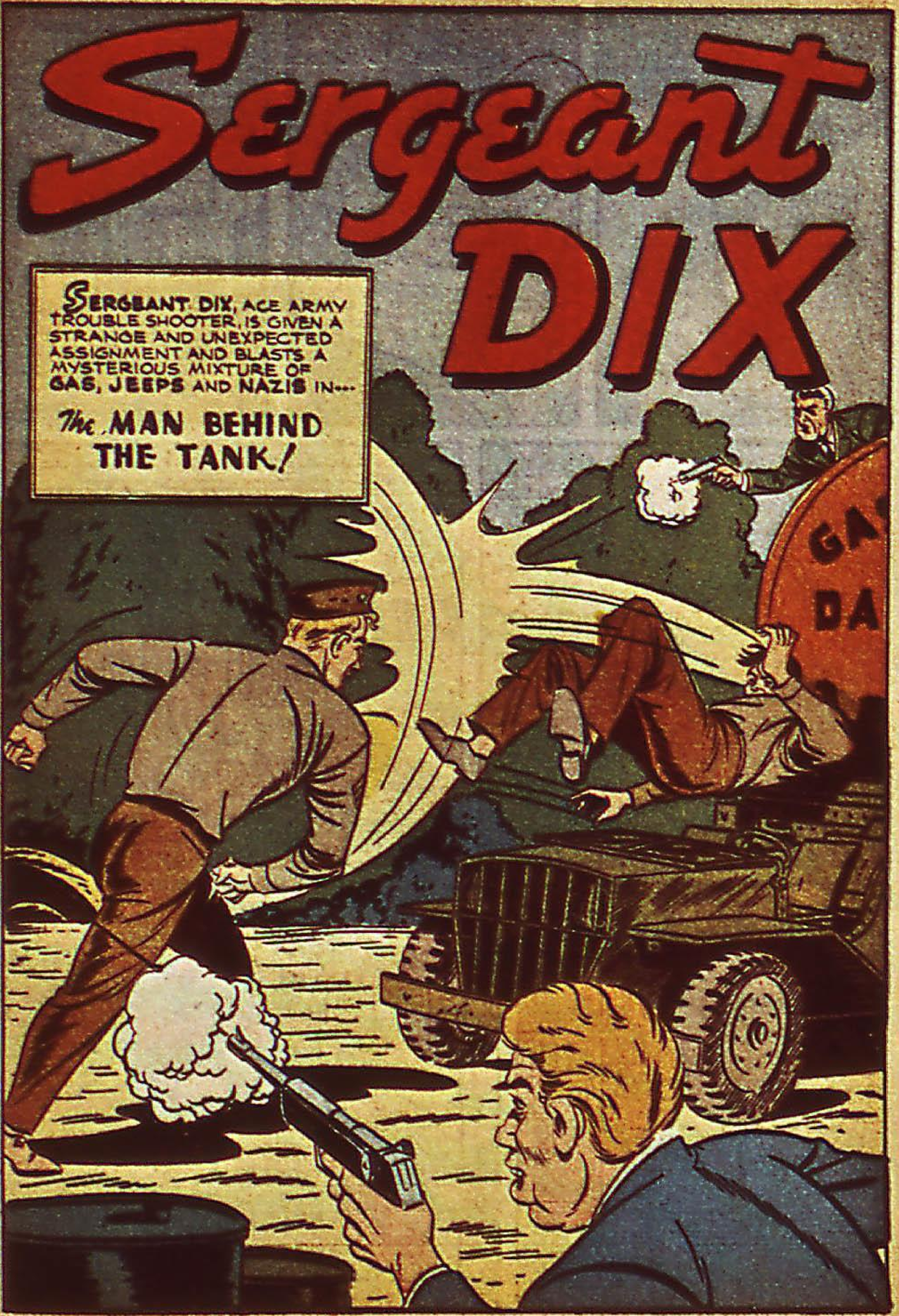

HE RETURNS TO HIS COMRADES...
THAT'S ONE LESS MACHINE GUN TO BOTHER US BUT- I'M OUT OF AMMUNITION!
HERE! TAKE MY GUN!
BY EXCHANGING RIFLES, BARNEY ROSS CONTINUES FIRING UNTIL---
WELL, BOYS—THAT'S THE LAST BULLET! BETTER FIX YOUR BAYONETS!
ZING
THE WEARY MEN FIX BAYONETS!
I-I CAN'T DO MUCH WITH THIS BUM SHOULDER BUT I'M READY FOR THEM IF THEY COME!
THEY'LL LEARN NOT TO TAKE POT-SHOTS AT MARINES!
HOLY SMOKE! THEY'VE SET UP MORTARS! DUCK! KEEP DOWN!
BAM
NIGHT FALLS AND WITH IT A HEAVY RAIN—BUT THE BARRAGE GOES ON UNMERCIFULLY!
WHAM!
AS THE FIRST GREY LIGHT OF DAWN APPEARS, THE SOUND OF A BUGLE RINGS OUT!
HEY, FELLAS! LISTEN- DO YOU HEAR THAT?
LOOK OVER THERE! IT'S THE GOOD OLD U.S. ARMY! WATCH THEM COME—OH, BOY!
4

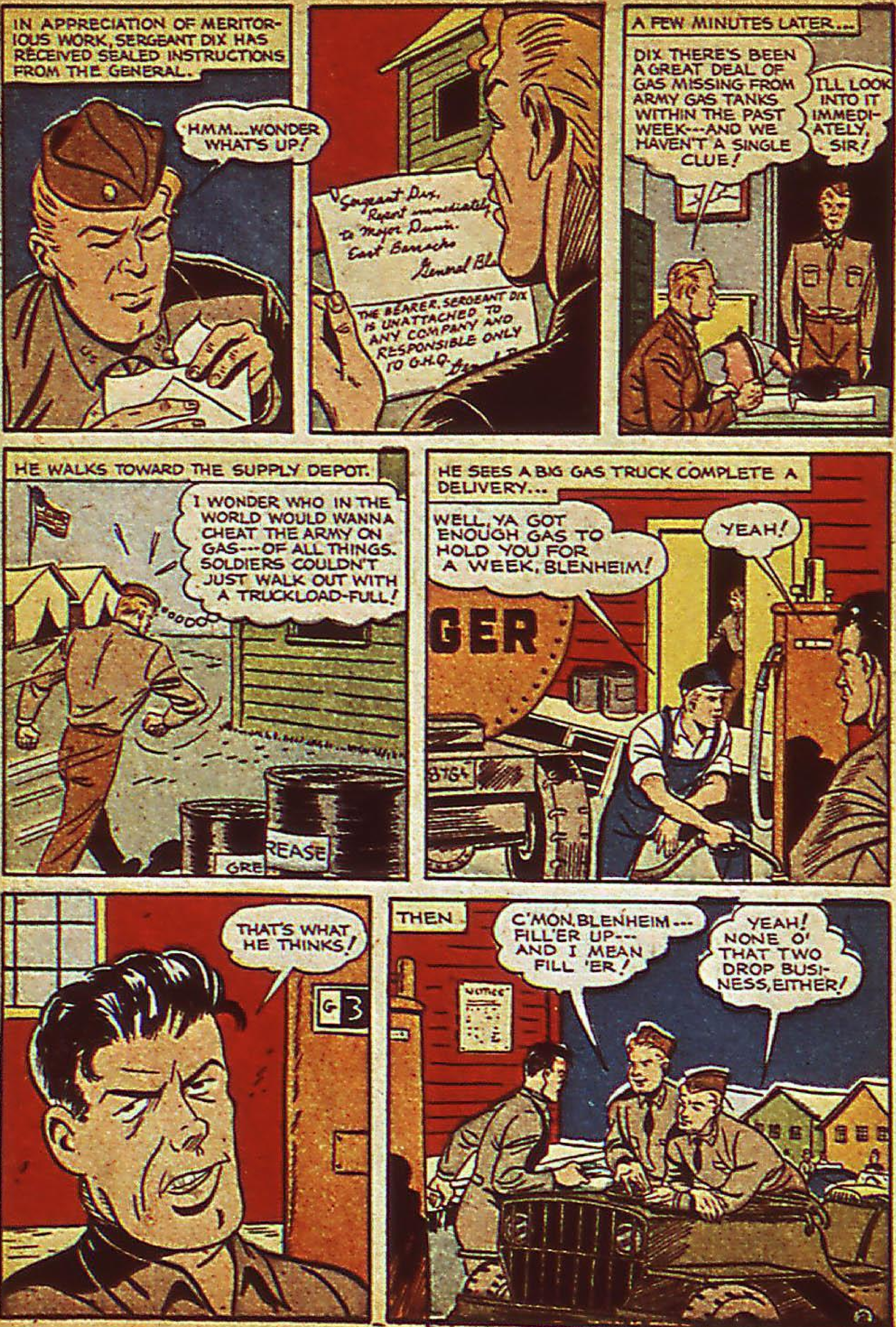

THE AMERICAN ATTACK SURPRISES THE ENEMY!
UP AND AT THEM!
THE AMERICAN TROOPS CHARGE HEEDLESS OF JAP BULLETS!
OOOOUUCCH-H!
I'VE WAITED SINCE PEARL HARBOR FOR THIS CHANCE!
AND AMIDST THE SMOKE AND DIN OF BATTLE--
I'LL GET SOME HELP FOR YOU BOYS. HOLD TIGHT!
ZING
ZING
ZZZZ
JUST THEN, CAPTAIN 'O.K.' LEBLENG PASSES THE SHELL HOLE.
CAPTAIN, THERE ARE SOME WOUNDED MEN HERE!
STRETCHER BEARER! O.K., ROSS--YOU GO BACK WITH THEM!
BOOM
THE LONG HARD TRIP TO THE REAR BEGINS... WITH JAP SNIPERS HIDDEN ALL THE WAY.
CAN'T THOSE GUYS SEE THE RED CROSS ON MY ARM?
ARE YOU KIDDIN'?
ZING
FINALLY, THE MAIN CAMP IS REACHED!
PRIVATE ROSS, YOU ARE PROMOTED TO THE RANK OF CORPORAL--AS OF NOW! AND, I SHALL RECOMMEND YOU FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE HONORS!
THANKS, CAPTAIN-- BUT GIVE THE HONORS TO MY COMPANY, THIS IS NO ONE MAN SHOW!
IN THE GRANDEST OF MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED FIGHTS, BARNEY ROSS EMERGES WINNER... TEN JAPS KILLED-- AND FIVE U.S. SOLDIERS SAVED-- CORPORAL BARNEY ROSS OF THE U.S. MARINES, THE CHAMP OF GUADALCANAL!

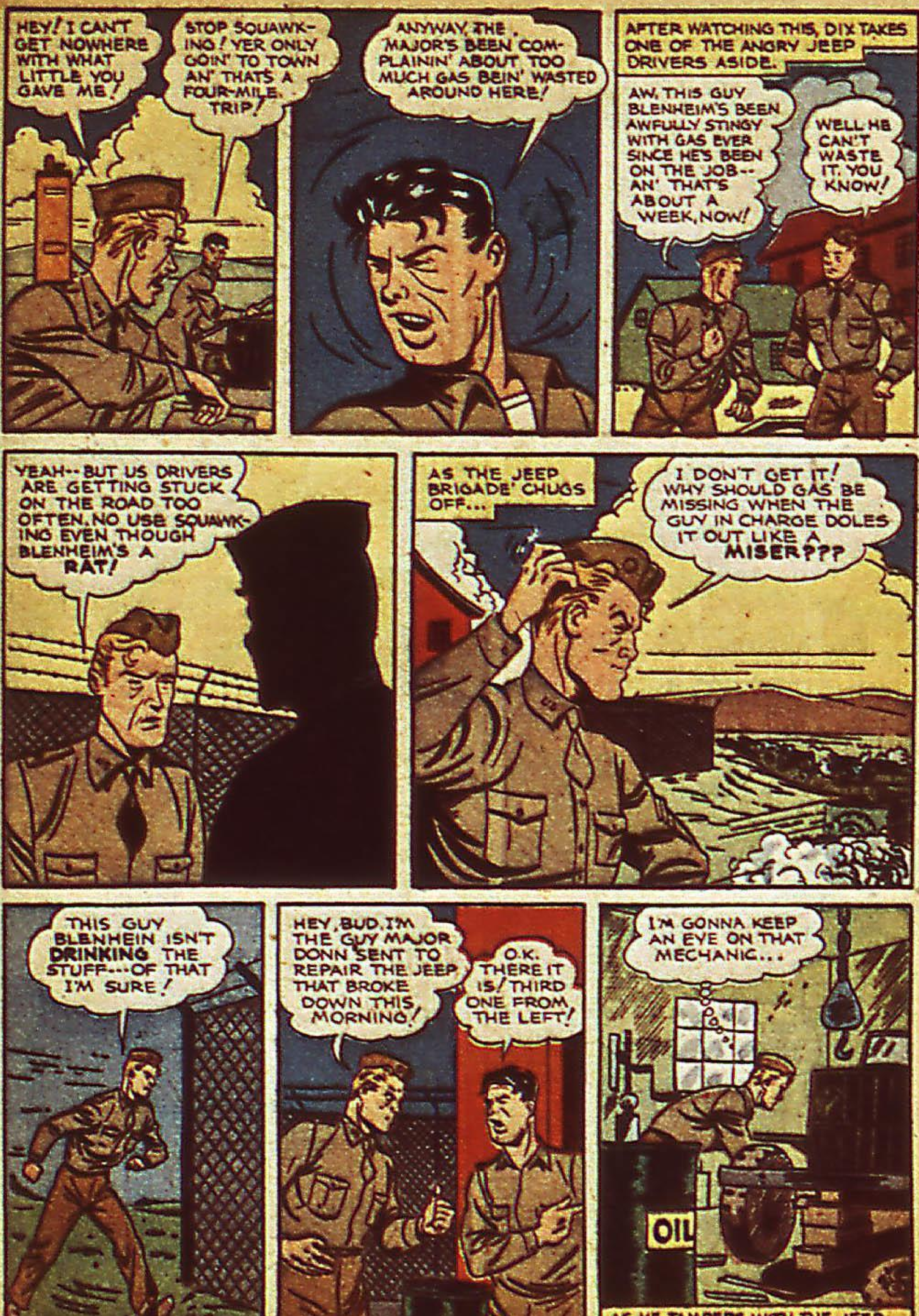
Sergeant DIX

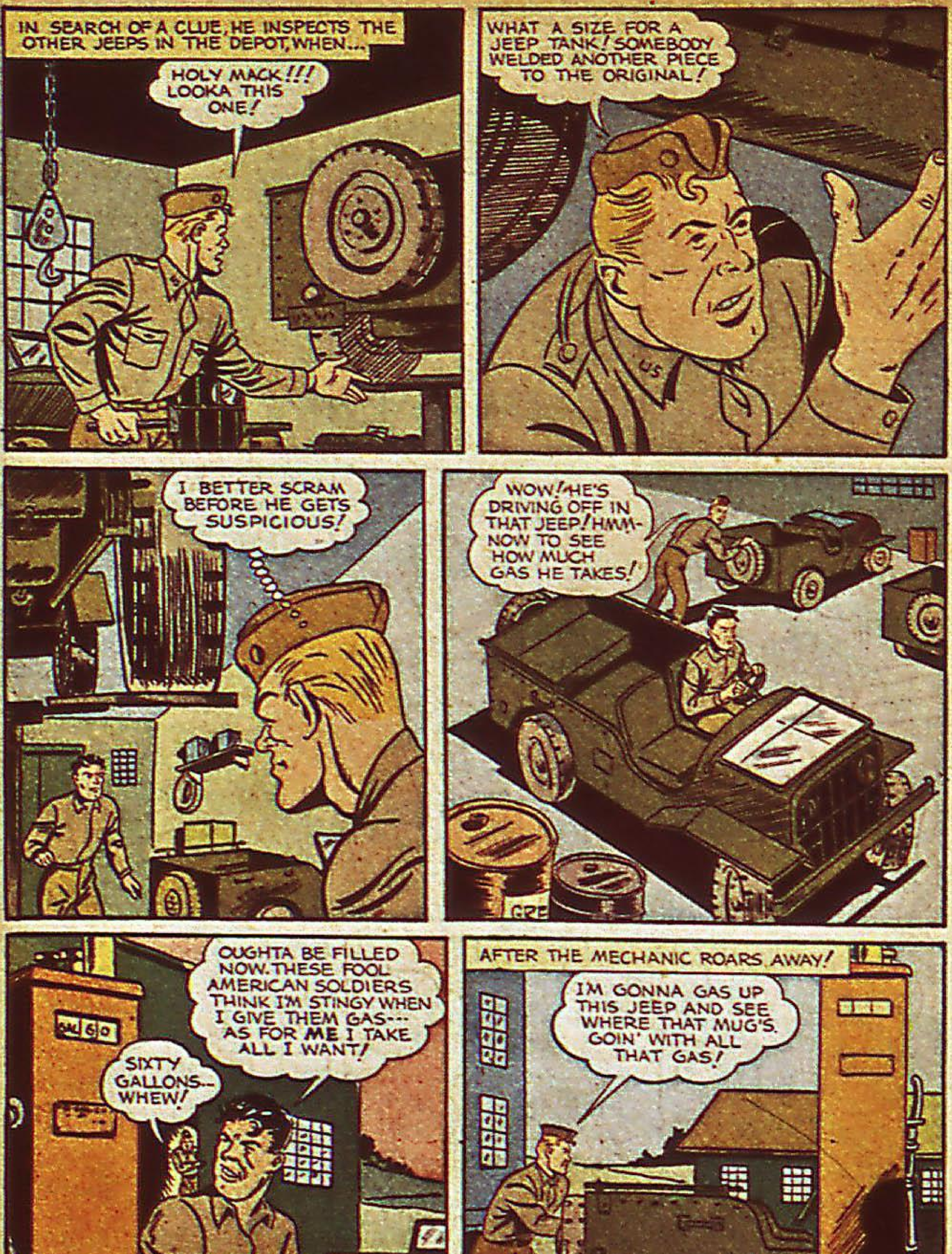
SERGEANT DIX, ACE ARMY TROUBLE SHOOTER, IS GIVEN A STRANGE AND UNEXPECTED ASSIGNMENT AND BLASTS A MYSTERIOUS MIXTURE OF **GAS, JEEPS** AND **NAZIS** IN---

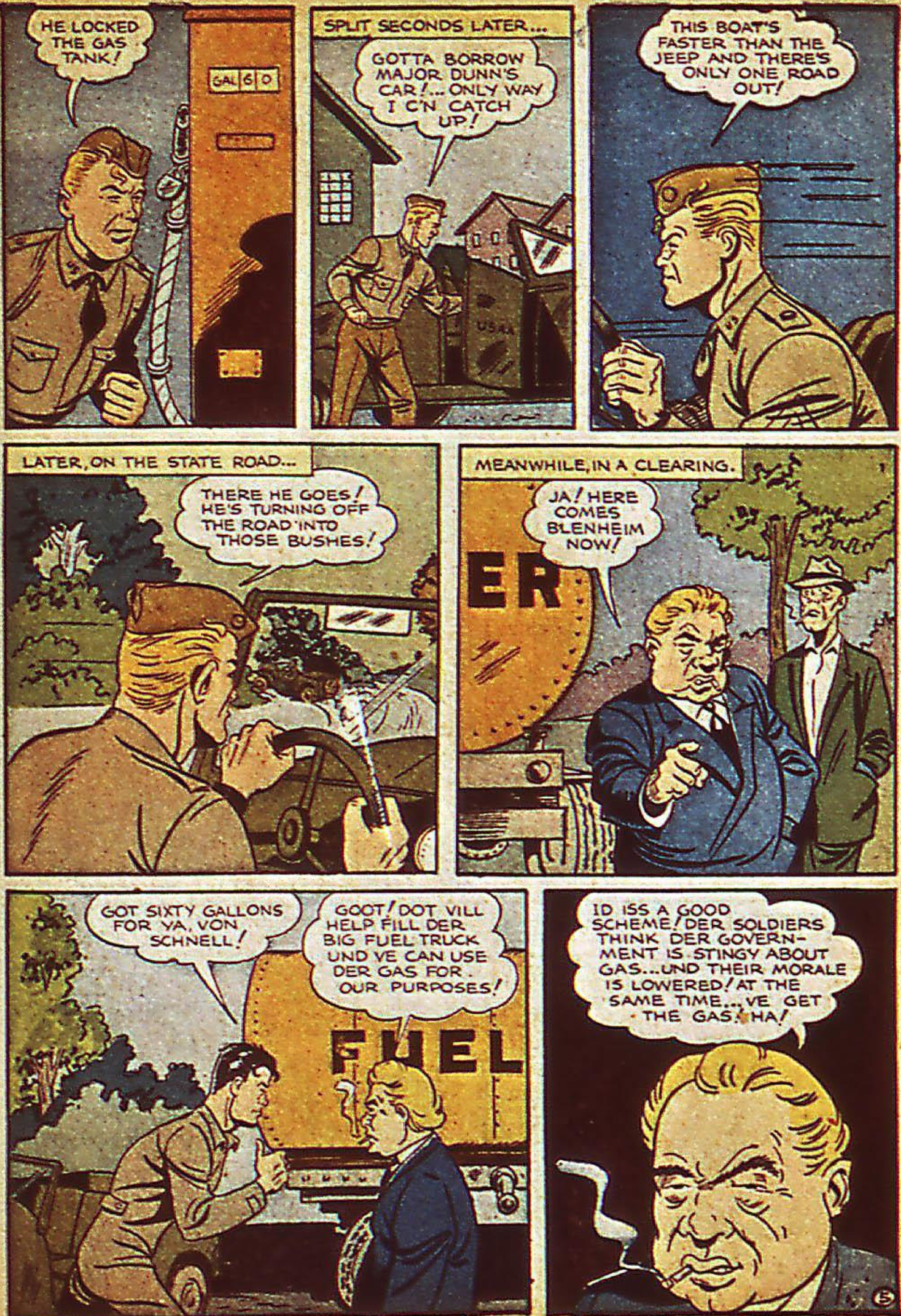
The MAN BEHIND THE TANK!

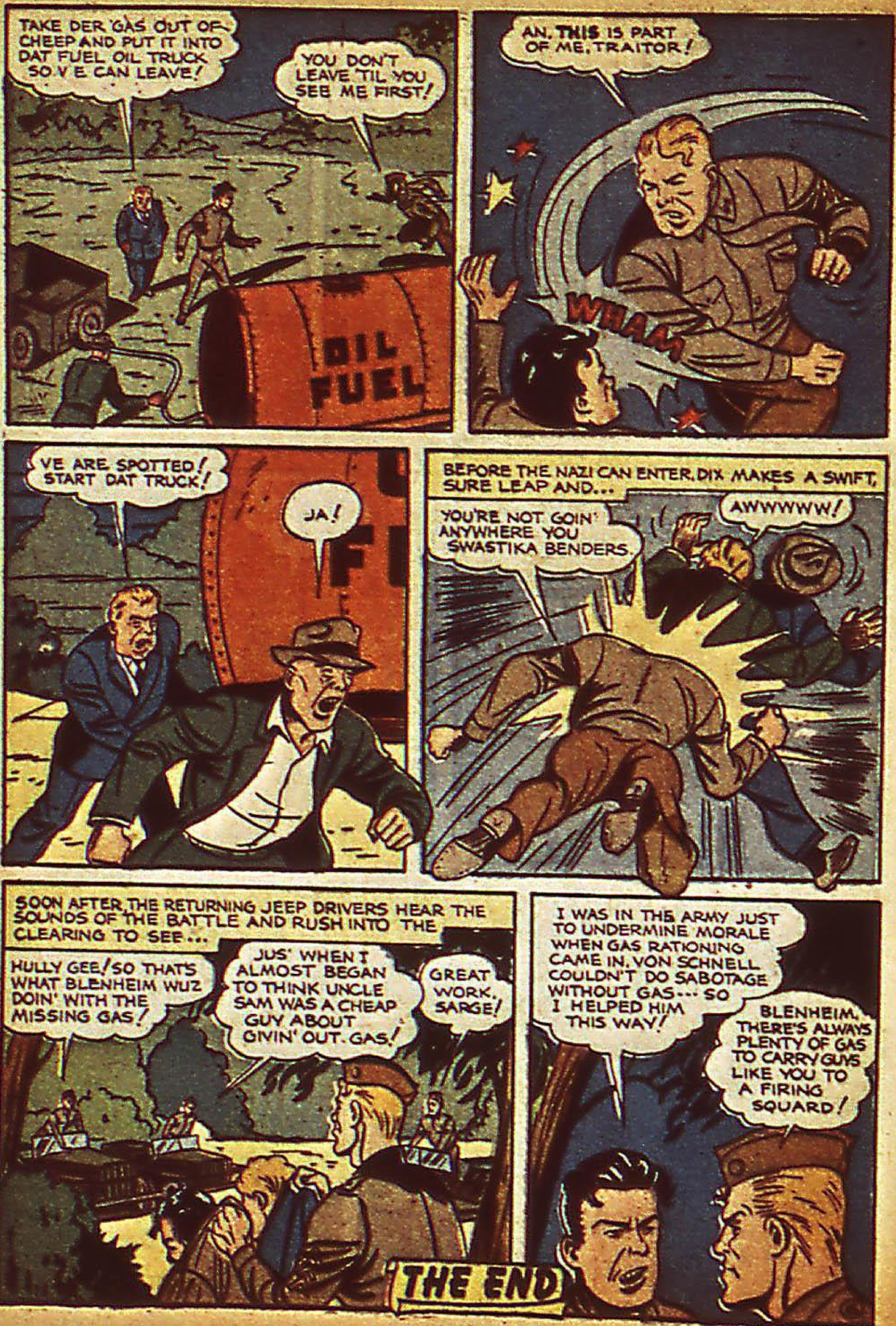



IN APPRECIATION OF MERITORIOUS WORK, SERGEANT DIX HAS RECEIVED SEALED INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE GENERAL.
HMM...WONDER WHAT'S UP!
Sergeant Dix, Report immediately to Major Dunn. East Barracks General Bl
THE BEARER, SERGEANT DIX IS UNATTACHED TO ANY COMPANY AND RESPONSIBLE ONLY TO G.H.Q.
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
DIX THERE'S BEEN A GREAT DEAL OF GAS MISSING FROM ARMY GAS TANKS WITHIN THE PAST WEEK---AND WE HAVEN'T A SINGLE CLUE!
I'LL LOOK INTO IT IMMEDIATELY, SIR!
HE WALKS TOWARD THE SUPPLY DEPOT.
I WONDER WHO IN THE WORLD WOULD WANNA CHEAT THE ARMY ON GAS---OF ALL THINGS. SOLDIERS COULDN'T JUST WALK OUT WITH A TRUCKLOAD-FULL!
GREASE
GRE
HE SEES A BIG GAS TRUCK COMPLETE A DELIVERY...
WELL, YA GOT ENOUGH GAS TO HOLD YOU FOR A WEEK, BLENHEIM!
YEAH!
GER
THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS!
G 3
THEN
C'MON, BLENHEIM---FILL'ER UP---AND I MEAN FILL 'ER!
YEAH! NONE O' THAT TWO DROP BUSINESS, EITHER!
NOTICE


HEY! I CAN'T GET NOWHERE WITH WHAT LITTLE YOU GAVE ME!
STOP SQUAWKING! YER ONLY GOIN' TO TOWN AN' THAT'S A FOUR-MILE TRIP!
ANYWAY, THE MAJOR'S BEEN COMPLAININ' ABOUT TOO MUCH GAS BEIN' WASTED AROUND HERE!
AFTER WATCHING THIS, DIX TAKES ONE OF THE ANGRY JEEP DRIVERS ASIDE.
AW, THIS GUY BLENHEIM'S BEEN AWFULLY STINGY WITH GAS EVER SINCE HE'S BEEN ON THE JOB-- AN' THAT'S ABOUT A WEEK, NOW!
WELL HE CAN'T WASTE IT, YOU KNOW!
YEAH-- BUT US DRIVERS ARE GETTING STUCK ON THE ROAD TOO OFTEN. NO USE SQUAWKING EVEN THOUGH BLENHEIM'S A RAT!
AS THE JEEP BRIGADE CHUGS OFF...
I DON'T GET IT! WHY SHOULD GAS BE MISSING WHEN THE GUY IN CHARGE DOLES IT OUT LIKE A MISER???
THIS GUY BLENHEIN ISN'T DRINKING THE STUFF--- OF THAT I'M SURE!
HEY, BUD, I'M THE GUY MAJOR DONN SENT TO REPAIR THE JEEP THAT BROKE DOWN THIS MORNING!
O.K. THERE IT IS! THIRD ONE FROM THE LEFT!
I'M GONNA KEEP AN EYE ON THAT MECHANIC...
OIL
AS HE TAMPERS WITH THE JEEP

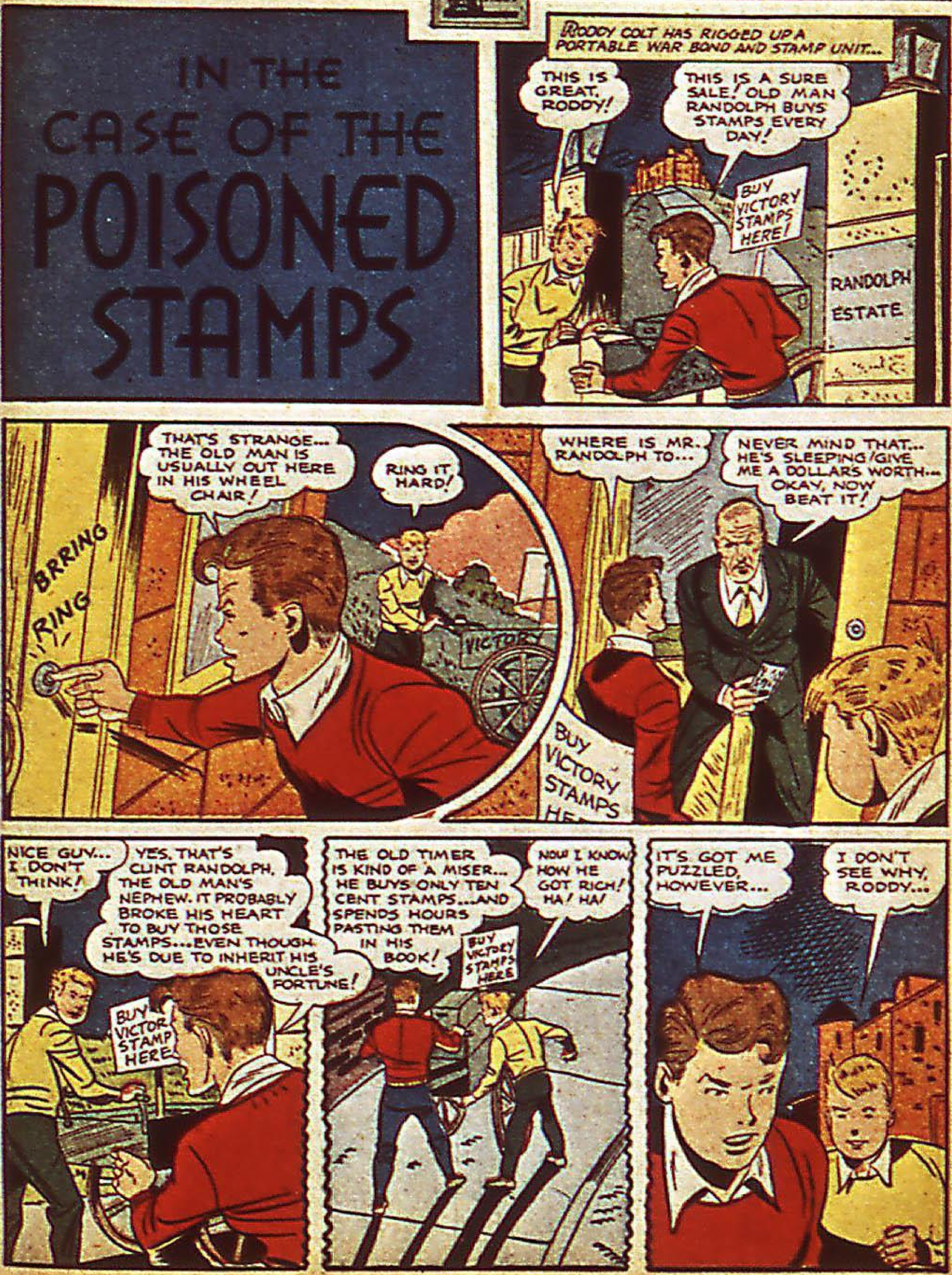

IN SEARCH OF A CLUE, HE INSPECTS THE OTHER JEEPS IN THE DEPOT, WHEN...
HOLY MACK!!! LOOKA THIS ONE!
WHAT A SIZE FOR A JEEP TANK! SOMEBODY WELDED ANOTHER PIECE TO THE ORIGINAL!
US
I BETTER SCRAM BEFORE HE GETS SUSPICIOUS!
WOW! HE'S DRIVING OFF IN THAT JEEP! HMM- NOW TO SEE HOW MUCH GAS HE TAKES!
GRE
OUGHTA BE FILLED NOW. THESE FOOL AMERICAN SOLDIERS THINK I'M STINGY WHEN I GIVE THEM GAS--- AS FOR ME I TAKE ALL I WANT!
SIXTY GALLONS-- WHEW!
GAL 60
AFTER THE MECHANIC ROARS AWAY!
I'M GONNA GAS UP THIS JEEP AND SEE WHERE THAT MUG'S GOIN' WITH ALL THAT GAS!


HE LOCKED THE GAS TANK!
GAL 6 0
SPLIT SECONDS LATER...
GOTTA BORROW MAJOR DUNN'S CAR!... ONLY WAY I C'N CATCH UP!
USA
THIS BOAT'S FASTER THAN THE JEEP AND THERE'S ONLY ONE ROAD OUT!
LATER, ON THE STATE ROAD...
THERE HE GOES! HE'S TURNING OFF THE ROAD INTO THOSE BUSHES!
MEANWHILE, IN A CLEARING.
JA! HERE COMES BLENHEIM NOW!
ER
GOT SIXTY GALLONS FOR YA, VON SCHNELL!
GOOT! DOT VILL HELP FILL DER BIG FUEL TRUCK UND VE CAN USE DER GAS FOR OUR PURPOSES!
FUEL
ID ISS A GOOD SCHEME! DER SOLDIERS THINK DER GOVERNMENT IS STINGY ABOUT GAS...UND THEIR MORALE IS LOWERED! AT THE SAME TIME...VE GET THE GAS! HA!

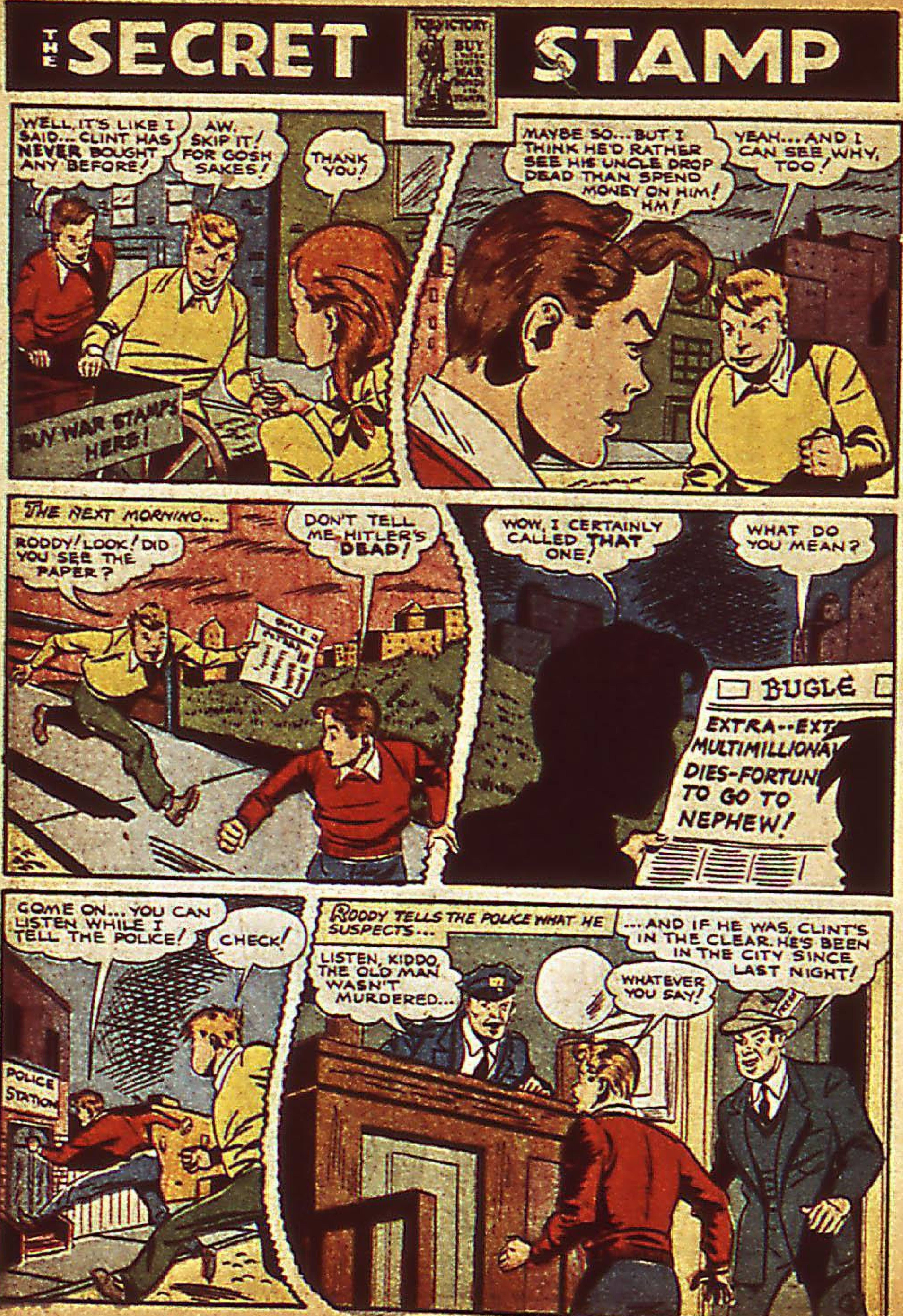

TAKE DER GAS OUT OF CHEEP AND PUT IT INTO DAT FUEL OIL TRUCK SO VE CAN LEAVE!
YOU DON'T LEAVE 'TIL YOU SEE ME FIRST!
OIL FUEL
AN, THIS IS PART OF ME, TRAITOR!
WHAM
VE ARE SPOTTED! START DAT TRUCK!
JA!
BEFORE THE NAZI CAN ENTER, DIX MAKES A SWIFT, SURE LEAP AND...
YOU'RE NOT GOIN' ANYWHERE YOU SWASTIKA BENDERS.
AWWWWW!
SOON AFTER, THE RETURNING JEEP DRIVERS HEAR THE SOUNDS OF THE BATTLE AND RUSH INTO THE CLEARING TO SEE...
HULLY GEE! SO THAT'S WHAT BLENHEIM WUZ DOIN' WITH THE MISSING GAS!
JUS' WHEN I ALMOST BEGAN TO THINK UNCLE SAM WAS A CHEAP GUY ABOUT GIVIN' OUT GAS!
GREAT WORK, SARGE!
I WAS IN THE ARMY JUST TO UNDERMINE MORALE WHEN GAS RATIONING CAME IN. VON SCHNELL COULDN'T DO SABOTAGE WITHOUT GAS... SO I HELPED HIM THIS WAY!
BLENHEIM, THERE'S ALWAYS PLENTY OF GAS TO CARRY GUYS LIKE YOU TO A FIRING SQUAD!
THE END

THE SECRET STAMP

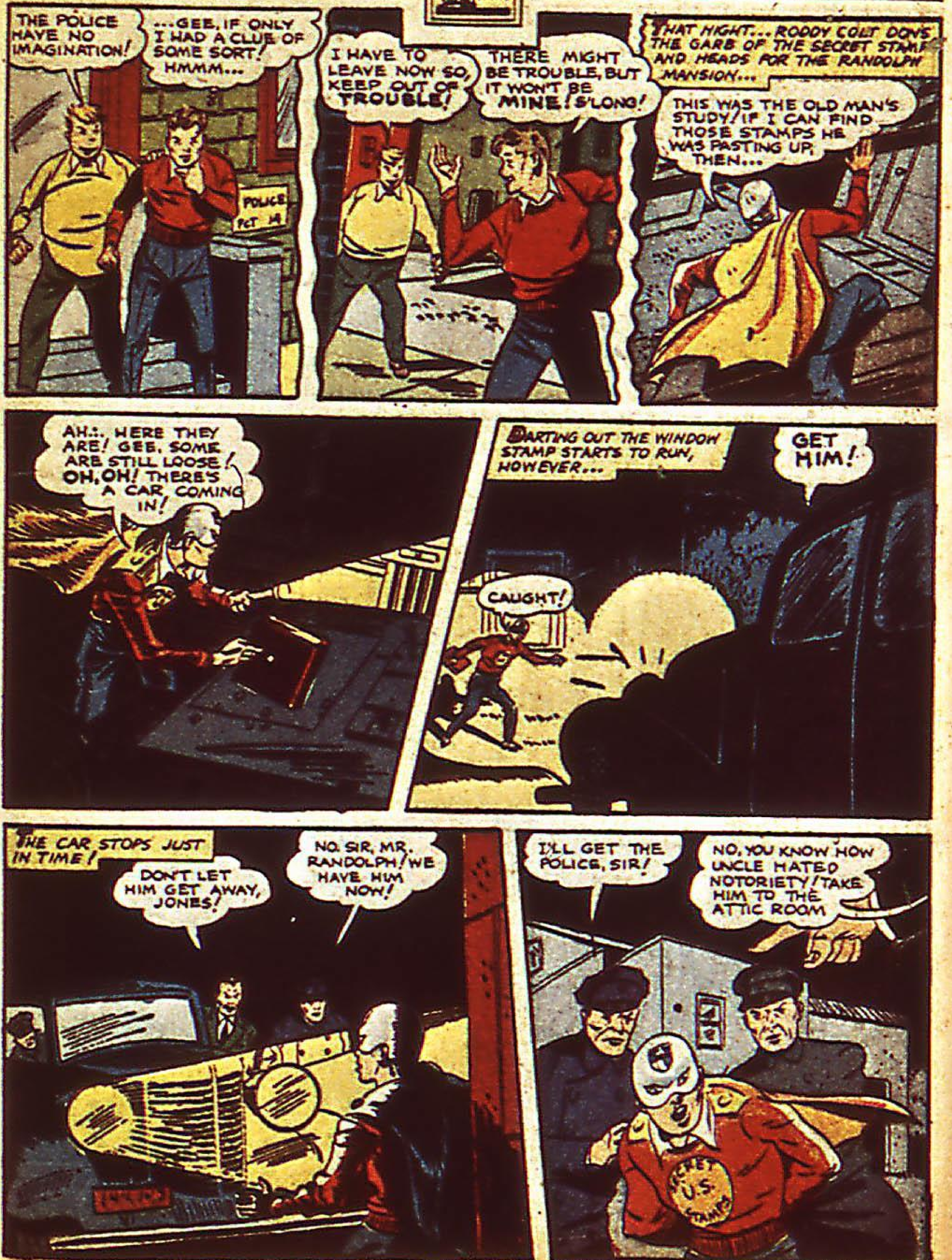
IN THE CASE OF THE POISONED STAMPS


RODDY COLT HAS RIGGED UP A PORTABLE WAR BOND AND STAMP UNIT...
THIS IS GREAT, RODDY!
THIS IS A SURE SALE! OLD MAN RANDOLPH BUYS STAMPS EVERY DAY!
BUY VICTORY STAMPS HERE!
RANDOLPH ESTATE
THAT'S STRANGE... THE OLD MAN IS USUALLY OUT HERE IN HIS WHEEL CHAIR!
RING IT HARD!
BRRING RING
VICTORY
WHERE IS MR. RANDOLPH TO...
NEVER MIND THAT... HE'S SLEEPING! GIVE ME A DOLLARS WORTH... OKAY, NOW BEAT IT!
BUY VICTORY STAMPS HE
NICE GUY... I DON'T THINK!
YES, THAT'S CLINT RANDOLPH, THE OLD MAN'S NEPHEW. IT PROBABLY BROKE HIS HEART TO BUY THOSE STAMPS... EVEN THOUGH HE'S DUE TO INHERIT HIS UNCLE'S FORTUNE!
BUY VICTOR STAMP HERE
THE OLD TIMER IS KIND OF A MISER... HE BUYS ONLY TEN CENT STAMPS... AND SPENDS HOURS PASTING THEM IN HIS BOOK!
NOW I KNOW HOW HE GOT RICH! HA! HA!
BUY VICTORY STAMPS HERE
IT'S GOT ME PUZZLED, HOWEVER...
I DON'T SEE WHY, RODDY...

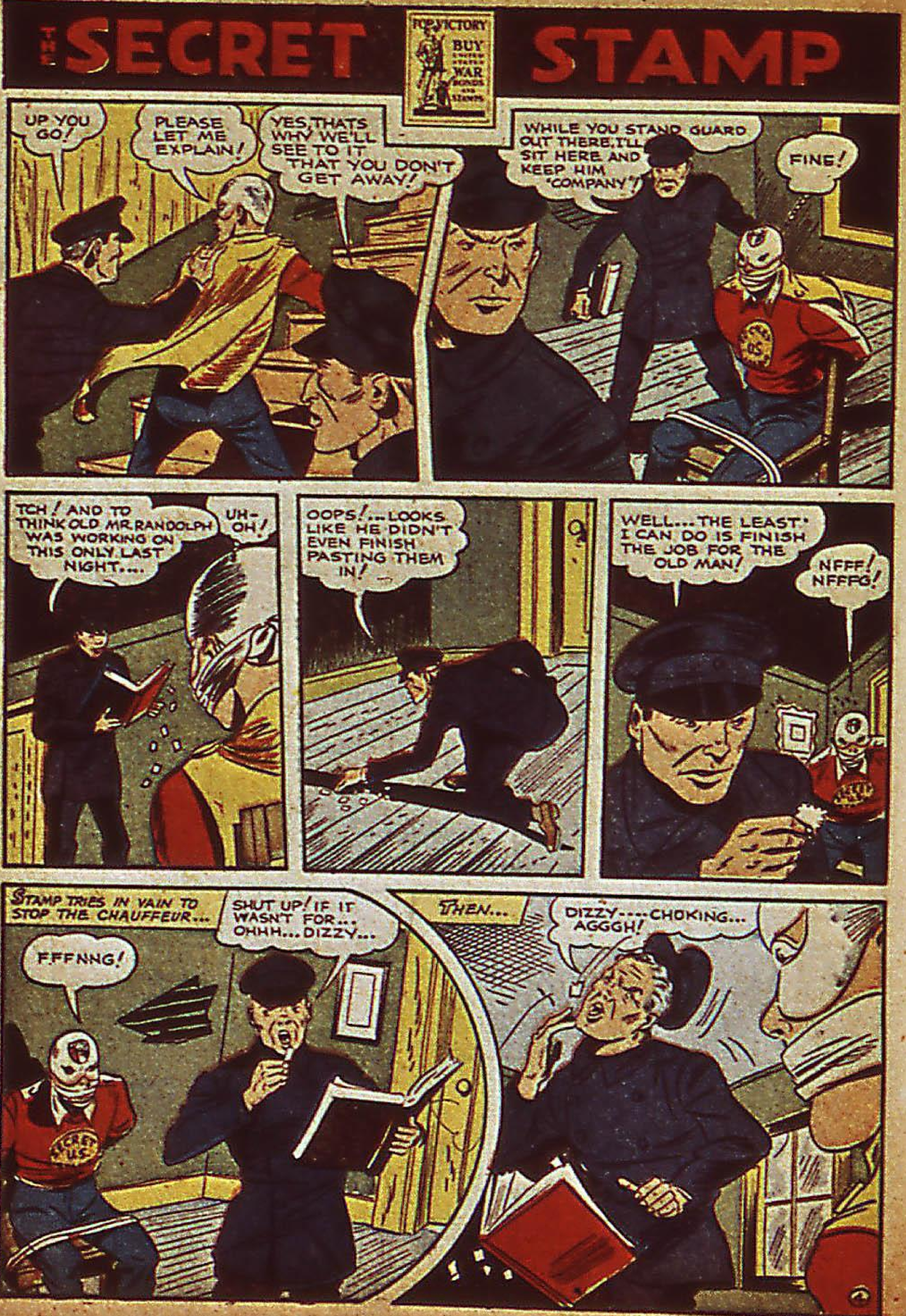
THE SECRET STAMP


FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
WELL, IT'S LIKE I SAID... CLINT HAS NEVER BOUGHT ANY BEFORE!
AW, SKIP IT! FOR GOSH SAKES!
THANK YOU!
BUY WAR STAMPS HERE!
MAYBE SO... BUT I THINK HE'D RATHER SEE HIS UNCLE DROP DEAD THAN SPEND MONEY ON HIM! HM!
YEAH... AND I CAN SEE WHY, TOO!
THE NEXT MORNING...
RODDY! LOOK! DID YOU SEE THE PAPER?
DON'T TELL ME HITLER'S DEAD!
WOW, I CERTAINLY CALLED THAT ONE!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
BUGLE
EXTRA--EXT
MULTIMILLIONA
DIES-FORTUN
TO GO TO NEPHEW!
COME ON... YOU CAN LISTEN WHILE I TELL THE POLICE!
CHECK!
POLICE STATION
RODDY TELLS THE POLICE WHAT HE SUSPECTS...
LISTEN, KIDDO, THE OLD MAN WASN'T MURDERED...
WHATEVER YOU SAY!
...AND IF HE WAS, CLINT'S IN THE CLEAR. HE'S BEEN IN THE CITY SINCE LAST NIGHT!

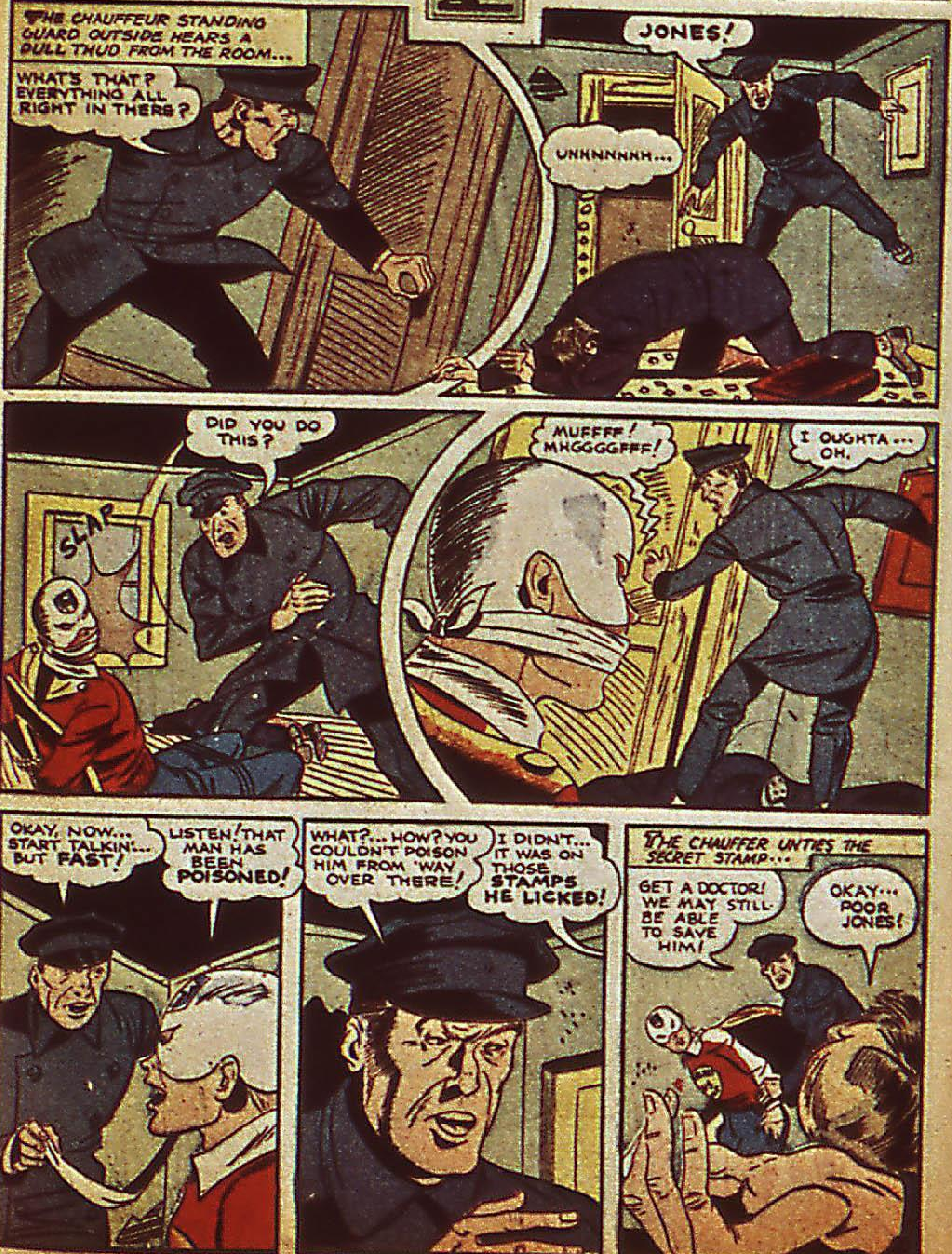
THE SECRET STAMP


FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
THE POLICE HAVE NO IMAGINATION!
...GEE, IF ONLY I HAD A CLUE OF SOME SORT! HMMM...
POLICE PCT 14
I HAVE TO LEAVE NOW SO, KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE!
THERE MIGHT BE TROUBLE, BUT IT WON'T BE MINE! S'LONG!
THAT NIGHT... RODDY COLT DONS THE GARB OF THE SECRET STAMP AND HEADS FOR THE RANDOLPH MANSION...
THIS WAS THE OLD MAN'S STUDY! IF I CAN FIND THOSE STAMPS HE WAS PASTING UP THEN...
AH..., HERE THEY ARE! GEE, SOME ARE STILL LOOSE! OH, OH! THERE'S A CAR COMING IN!
DARTING OUT THE WINDOW STAMP STARTS TO RUN, HOWEVER...
GET HIM!
CAUGHT!
THE CAR STOPS JUST IN TIME!
DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY, JONES!
NO, SIR, MR. RANDOLPH! WE HAVE HIM NOW!
I'LL GET THE POLICE, SIR!
NO, YOU KNOW HOW UNCLE HATED NOTORIETY! TAKE HIM TO THE ATTIC ROOM
SECRET U.S. STAMPS

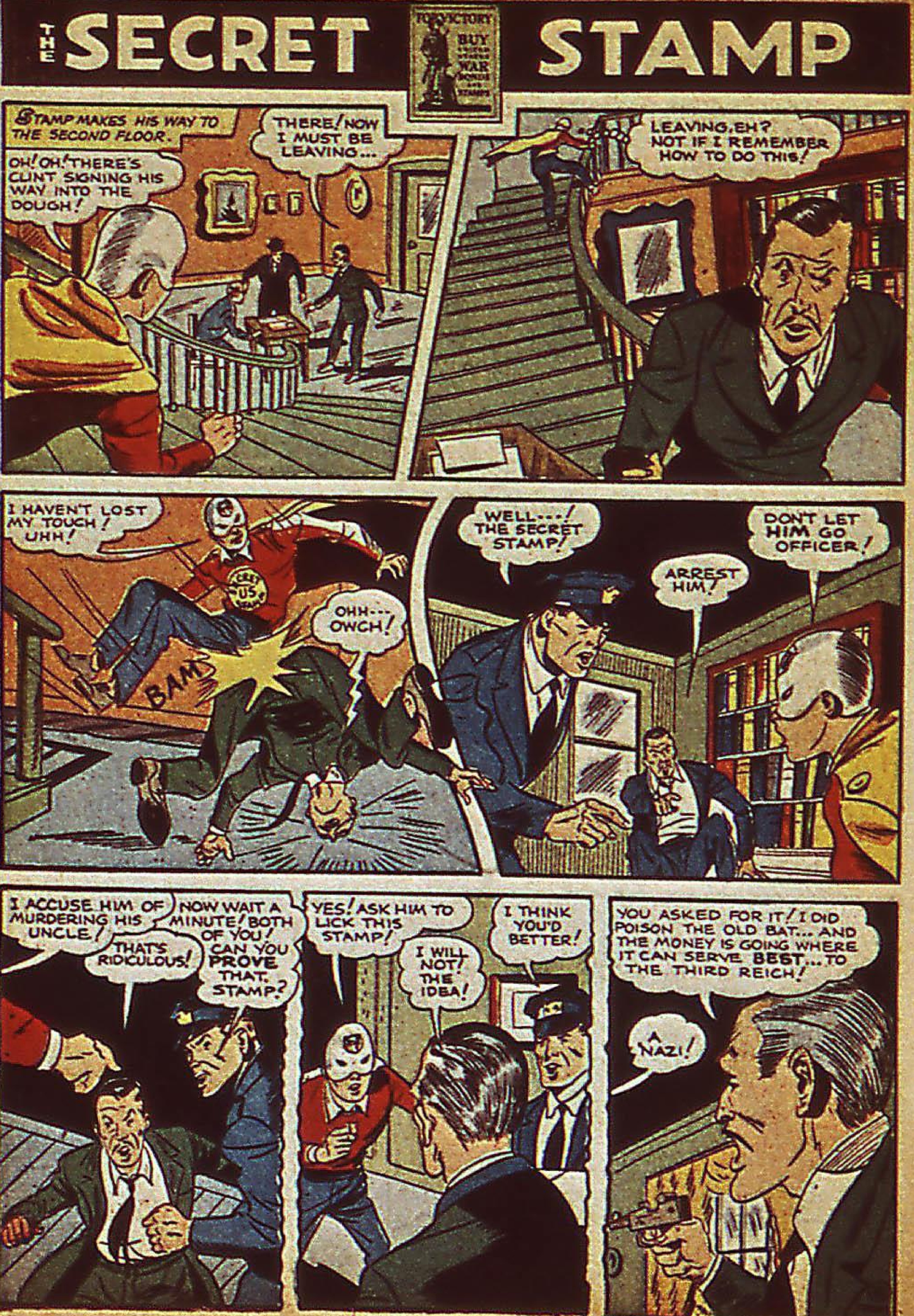
THE SECRET STAMP


FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
UP YOU GO!
PLEASE LET ME EXPLAIN!
YES, THATS WHY WE'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU DON'T GET AWAY!
WHILE YOU STAND GUARD OUT THERE, I'LL SIT HERE AND KEEP HIM "COMPANY"!
FINE!
TCH! AND TO THINK OLD MR. RANDOLPH WAS WORKING ON THIS ONLY LAST NIGHT....
UH-OH!
OOPS!...LOOKS LIKE HE DIDN'T EVEN FINISH PASTING THEM IN!
WELL... THE LEAST I CAN DO IS FINISH THE JOB FOR THE OLD MAN!
NFFF! NFFFG!
STAMP TRIES IN VAIN TO STOP THE CHAUFFEUR...
FFFNNG!
SHUT UP! IF IT WASN'T FOR... OHHH... DIZZY...
THEN...
DIZZY.....CHOKING... AGGGH!

THE SECRET STAMP

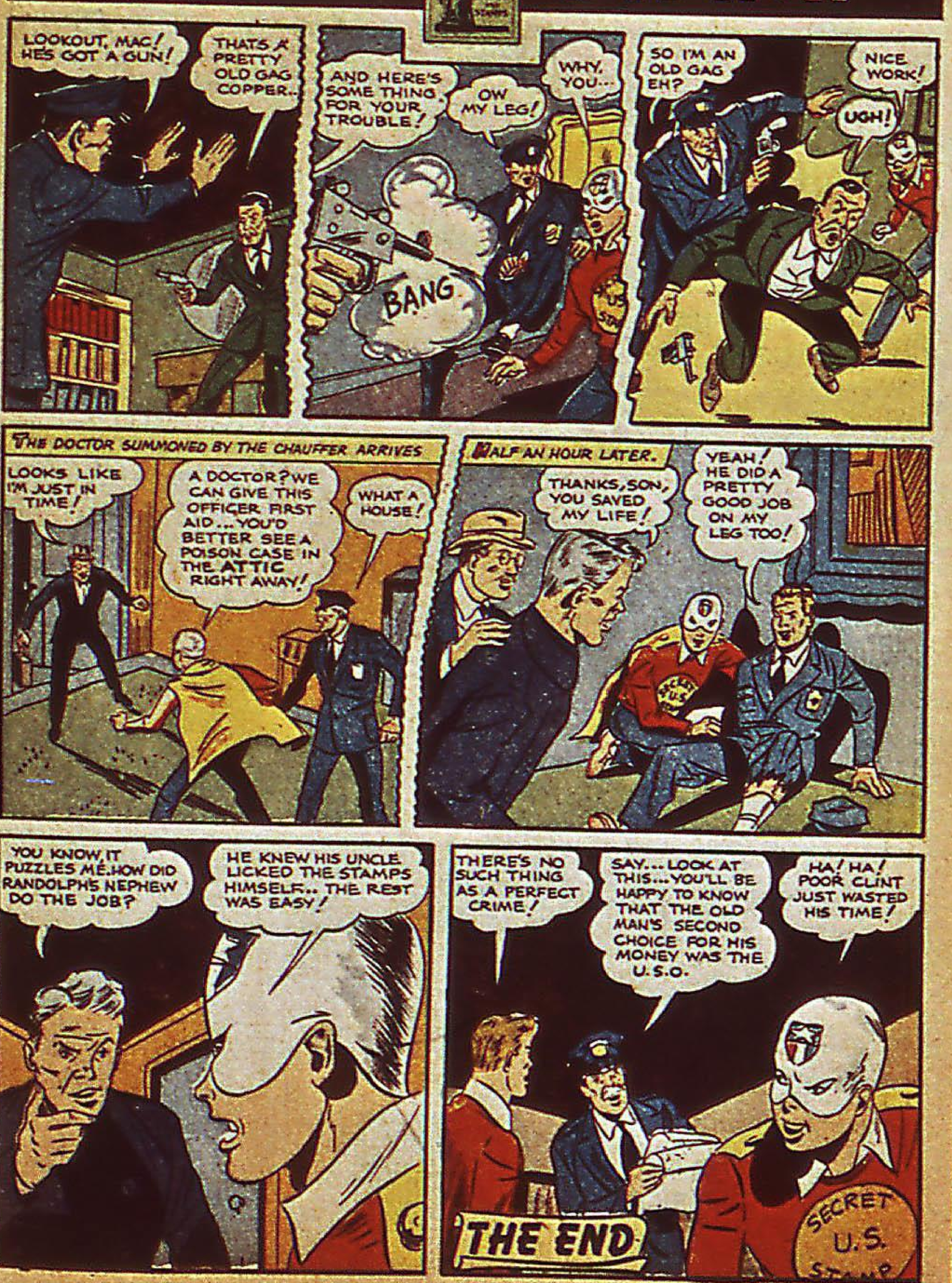

THE CHAUFFEUR STANDING GUARD OUTSIDE HEARS A DULL THUD FROM THE ROOM...
WHAT'S THAT? EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT IN THERE?
JONES!
UNHNNNNH...
SLAP
DID YOU DO THIS?
MUFFFF! MHGGGGFFF!
I OUGHTA... OH.
OKAY, NOW... START TALKIN'... BUT FAST!
LISTEN! THAT MAN HAS BEEN POISONED!
WHAT?... HOW? YOU COULDN'T POISON HIM FROM 'WAY OVER THERE!
I DIDN'T... IT WAS ON THOSE STAMPS HE LICKED!
THE CHAUFFER UNTIES THE SECRET STAMP...
GET A DOCTOR! WE MAY STILL BE ABLE TO SAVE HIM!
OKAY... POOR JONES!

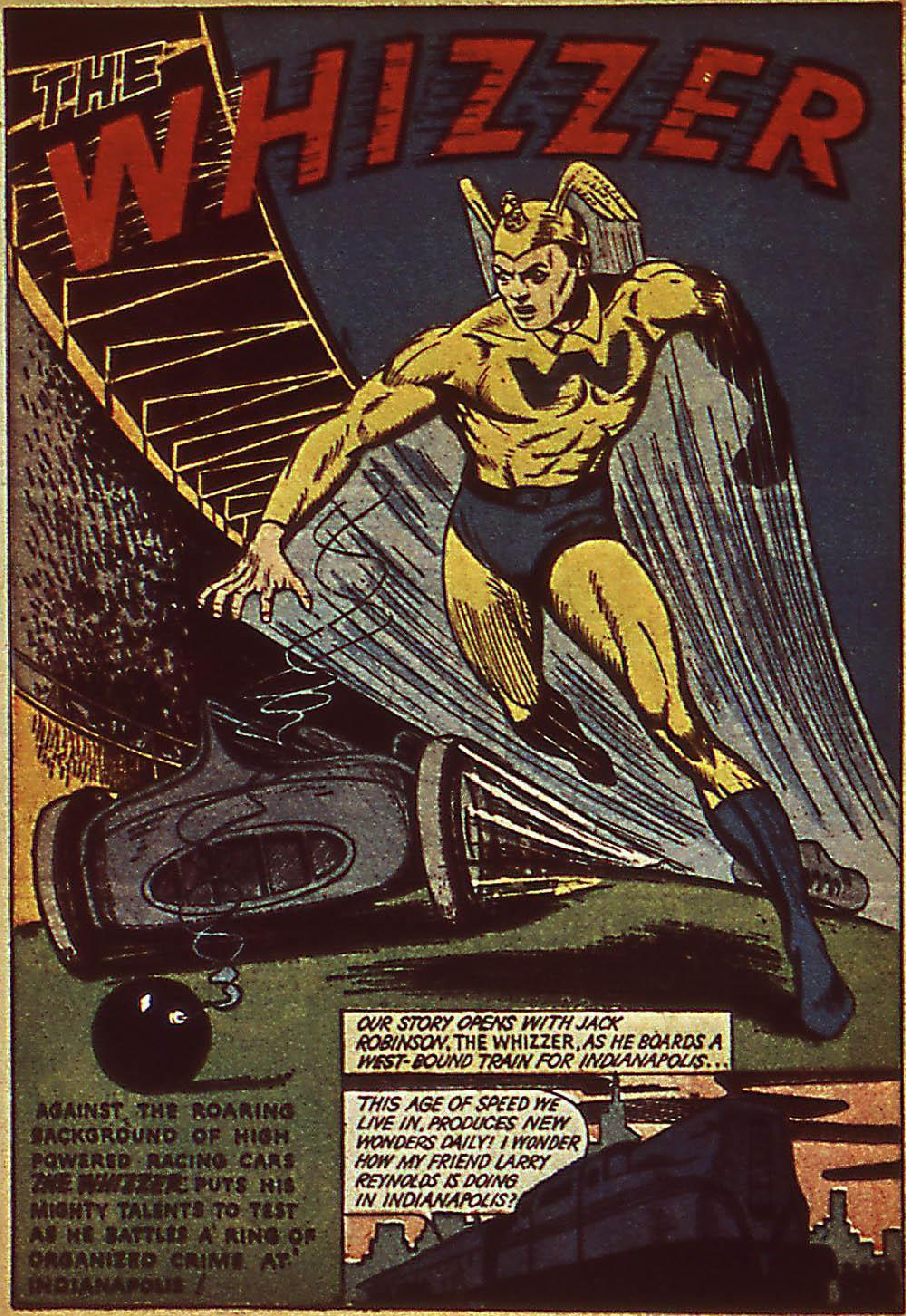
THE SECRET STAMP

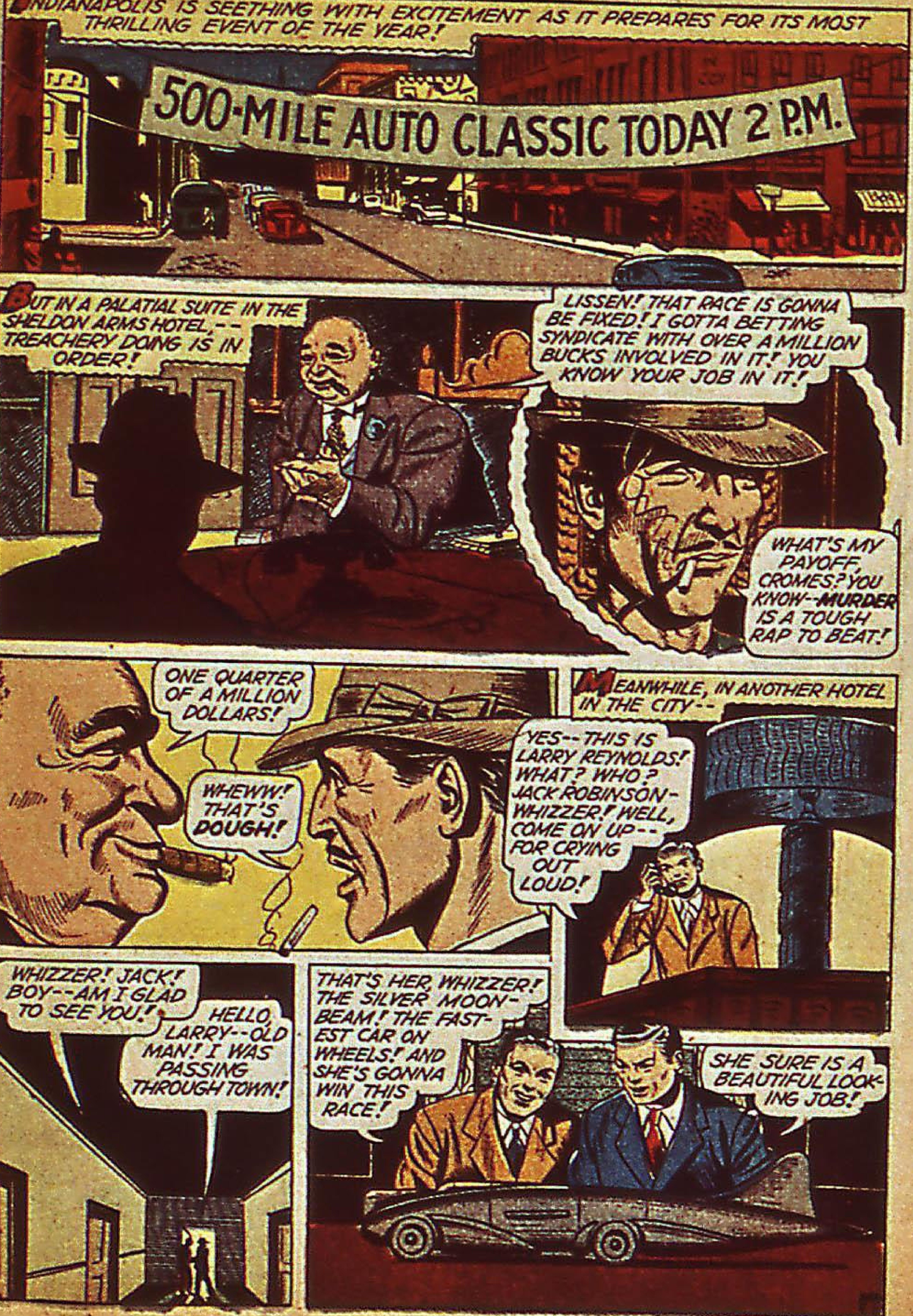

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
STAMP MAKES HIS WAY TO THE SECOND FLOOR.
OH! OH! THERE'S CLINT SIGNING HIS WAY INTO THE DOUGH!
THERE! NOW I MUST BE LEAVING...
LEAVING, EH? NOT IF I REMEMBER HOW TO DO THIS!
I HAVENT LOST MY TOUCH! UHH!
OHH--- OWCH!
BAM
WELL...! THE SECRET STAMP!
ARREST HIM!
DON'T LET HIM GO OFFICER!
I ACCUSE HIM OF MURDERING HIS UNCLE!
THAT'S RIDICULOUS!
NOW WAIT A MINUTE! BOTH OF YOU! CAN YOU PROVE THAT, STAMP?
YES! ASK HIM TO LICK THIS STAMP!
I WILL NOT! THE IDEA!
I THINK YOU'D BETTER!
YOU ASKED FOR IT! I DID POISON THE OLD BAT... AND THE MONEY IS GOING WHERE IT CAN SERVE BEST... TO THE THIRD REICH!
A NAZI!

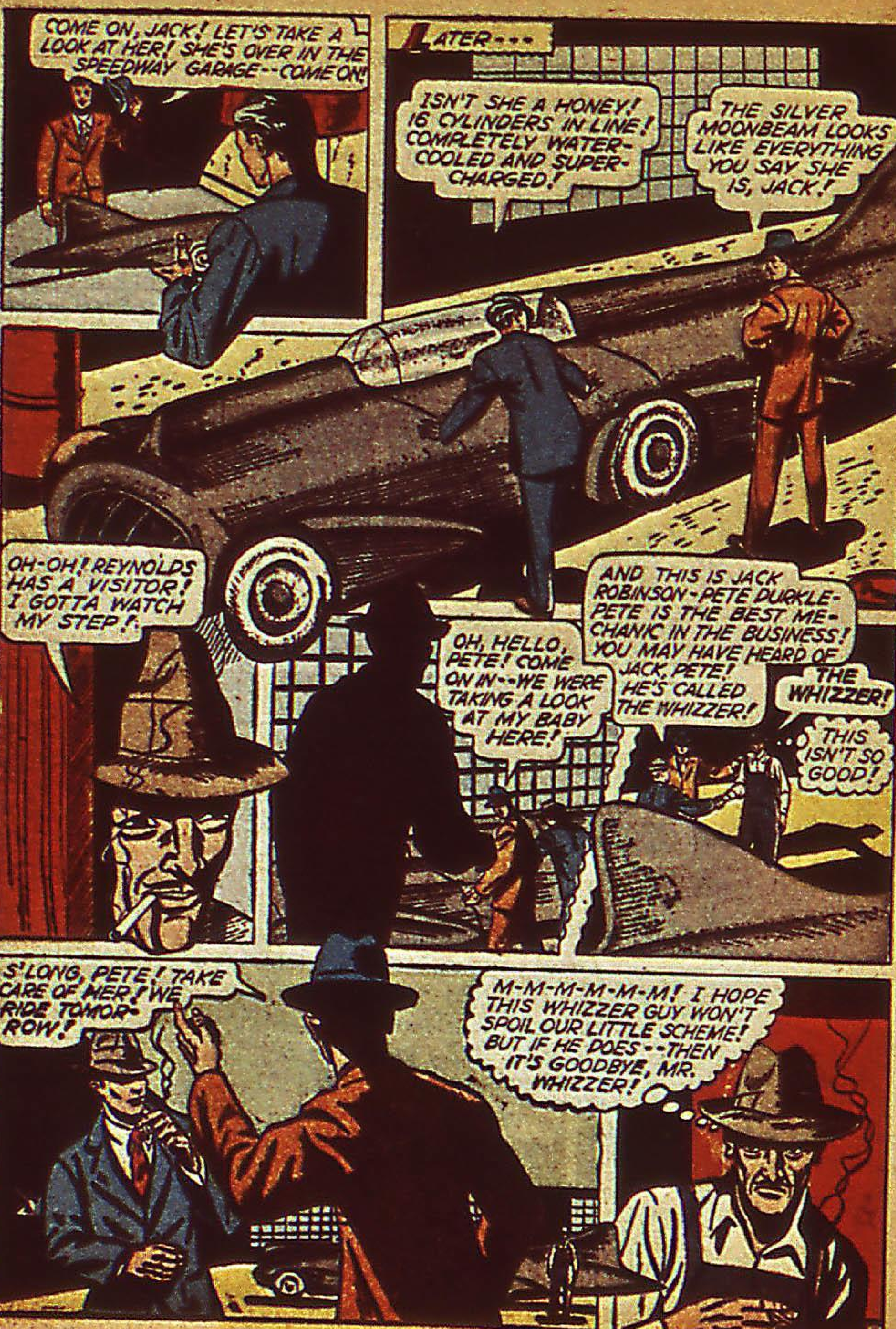
THE SECRET STAMP

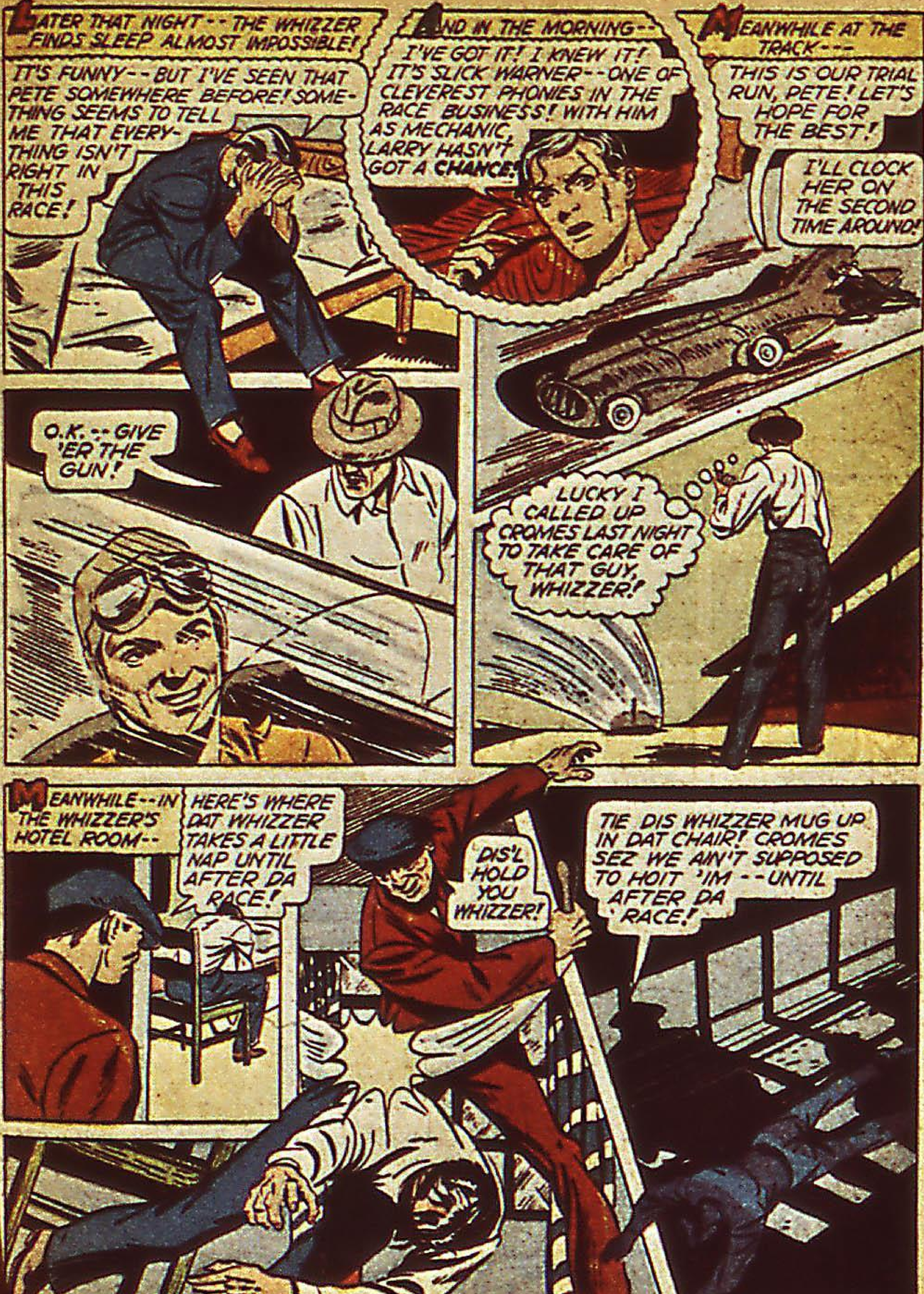
FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

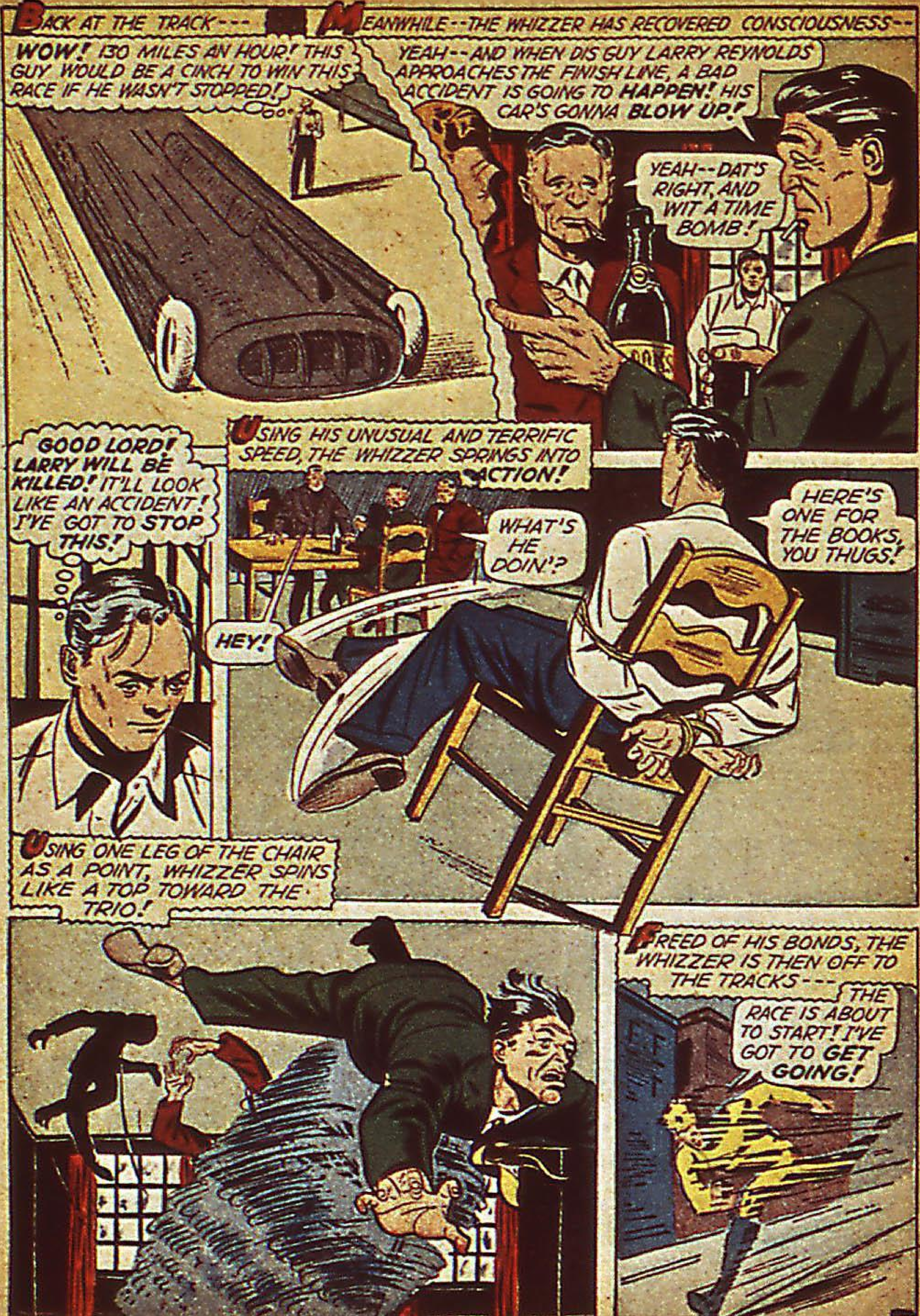

LOOKOUT, MAC! HE'S GOT A GUN!
THATS A PRETTY OLD GAG COPPER...
AND HERE'S SOME THING FOR YOUR TROUBLE!
OW MY LEG!
WHY, YOU...
BANG
SO I'M AN OLD GAG EH?
NICE WORK!
UGH!
THE DOCTOR SUMMONED BY THE CHAUFFER ARRIVES
LOOKS LIKE I'M JUST IN TIME!
A DOCTOR? WE CAN GIVE THIS OFFICER FIRST AID ... YOU'D BETTER SEE A POISON CASE IN THE ATTIC RIGHT AWAY!
WHAT A HOUSE!
HALF AN HOUR LATER.
THANKS, SON, YOU SAVED MY LIFE!
YEAH! HE DID A PRETTY GOOD JOB ON MY LEG TOO!
SECRET U.S.
YOU KNOW, IT PUZZLES ME. HOW DID RANDOLPH'S NEPHEW DO THE JOB?
HE KNEW HIS UNCLE LICKED THE STAMPS HIMSELF.. THE REST WAS EASY!
THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A PERFECT CRIME!
SAY... LOOK AT THIS... YOU'LL BE HAPPY TO KNOW THAT THE OLD MAN'S SECOND CHOICE FOR HIS MONEY WAS THE U.S.O.
HA! HA! POOR CLINT JUST WASTED HIS TIME!
THE END
SECRET U.S. STAMP

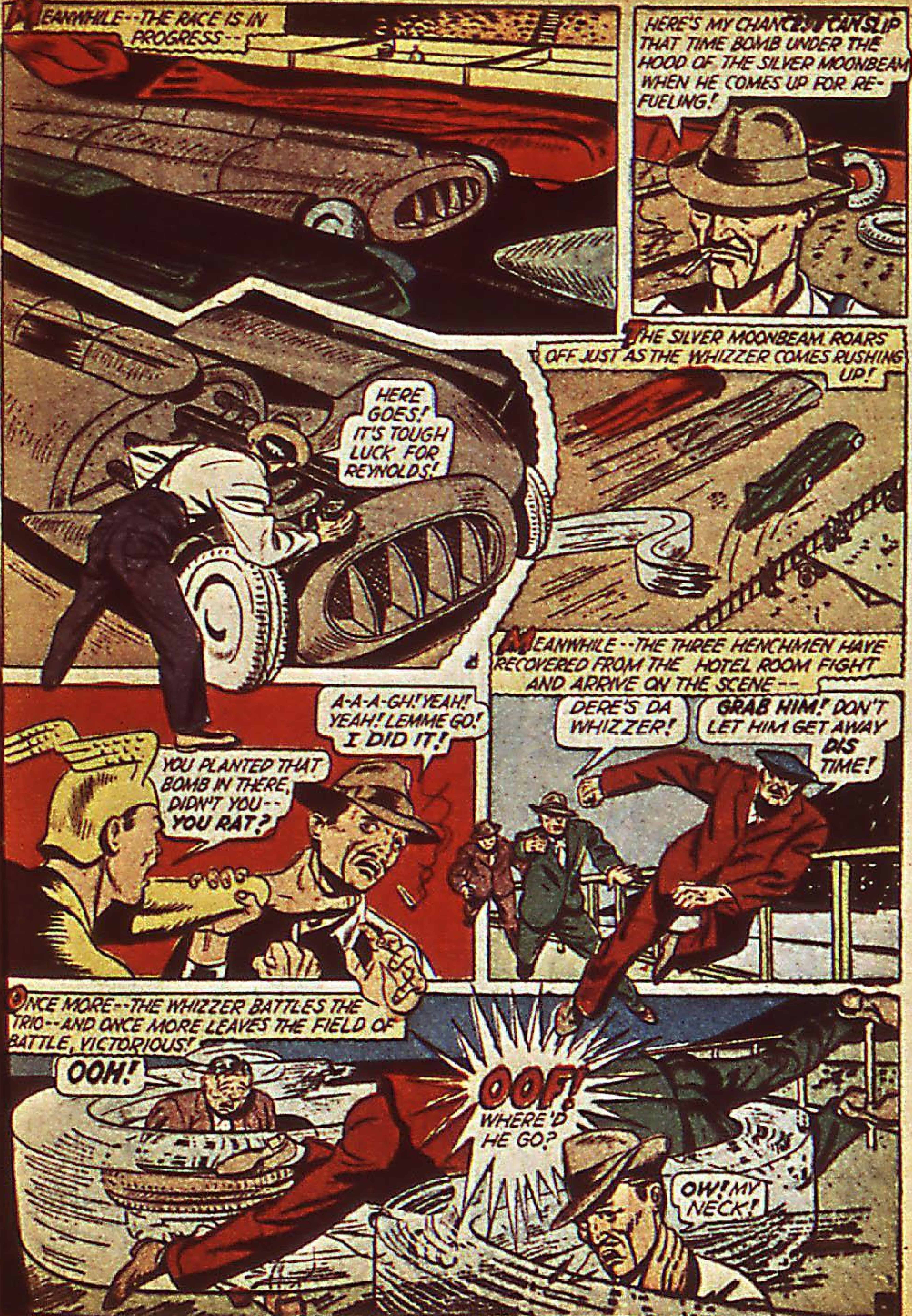
THE WHIZZER
OUR STORY OPENS WITH JACK ROBINSON, THE WHIZZER, AS HE BOARDS A WEST-BOUND TRAIN FOR INDIANAPOLIS...
THIS AGE OF SPEED WE LIVE IN, PRODUCES NEW WONDERS DAILY! I WONDER HOW MY FRIEND LARRY REYNOLDS IS DOING IN INDIANAPOLIS?
AGAINST THE ROARING BACKGROUND OF HIGH POWERED RACING CARS THE WHIZZER PUTS HIS MIGHTY TALENTS TO TEST AS HE BATTLES A RING OF ORGANIZED CRIME AT INDIANAPOLIS!

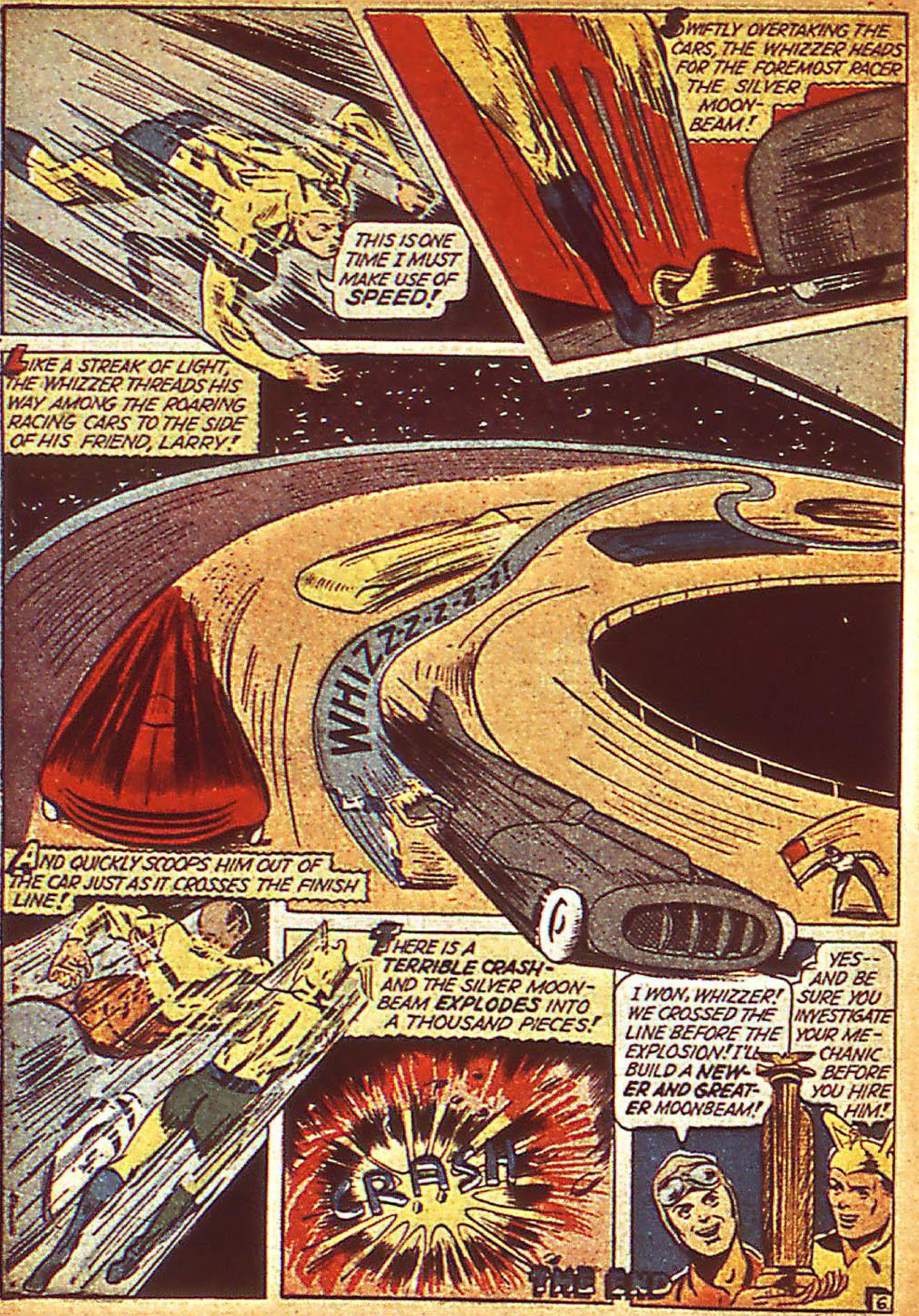

INDIANAPOLIS IS SEETHING WITH EXCITEMENT AS IT PREPARES FOR ITS MOST THRILLING EVENT OF THE YEAR!
500-MILE AUTO CLASSIC TODAY 2 P.M.
BUT IN A PALATIAL SUITE IN THE SHELDON ARMS HOTEL,-- TREACHERY DOING IS IN ORDER!
LISSEN! THAT RACE IS GONNA BE FIXED! I GOTTA BETTING SYNDICATE WITH OVER A MILLION BUCKS INVOLVED IN IT! YOU KNOW YOUR JOB IN IT!
WHAT'S MY PAYOFF, CROMES? YOU KNOW--MURDER IS A TOUGH RAP TO BEAT!
ONE QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS!
WHEWW! THAT'S DOUGH!
MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER HOTEL IN THE CITY--
YES--THIS IS LARRY REYNOLDS! WHAT? WHO? JACK ROBINSON-WHIZZER! WELL, COME ON UP--FOR CRYING OUT LOUD!
WHIZZER! JACK! BOY--AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!
HELLO, LARRY--OLD MAN! I WAS PASSING THROUGH TOWN!
THAT'S HER, WHIZZER! THE SILVER MOONBEAM! THE FASTEST CAR ON WHEELS! AND SHE'S GONNA WIN THIS RACE!
SHE SURE IS A BEAUTIFUL LOOKING JOB!


COME ON, JACK! LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT HER! SHE'S OVER IN THE SPEEDWAY GARAGE--COME ON!
LATER---
ISN'T SHE A HONEY! 16 CYLINDERS IN LINE! COMPLETELY WATER-COOLED AND SUPER-CHARGED!
THE SILVER MOONBEAM LOOKS LIKE EVERYTHING YOU SAY SHE IS, JACK!
OH-OH! REYNOLDS HAS A VISITOR! I GOTTA WATCH MY STEP!
OH, HELLO, PETE! COME ON IN--WE WERE TAKING A LOOK AT MY BABY HERE!
AND THIS IS JACK ROBINSON-PETE DURKLE-PETE IS THE BEST MECHANIC IN THE BUSINESS! YOU MAY HAVE HEARD OF JACK, PETE! HE'S CALLED THE WHIZZER!
THE WHIZZER!
THIS ISN'T SO GOOD!
S'LONG, PETE! TAKE CARE OF HER! WE RIDE TOMORROW!
M-M-M-M-M-M! I HOPE THIS WHIZZER GUY WON'T SPOIL OUR LITTLE SCHEME! BUT IF HE DOES--THEN IT'S GOODBYE, MR. WHIZZER!


LATER THAT NIGHT -- THE WHIZZER FINDS SLEEP ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE!
IT'S FUNNY -- BUT I'VE SEEN THAT PETE SOMEWHERE BEFORE! SOMETHING SEEMS TO TELL ME THAT EVERYTHING ISN'T RIGHT IN THIS RACE!
AND IN THE MORNING--
I'VE GOT IT! I KNEW IT! IT'S SLICK WARNER -- ONE OF CLEVEREST PHONIES IN THE RACE BUSINESS! WITH HIM AS MECHANIC, LARRY HASN'T GOT A CHANCE!
MEANWHILE AT THE TRACK---
THIS IS OUR TRIAL RUN, PETE! LET'S HOPE FOR THE BEST!
I'LL CLOCK HER ON THE SECOND TIME AROUND!
O.K. -- GIVE 'ER THE GUN!
LUCKY I CALLED UP CROMES LAST NIGHT TO TAKE CARE OF THAT GUY, WHIZZER!
MEANWHILE -- IN THE WHIZZER'S HOTEL ROOM--
HERE'S WHERE DAT WHIZZER TAKES A LITTLE NAP UNTIL AFTER DA RACE!
DIS'L HOLD YOU WHIZZER!
TIE DIS WHIZZER MUG UP IN DAT CHAIR! CROMES SEZ WE AIN'T SUPPOSED TO HOIT 'IM -- UNTIL AFTER DA RACE!


BACK AT THE TRACK---
WOW! 130 MILES AN HOUR! THIS GUY WOULD BE A CINCH TO WIN THIS RACE IF HE WASN'T STOPPED!
MEANWHILE--THE WHIZZER HAS RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS--
YEAH--AND WHEN DIS GUY LARRY REYNOLDS APPROACHES THE FINISH LINE, A BAD ACCIDENT IS GOING TO HAPPEN! HIS CAR'S GONNA BLOW UP!
YEAH--DAT'S RIGHT, AND WIT A TIME BOMB!
GOOD LORD! LARRY WILL BE KILLED! IT'LL LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT! I'VE GOT TO STOP THIS!
USING HIS UNUSUAL AND TERRIFIC SPEED, THE WHIZZER SPRINGS INTO ACTION!
WHAT'S HE DOIN'?
HEY!
HERE'S ONE FOR THE BOOKS, YOU THUGS!
USING ONE LEG OF THE CHAIR AS A POINT, WHIZZER SPINS LIKE A TOP TOWARD THE TRIO!
FREED OF HIS BONDS, THE WHIZZER IS THEN OFF TO THE TRACKS---
THE RACE IS ABOUT TO START! I'VE GOT TO GET GOING!


MEANWHILE--THE RACE IS IN PROGRESS--
HERE'S MY CHANCE! I CAN SLIP THAT TIME BOMB UNDER THE HOOD OF THE SILVER MOONBEAM WHEN HE COMES UP FOR RE-FUELING!
HERE GOES! IT'S TOUGH LUCK FOR REYNOLDS!
THE SILVER MOONBEAM ROARS OFF JUST AS THE WHIZZER COMES RUSHING UP!
MEANWHILE--THE THREE HENCHMEN HAVE RECOVERED FROM THE HOTEL ROOM FIGHT AND ARRIVE ON THE SCENE--
A-A-A-GH! YEAH! YEAH! LEMME GO! I DID IT!
YOU PLANTED THAT BOMB IN THERE, DIDN'T YOU--YOU RAT?
DERE'S DA WHIZZER!
GRAB HIM! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY DIS TIME!
ONCE MORE--THE WHIZZER BATTLES THE TRIO--AND ONCE MORE LEAVES THE FIELD OF BATTLE, VICTORIOUS!
OOH!
OOF!
WHERE'D HE GO?
OW! MY NECK!


THIS IS ONE TIME I MUST MAKE USE OF SPEED!
SWIFTLY OVERTAKING THE CARS, THE WHIZZER HEADS FOR THE FOREMOST RACER THE SILVER MOONBEAM!
LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHT, THE WHIZZER THREADS HIS WAY AMONG THE ROARING RACING CARS TO THE SIDE OF HIS FRIEND, LARRY!
WHIZZ-Z-Z-Z-Z!
AND QUICKLY SCOOPS HIM OUT OF THE CAR JUST AS IT CROSSES THE FINISH LINE!
THERE IS A TERRIBLE CRASH— AND THE SILVER MOONBEAM EXPLODES INTO A THOUSAND PIECES!
CRASH
I WON, WHIZZER! WE CROSSED THE LINE BEFORE THE EXPLOSION! I'LL BUILD A NEWER AND GREATER MOONBEAM!
YES-- AND BE SURE YOU INVESTIGATE YOUR MECHANIC BEFORE YOU HIRE HIM!
THE END

Get this JUNIOR AIR RAID WARDEN KIT • READ *FREE* OFFER

Here's an amazing opportunity for every full blooded American boy to prepare himself and his buddies against enemy air attacks. Lots of fun! Exciting! Thrilling! With this special offer you get a complete Junior Air Raid Warden kit and if you act at once, you will receive FREE with your order a heavy carrying case (size 14½" long by 10" high) which is built with compartments to hold each of the many items. Read on and learn how to get yours.

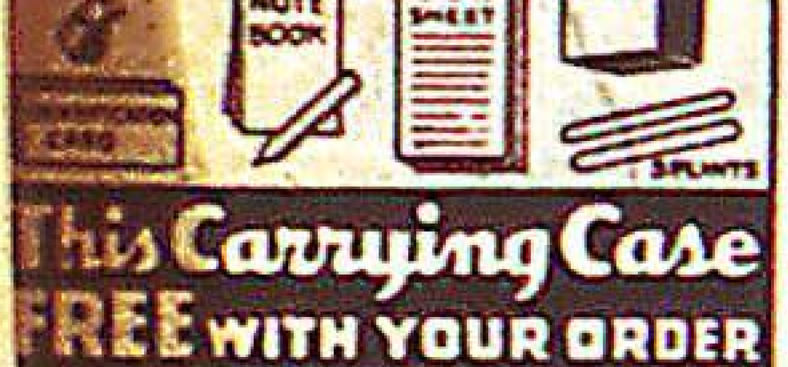
BOYS! BE READY FOR ENEMY AIR ATTACKS

You owe it to your Uncle Sam to know just what to do in the event of an air attack. This Junior Air Raid Warden kit has been devised to enable you to practice and play . . . BUT you learn as you play. You are furnished with a Helmet, First Aid Kit, Bright Metal Badge, Shrill Siren - like Whistle, Junior Arm Band, Identification Cards, Report Sheets, Pencil and Note Book, Gas Mask and Splints. All these items are included so you go through the exciting and thrilling experience while you play of an actual alarm or attack. Everyone of your friends will want to play with you . . . you will become the most popular boy in the block. All of your boy friends will want a kit. Be the first one to proudly wear and use the many articles included in your Junior Air Raid Warden kit . . . and don't forget, if you act at once, you receive FREE of extra cost with your order, the handsome carrying case which has a handle and everything in it, just like the picture of this advertisement.

Jun
ir W
JUNIOR
Air Raid
Warden
Kit

GUARANTEE—You take no risk! You must be 100% delighted or you may return within five days for full refund of purchase price.

ALL OF THIS INCLUDED



This Carrying Case FREE WITH YOUR ORDER

JUNIOR
Air Raid
Warden
Kit

Just What Every American Boy Needs

You no longer need envy your Dad or neighbor when you see them strut the streets with their air raid warden outfits, whistles, bands, hats, etc. This Junior Air Raid Warden kit contains everything to make you look like a real air raid warden . . . but better still is the fun you will get out of playing and practicing. Uncle Sam wants every American boy to know his job in the event of an enemy air attack. You need this outfit to help prepare yourself for such an emergency. You can form Junior Air Raid Warden Clubs and enjoy great thrills in this almost realistic sport. Order your kit today and be the first one in your neighborhood to gain added popularity. All instructions are included.

SEND NO MONEY

Just sign your name and address to the coupon. (Write or print carefully in order to avoid mistakes.) We will ship the complete outfit, including the free carrying case (size 14½" long x 10" high) by return mail. Deposit $1.69, plus postage, with the postman on arrival but act at once because a limited number are only available at this special introductory price.

KAY NOVELTY CO. Dept. 304
535 FIFTH AVE., New York, N. Y.

RUSH COUPON NOW!

AIR RAID SHELTER

KAY NOVELTY CO.
Dept. 304, 535 Fifth Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Send me one of your thrilling and exciting complete Junior Air Raid Warden Kits by return mail. Also include the heavy Carrying Case (size 14½" L x 10" H) without extra cost. I will pay postman $1.69, plus postage on arrival. It is understood if I am not 100% delighted I may return within five days and you will refund purchase price

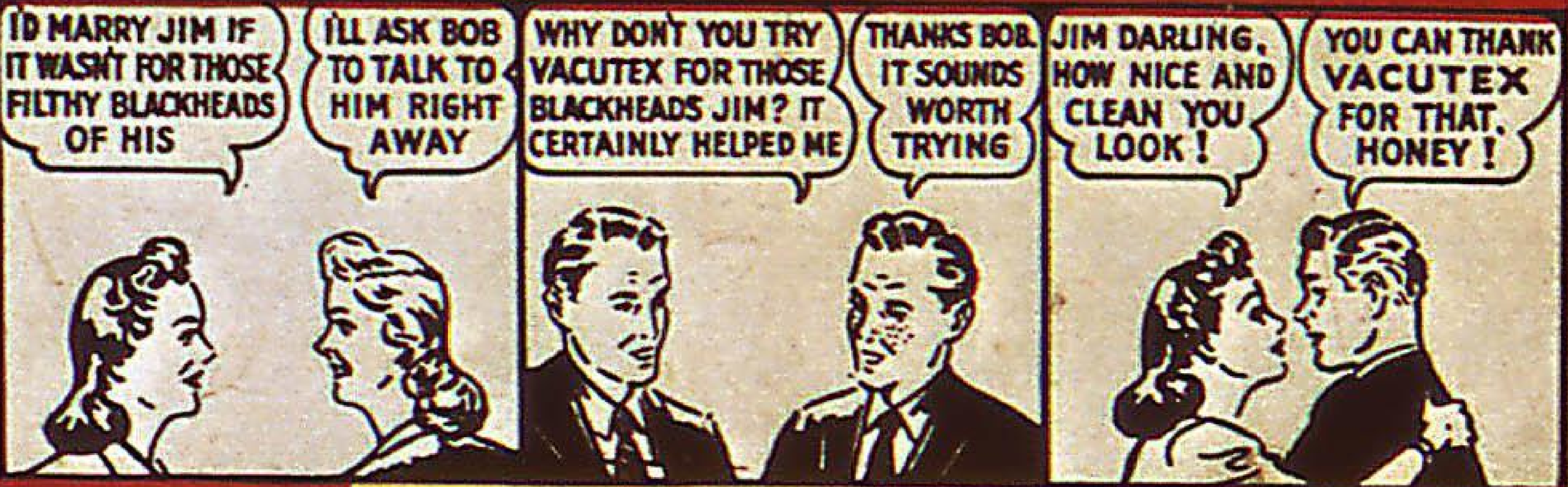
Name ____________________

Street ____________________

City ____________ State ____________

NOTE: Only two kits will be delivered to a single customer at this introductory price.

REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS
OR NO COST


I'D MARRY JIM IF IT WASN'T FOR THOSE FILTHY BLACKHEADS OF HIS
I'LL ASK BOB TO TALK TO HIM RIGHT AWAY
WHY DON'T YOU TRY VACUTEX FOR THOSE BLACKHEADS JIM? IT CERTAINLY HELPED ME
THANKS BOB. IT SOUNDS WORTH TRYING
JIM DARLING, HOW NICE AND CLEAN YOU LOOK!
YOU CAN THANK VACUTEX FOR THAT, HONEY!

ACTUAL LENGTH 3½"
ONLY THREE EASY STEPS
UGLY BLACKHEADS
USE VACUTEX
THEY'RE OUT!
RUSH COUPON
•
Send No MONEY

BALLCO PRODS. CO., Dept. 4004 516 5th AVE., N.Y., N.Y

AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Inventon. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your $1.00 will be immediately refunded.

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 4004
516 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

☐ Ship C.O.D., I will pay postman $1.00 plus postage. My $1.00 will be refunded if I am not delighted.

☐ I prefer to enclose $1.00 now and save postage. (Same guarantee as above.)

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

CITY .... STATE ....